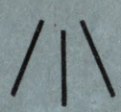

GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD.

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL;

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE

CAMBRIAN INST[illegible]UTE.

CAS GWR NA CHARO
Y WLAD A'I MACCO.

VOLUME FOR 1860.

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R. MASON, HIGH STREET.
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PREFACE.

THE present Volume completes the first decade of the *Cambrian Journal*, which was set on foot ten years ago, to supply a desideratum which was generally felt to exist in Wales;—that was, the want of a quarterly publication, comprehensive in its aims, generous in its spirit, and truly national in its articles. To meet that exigency the *Journal* was commenced, under the immediate auspices of the CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE, the fostering countenance of which is still continued to it. Its management throughout has adhered to the leading principles and objects which were at the commencement laid down with the view of regulating its future career. Its pages have been open to contributions on a great variety of subjects, but most of them bearing on the past history, the present position, or future welfare of Wales and Welshmen.

It has been remarked that, in consequence of excessive working, the English mind is wearing out, but that the Welsh mind still remains like a mine unexplored. And with equal truth it may be added, that the Welshman's country continues rich in Antiquarian, Bardic and Traditional lore.

It has been the fashion of late, in some quarters, to decry Welsh Literature—and in others to throw a doubt on the antiquity of the Welsh Records, &c. Jealousy has had something to do with the former, and infidelity, which seeks to unsettle everything, with the latter. Be it so. Still we think it is the duty of those who are free from both, to persevere in bringing to light whatever remains of the literary productions of the Ancient Britons, and thus to aid in collecting materials for a truer and more extended history of their primeval civilization—their sanguinary struggles with the invaders of their country—and the fearful disadvantages under which they laboured in preserving their nationality, their language, and their freedom.

It is a great mistake to think that all nations alike were barbarians at the starting point, and that civilization of every degree belongs exclusively to modern times. The truth is, that every great nation has had its periods of civilization and barbarism alternately, and in perpetual rounds, just as peace or war has prevailed. Peace has ever been marked by progress, and fraught with material prosperity, whilst war has proved a fruitful source of demoralization, misery and want.

Such we conceive to have been the past history of the Cymry. Their language is a stupendous monument of intellectuality, and an abiding proof of the high state of civilization to which they must have attained before their troubles began. One half of that language is now dead,

or may be said to have fallen into disuse, the other half being found amply sufficient for all practical purposes in the present age, notwithstanding all the inventions and appliances of modern science. But will any man contend that the words which have fallen into disuse, and which are counted by tens of thousands, were at no period required by the people to express their thoughts and conceptions, and that they sprung into existence without any demand for them, either in practical life, or in the cultivation of the arts and sciences? What says experience on the point? Let the Anglo-Saxons and the Anglo-Normans answer, who are annually adding new words to their vocabulary, not as a matter of amusement, but because they are in absolute want of them. Their literary mint is rich in the coinage of new terms, because the country is rapidly advancing in civilization.

This was just the kind of necessity which led on the Ancient Britons to increase, polish and perfect, their Cymric vocabulary, which of itself is an unquestionable proof of their high cultivation and national greatness. And a people which reared so magnificent a memorial of mental culture in former ages, must have left to posterity both a history and a literature worthy of preservation. Let us, their descendants, continue to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing more be lost.

"Cared doeth yr encilion."

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN EILIR.

(VERNAL EQUINOX.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEMORANDA ON SOUTH PEMBROKESHIRE.

Tenby, with its environs, is one of those interesting localities that has something to show or tell to each of its many friends. In my case it suggested the hints here thrown together. Meagre though they be, they suffice to show the extensive and engaging nature of the remains abounding in the neighbourhood.

It struck me, however, with surprize, that whilst the *natural* productions of the district have been ably described, so little has been done to follow out its *historical* antecedents and *mediæval relics*. There are, it is true, several attractive volumes relating some of the more salient events of bygone times, but they are treated in a general way only, and leave the antiquary dissatified, and anxious for more specific information. That this is to be had for seeking, no one can doubt who is at all acquainted with the facilities that the present day presents for investigating the lore of the middle ages.

Several highly competent gentlemen reside near, whose local knowledge, combined with their antiquarian acumen, points them out as well able to investigate this

subject: may they they be induced to undertake a thorough prosecution of it.

In the meantime, I venture to offer the following Notes, made during a recent sojourn in the town.

H. G. NICHOLLS.

Holy Trinity Parsonage, Dean Forest.

It will at once be observed that Tenby Church varies in the style and age of its different parts.

Severely simple in character, and constituting the nucleus of the whole, the *Tower* must be pronounced the oldest portion of the Church, yet one that has undergone least alteration, either in itself, or in relative position, still spanning the middle of the south aisle. Only when its spire was added, to a height equal to the length of the fabric, probably in the fifteenth century, something was done to strengthen the piers, though they were afterwards cut away, the better to open views of the altar from the west, which may have been then raised to its present elevation. Whilst the tower somewhat resembles those of other neighbouring churches, its battlements and loop-hole windows are more military looking than ecclesiastical, and its masonry and archings so nearly correspond with the town walls and towers, as to indicate a common origin. These have been attributed to William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1296.

Examining in the next place the *body* of the Church, its many incongruities, though pleasingly united as a whole, constitute a perplexing problem for the antiquary's solution. Thus the south side of the nave seems older than the north. Both of the east arches are larger than the rest, and none of the piers are opposite one another. An altar appears to have stood against a screen beneath the chancel arch, its north aisle being curiously contracted at the east end by the adjoining street. This part looks later than the rest, its roof necessitating the blocking up of the clerestory windows of the chancel.

The rich double altar-tomb of the Whites is certainly as old as 1453, and the body of the building, judging by the general agreement in the tracery of its windows, is of nearly the same age. Hence most of the structure belongs to the first half of the fifteenth century. Indeed, John and Thomas White, the wealthy merchants of the town, and strong churchmen, as the correct character of their monument bespeaks, may have been the generous edifyers of this spacious temple. The elegant west door is so like Canynge's work at St. Mary's, Redcliffe, as to suggest familiar intercourse between them.

Tully, Bishop of St. David's from 1460 to 1482, may have also helped in carrying out the design, in common with the Rector, Doctor John Smith, who seems to have re-roofed a considerable part of the building.

And now let me ask your aid in placing before your readers some particulars respecting that remarkable feature of the domestic buildings erected by the former inhabitants of this locality, viz., *the Flemish chimney shaft.*

Though for a century or two their removal has been going on, and less cumbrous appendages raised in their stead, yet they are sufficiently numerous to constitute a group of themselves. Even in Tenby several remain, whilst one or more may be found in the old houses sprinkled about in the hamlets and villages round.

They consist of a slightly tapering cylindrical shaft, the top being made conical, built up with fragments of stone, and a liberal amount of mortar, on a square base.

Whilst such is their invariable type, the buildings to which they are severally united belong to different eras. Sometimes they form part of an Edwardian ruin, as at Manorbeer, &c., or else of an Elizabethan one, as at Scotsborough, &c. Yet their appearance is one and the same. In size they are nearly equal, the only appreciable difference being that the older are of better workmanship.

None, however, of the structures with which they are incorporated exhibit marks of much earlier date than the fourteenth century. Hence, if a higher antiquity is sought for these chimneys, it must be obtained in some other way. A Flemish origin has been ingeniously claimed for them, and therefore one that reaches away to the twelfth century. Such presumption cannot however be supported. Nothing like them exists in Belgium, and they occur beyond the limits of the territory colonized by that people. A more natural solution of their source is to be found in the building stone of the neighbourhood, combined with the admirable lime it affords. This latter is so binding and durable, as to fit it for firmly uniting odd shaped bits of rock, and retaining them together for ages. Hence the surprising durability of these chimneys. The stone of the district breaks so short, and is so hard, that a hollow square shaft can scarcely be made with it, consequently brick or cement are now used instead, as the angular flue is universally preferred.

Indeed, wherever building-stone similar to that of this district is met with, the oldest masonry is found constructed on the circular plan, be they towers, spires, pinnacles, or turrets.

In addition to the old, so-called, *Flemish Chimneys* that mark

this neighbourhood, I find another topic worthy the attention of your readers, in the number of *stone vaultings* covering the churches, halls, &c., erected in South Pembrokeshire, *circa* A.D. 1300, if not before.

That in the tower of the Church here, indicative of similar arching over the whole building, *as originally constructed*, is a familiar instance. Manorbeer Castle appears to have been almost covered in by this mode, and it seems to have been largely prevalent at Carew, Pembroke, &c.

Similar examples occur in the Churches of Penally, Gumfreston, St. Florence, &c., so much so that a stranger, on raising his eyes when entering them, is struck by their cavernous look, which he immediately sees to be genuine stone vaulting, by the thickness given to the sustaining walls.

It is remarkable that a kind of medium *span*, not exceeding twenty feet, as well as *pitch*, usually comprising an angle of 60 degrees, is observed in each case. Neither ribs, bosses, or brackets, are found in any of them, so that they manifest the simplest construction.

Frequently the vaulting, by being made roof-shaped on its upper surface, serves both as a *covering* as well as a *ceiling*—a double purpose that the admirable lime of the country has enabled it unimpaired to fulfil for ages and ages.

One interesting conclusion that seems deducible from such mode of covering in buildings, and the consequent total absence of wood in their construction, is that it resulted from the difficulty of obtaining timber, except at great cost. I infer, therefore, that there was a want of suitable trees, this part of the shire being kept bare of them by the Atlantic storms to which the district lies exposed. It is certainly remarkable that no large timber trees are to be found here, though it is pleasing to see how well some of those that have been planted in sheltered situations are getting up. Hence we observe how, by means of vaulting their buildings, the old architects of this locality yielded to circumstances, and made circumstances yield to them.

Although the ancient mortar of this locality is extremely good, yet nearly all old mortar is better than much that is made now. I have sometimes thought this superiority may be accounted for by supposing that as, before coal became known, lime kilns were supplied with *wood* fuel, this had a beneficial effect upon the stone. Whilst admitting, however, that in early times most of the lime used in Great Britain must have been prepared with charcoal, the true cause of its greater excellence seems to have resulted from the admirable way in which mortar was made, not, as is often the case now, chiefly of very fine sand, but always

predominating in lime, the sand being coarse, with a considerable quantity of the local rock broken small added afterwards. A good example of such admixture is to be seen in the mortar of Pembroke Castle. On examination it will be found to abound in chips of old red sandstone, such as would be made in dressing the masonry of the building. By such means the consumption of lime would be economised, and the quality of the mortar uninjured.

But several of the old structures near here are formed of unworked stones, in which instances it is curious to observe how their builders continued to make the most of the lime, without reducing its excellence. The problem is solved in the rude old towers dotted over the country between here and Pembroke. In the mortar of these buildings no red sandstone chips occur, but in their stead we perceive bits of coal; thus supplying the interesting information that the coal works of this neighbourhood were then in operation, being probably resorted to, for domestic uses, five hundred and fifty years ago.

The second point I desire briefly to dwell upon is the nearly total absence of buttresses from the buildings of this locality, for neither in its sacred, castellated, or domestic edifices, do they appear. The age of their erection abounds with them elsewhere; yet we find that in these parts the mediæval architects did without them, by giving increased thickness to their walling, and by sloping their work inwards as it rose.

I feel sure that they were induced to carry up their stone work thus, because of the difficulty of adapting the limestone of the district to angular requirements, and therefore the craftsmen preferred to have as little of that sort of work in their buildings as possible. Here, then, is an instance similar to the so-called Flemish chimneys, exhibiting, in common with them, the adaptation of structure to materials.

For further observations on these archæological particulars, I feel I cannot do better than refer to the remarks of the author of the *Glossary of Architecture*, as given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

I would now invite attention to the architectural details of *the West Doorway* of Tenby Church, as well as to the one opposite it, opening upon the site of the old *Chantry*.

Both of them appear to me to be *Moorish*, difficult as it may seem to account for such singularity of origin. I think, however, that this can be done by admitting the similarity between these doorways and the porch of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, which is, if possible, more Moorish still. Now, it is highly probable that these owe their erection to those contemporary and eminent

merchants of the middle ages, viz., the Whites of Tenby, and the Canynges of Bristol. They were, doubtless, well known to each other, and would be apt to include the coast of Spain in their trading circle, if they did not actually visit it themselves. "Tenby," says the writer of the Winnington MS., dated 1621, "lieth very commodious for traffique with Spayne." The *Arab* name of *Jasper*, or Gaspar, borne by one of the Whites, seems to point to the above intercourse. *Adomar de Valence*, Earl of Pembroke, who died, seized of such vast estates, in 1324, appears to have derived his name from a like source, *i.e.*, Spanish Valencia, in common with an island on the Kerry coast of Ireland, not very distant from the town of Galway, which also contains several old Moorish buildings.

Passing on to another subject, let me notice *the considerable depth below the level of the adjoining soil, that is occasionally found in the lanes about Tenby*, &c. Upwards of ten feet may be detected in places, justifying the quaint old name of "*Hollow Ways.*"

Surely, such depression proves great antiquity, being the water-action, and wear of many ages and generations of men. There appears no other way of accounting for such formation. We may be certain they were not made so deep originally. No soil appears thrown up on their banks, and certainly no modern road-maker has taken them in hand. The lanes themselves are proved to be old, by the manner in which they determined the shape of the adjacent fields, or the position of some antiquated houses standing near.

Our high roads are often very ancient, and, no doubt, the old Tenby lanes are as aged as the oldest of them.

THE GLANARAETH MURDER.

A CAERMARTHENSHIRE TRAGEDY.

NINETY-THREE years ago a tragical incident occurred at the secluded country residence of Glanaraeth, near Llandovery, that awakened during a lengthened period very considerable interest throughout Caermarthenshire, and the neighbouring counties, and which has not yet wholly faded out of remembrance. It was accompanied by circumstances of a peculiarly atrocious and violent

character, and exhibited so remarkable a combination of ferocity and brutal ignorance as to entitle it to be classed among the *causes célèbres* of Wales. It is, moreover, not devoid of interest as exhibiting a condition of society that fortunately could have no parallel in the present day, and a degree of violence that was more characteristic of the wildest districts of Ireland during its most lawless days, than of the usually peaceful Principality. Glanaraeth was the property of a country gentleman named Powell, who resided in the house attached to the estate, now reduced, like many other residences that once belonged to the gentry of that county, to the condition of a humble farm-house. He was possessed of a good property, and apparently occupied a prosperous and influential position in the county of Caermarthen. His wedded life had, however, proved particularly unfortunate, and his wife's misconduct appears to have caused him great unhappiness, and to have eventually led to the dismal tragedy that has subsequently been associated with Glanaraeth, and given it such unenviable notoriety.

It had long been suspected that Mrs. Powell had formed an immoral connection with a person named William Williams, who carried on the business of a linen-draper, in the neighbouring town of Llandovery, and was, it appears, regarded as a respectable and prosperous tradesman.

So vigilant a watch was however kept over the movements of his wife by Mr. Powell, as to render it extremely difficult, if not impracticable, for the sinful pair to continue their amour, and this appears to have incensed Williams to such a degree as to have led him to the determination to remove the only obstacle, as he conceived him to be, to the unchecked gratification of his lawless passion, by the murder of the unfortunate husband. It does not appear from any positive statement that the wife was privy to the scheme; but it is more than probable that she was cognizant of all the proceedings that preceded the murder, though she was not charged as an accessory to the crime. As one of the

first steps to the accomplishment of his diabolical project, Williams placed himself in communication with several persons whom he regarded, from their previous characters, as not unlikely to be willing to take part in the projected assassination, and prove fitting instruments of the atrocious crime that he contemplated. No less than eleven persons appear to have been induced by Williams to become parties to the murder. They seem to have followed various occupations, some being the occupiers of small farms, others agricultural labourers, two travelling tinkers, one a barber, and one a bailiff or sheriff's officer; but, as may be supposed, all were grossly ignorant, and almost wholly unacquainted with the English language.[1] They had repeated meetings at Llandovery and elsewhere, to concert the details of the murder, and decide on the manner in which the crime was to be accomplished. Those meetings could not have taken place without some degree of suspicion having been awakened, and whisperings of the scheme were conveyed even to Mr. Powell himself; but unfortunately he appears to have disregarded them, and to have neglected any precautions to secure his safety, by taking measures, which he probably might have done, to apprehend the entire band. His fears do not, however, seem to have been sufficiently awakened; and the scheme having at length been fully matured, the villains appear to have had a final meeting on Sunday, the 7th of January, 1770, at a public house in the town of Llandovery, called the "New Bear," and, after having been well plied with beer, they all proceeded from thence to the house of Charles David Morgan, a labourer, who was to form one of the party, and who resided within a short distance of Glanaraeth: they there spent the night and subsequent day in drunken revelry, and during the

[1] Williams, the originator of the conspiracy, and the ringleader of the murderous band, appears to have been a person of some education, and to have been well acquainted with the use of the *English* language, but his knowledge does not seem to have served any other purpose than that of sharpening the natural villainy of his heart, and leading him into the reckless commission of crime.—Ed. Camb Jour.

whole of Monday remained indoors at Morgan's, but when night set in, which it did at that season at an early hour, they blacked their faces, put on shirts and smock frocks over their clothes to disguise themselves, and having armed themselves formidably with guns, pistols, hangers, cutlasses, and swords, proceeded to Glanaraeth about six o'clock in the evening. It appears, from a confession made by one of the murderers, that they had once before met together to commit the deed, and had gone one morning to Glanaraeth, unaccompanied by Williams; but, meeting one of the male servants, and learning from him that Mr. Powell had not then risen from his bed, they took no further steps on that occasion, and retreated without attempting any violence. That failure was communicated by one of the party to Williams, who had remained at Llandovery, and so greatly incensed him that he swore violently at his hirelings, and among other expressions of displeasure said, "God d——n them, they might have done his work ere this; they have had several offers (probably meaning opportunities), but, by God, if you will not do as I would have you, I will ruin and kill you."

On the second visit, however, Williams seems to have been determined to superintend the attack himself, and to make sure that no scruples or fears interfered with the completion of the crime; he appears to have been a remorseless and desperate villain, and the master-spirit of the diabolical conspiracy. On approaching the house, on Monday evening, the 8th of January, 1770, they knocked at the back door, which was opened by a little girl, one of the servants, when Williams and two of his companions, rushed through the house direct to the parlour, where Mr. Powell was sitting in company with three of his neighbours, Messrs. William Bowen, Lewis Summers, and John Jones, and wholly unconscious of the fearful fate that awaited him. His fears of personal violence, even if they had ever existed, appear to have been wholly dissipated; and, notwithstanding the warnings he had received, he seems to have lulled himself into

fancied security. When, however, he caught sight of the murderers rushing into the room, although he may not at once have recognized Williams through his disguise, he appears to have at once concluded that his doom was sealed, for he rushed into a corner of the room, crying out, according to one statement, "My God, I am a dead man, my enemies are upon me;" but, by another account, merely exclaiming in his terror, "Oh God! oh God!" When the attack was commenced, the murderers arranged themselves with a certain degree of preconcerted order; while Williams, with three of his companions, entered the parlour where Mr. Powell was sitting, four of his accomplices remained on guard in the court-yard, while four others ranged themselves in the hall or passage, to overawe the domestics. The servants and the guests were so alarmed by their numbers, and by the continued discharge of pistols that was incessantly kept up by the miscreants in the hall, that, with the exception of one of the servants, who, more courageous than the others, fired at them more than once, no effort at resistance appears to have been made. Fortunately neither the guests nor the servants were seriously injured, and all escaped from the house during the confusion, while poor Mr. Powell, being himself unarmed, was left in a helpless condition, and incapable of any effective resistance, in the hands of his merciless enemies. The work of murder then commenced: Mr. Powell, who had been completely surprised, and was wholly unprepared for the attack, was at once set upon by the blood-thirsty Williams and his three foremost companions with swords and hangers; being a strong and resolute man, and driven to desperation, he offered a determined resistance, and seized the miscreant Williams by the throat, and threw him to the ground; he cried out to his comrades for assistance, and had they not come to his aid, it is possible that, in spite of his arms, he might have fared badly. As it was, one of his hirelings rushed to his assistance, and ran Mr. Powell through the body, and he was soon dispatched, with circumstances of great barbarity; his nose was cut off, and he

was frightfully gashed and cut, there being at least seven wounds on his body that the surgeon, who was called to make the examination after the murder, pronounced to be of a mortal character; and Williams boasted that he had "stabbed him through and through the body six or seven times, and had felt the thrusts against his backbone, and that he then gave him thrusts from side to side."

On the day following the crime, Mr. Protheroe, a surgeon, of Llandilo Fawr, was summoned, and on his arrival at Glanaraeth, he found, of course, that life had long been extinct; in fact, it is clear that the villains had too surely consummated the deed, and deprived Mr. Powell of life, before they had ceased their bloody work. The body was found by the surgeon in a sitting position behind the parlour door, and frightfully wounded and gashed.

A murder that had been commited with so much deliberation and audacity, at the early hour of six o'clock in the evening, under the direct observation of so many servants and guests, and apparently with so much recklessness of consequences, could not possibly admit of the perpetrators remaining long undiscovered. The magistrates of the county, as well as the people of the district generally, were effectually aroused by so atrocious a crime, and active measures were at once adopted to bring the murderers to punishment.

Fortunately for the ends of justice there had been a considerable fall of snow on the evening of the murder, and foot-marks were distinctly traced thereon to and from Glanaraeth; with those foot-marks, there were many spots of blood, and a peculiar print of a foot that irresistibly attracted attention, inasmuch as it had the impression of five broad nails in the outer side of each heel. Upon following the marks of feet and blood in the snow, on the following morning, they were found to lead nearly direct to the house of Charles David Morgan, who, it has been already stated, had actively participated in the crime. On the following day an inquest was held on the body, at the house of Glanaraeth, and subsequently

adjourned to the town of Llandilo Fawr, where the jury, after several days' investigation, returned the open verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown."

Morgan was summoned, together with his wife and daughter, to attend the inquest, and was required to give an explanation of the foot-marks that led from Glanaraeth to his door, but for a long time he persisted in a positive denial of all knowledge of the murder. Eventually, however, the case against him appeared to be assuming strength, and he at length determined to make a complete confession, in which he accused several of his accomplices of participation in the crime. His son, William Charles, was also apprehended, and committed for trial, as one of the guilty parties. I presume that their own apprehensions, and the confession made by Morgan, alarmed some of his partners in crime, and they sought concealment or safety by flight; but, with the exception of the arch-criminal Williams, the originator of the whole of the villany, all of the culprits were speedily pursued and secured. On Monday, the 15th of January, a clergyman, named Lewis, secured David Llewellyn, one of the accused, at his own residence, at Mothvey, and, on being taken before two of the county magistrates, David Lloyd and David Edwards, Esquires, he immediately made a full confession, and, like Morgan, divulged the names of his accomplices. Two others, named respectively, William and John Spiggott, or Spickett, were taken on the same day, the former at the town of Llandovery, and the latter at Glantowey, and speedily committed to Caermarthen Jail to await their trial. In consequence of the exertions of a Mr. William Pogson, who appears to have been particularly active in the pursuit of the accused, and in the investigation of the case, two more of the culprits, William Thomas and William Morris, were likewise apprehended on the same day, and, after having been dismissed by the magistrates, were again apprehended on the day following that of their dismissal, and a second time discharged; a third

time, they were apprehended at Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, and eventually fully committed to Caermarthen Jail. Walter Evan and David Morgan were discovered at Merthyr-Tydfil, and committed to Brecon Jail, and on Wednesday, the 17th of the same month, William Walter Evan and John Isaac were secured at a place called Drawn-fun-ddu, in the county of Cardigan, when the former made an ample confession. With the exception of Williams, the whole of the murderers now appear to have been secured, while he, the instigator and inciter of the entire villainy, unfortunately succeeded in effecting his escape, though his mare was found about four miles from Newtown, and secured. His subsequent career is involved in obscurity, and the only circumstance that ever shed any light upon it, was the appearance of the following paragraph in some of the newspapers of the time :—

"When the French prisoners passed through Alton, a few weeks since, the Glamorganshire Militia were ordered as a guard over them, for the night they remained in that town. The next morning it was discovered, on the prisoners being mustered, that one was missing : though the prisoner missing went by another name, he was found to be the noted Williams, who was the principal in the murder of Mr. Powell, some years ago, in Caermarthenshire. Scouts were sent all over the country to take him, but without effect. He was taken prisoner, as a common sailor, in a French privateer."

Whether this escaped prisoner really was the murderer Williams cannot now be determined, though, on finding that his chances of eluding justice in this country were very slender, it is not improbable that a man of his desperate character would not be unlikely to seek a refuge in the enemy's service. At all events, he does not appear to have been further heard of, and this is the last occasion on which any information was obtained respecting him, and he succeeded in avoiding, in this country, the punishment that was so righteously his due.

His wretched associates were soon brought to punishment; they were conveyed under a writ of *habeas corpus* to Hereford Jail, by the sheriff of Caermarthenshire, Sir

William Mansell, and were met at the town of Hay by the sheriff of the county of Hereford, accompanied by the under-sheriff and his attendants, and from thence escorted to Hereford, and lodged in the county jail. The trial commenced on the 27th of March, 1770, being the 10th year of the reign of George III., before Mr. Justice Yates, when nine prisoners were arraigned and placed on their trials: one of the persons concerned in this murder, Walter Evan, had previously been admitted an approver; and among those put upon their trials, I do not, in the particulars that I possess, find the name of John Isaac, who had been committed for trial, and appeared to have originally been one of the culprits. After a careful trial, during which every point favourable to the prisoners was referred to, and an able defence made for them by counsel, it was found that the evidence was so clear and overpowering, and that the murder had been so openly committed, that the jury were irresistibly compelled to find a verdict of "Guilty."

Such, in fact, was the result, so far as regarded six of the murderers, William Morris, David Morgan, David Llewellyn, Charles David Morgan, William Walter Evan, and William Spickett. The other prisoners, John Spickett, William Thomas, and William Charles, were acquitted; but, on the Friday following, 30th March, 1770, being the day after their conviction, the condemned prisoners were, at twelve o'clock, conveyed to the place of execution, and there met their fate with apparent contrition, and while earnestly imploring, in the Welsh language, the pardon and forgiveness of their God. They were executed about half-after one o'clock, and after hanging the usual time, were cut down and their bodies conveyed back to the jail, when four of them were delivered to the surgeons for dissection, in accordance with their respective sentences, and the bodies of William Spickett and William Walter Evan, hung in chains upon Hardwick common, about three miles from the town of Hay.

All the murderers were men in a humble position: William Morris had been brought up a working saddler,

but was at that time employed in a tan-yard; David Morgan, (sometimes called Lacey,) was a travelling tinker, though his usual residence was at Llandovery; David Llewellyn rented a small farm, (for which he paid £16 a year,) at a place called Mothvey, from his accomplice, William Williams; Charles David Morgan was a farm-labourer, and occupied a house near Glanaraeth, where the murderers all assembled prior to the crime; and William Walter Evan followed the occupation of a farm-labourer.

Few crimes of so remorseless a character have been committed in the Principality, nor any that have given rise to a larger amount of interest. Although a period of almost a century has elapsed since the occurrence of this domestic tragedy, it is still held in recollection, and the story continues to be transmitted from father to son as one of the remarkable incidents of a past generation, and of a state of society that has long ceased to exist: as such, it may possibly possess some degree of interest for the readers of the *Cambrian Journal.*

WILLIAM LLEWELLIN, F.S.A.

Glanwern, Pontypool.

The account in our possession of the tragedy described in the foregoing article, which was written immediately after it was perpetrated, and published in the periodicals of the day, varies in some respects from that of our correspondent, and seems to imply that, in addition to the object specified by him, as the original cause of the conspiracy against Mr. Powell's life, there existed another, which was to enable his brother to obtain possession of the family estate. But that object, it appears, did not succeed, forasmuch as Mr. Powell had made a will, and in it had left his property for the benefit of his own children. As the account to which we have referred contains some additional particulars relative to the number and the discovery of the perpetrators of the deed, it is here appended.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

"Monday, January 8th 1770., Wm. Williams of Llandovery,

Carmarthenshire, mercer, together with twelve other persons disguised in waggoners' frocks, and armed with pistols, swords, cutlasses, and cased tucks, came to the dwelling-house of William Powell, Esq., of Glanareth, in the same county, and knocked at the back door. Upon its being opened William Williams with two of the other villains, rushed into the parlour (whilst the others stood sentry) where Mr. Powell was sitting with three of his neighbours, and immediately stabbed him in nine different parts of his body till his bowels came out, cut off his nose and almost one of his hands. The persons who were with Mr. Powell were so frightened at the sudden and furious attack that they made no resistance, but immediately ran out: the assassins then retreated, without attempting to hurt any other person. The following day several people traced their footsteps in the snow, and took particular notice of the impression and size of their shoes. The villains in effecting their retreat, evaded all houses and footpaths, and went over bogs, morasses, and mountains for about four computed miles, till they came to the house of one Charles David Morgan, but, being tracked no further, he was taken up and brought before the Coroner, where he gave a fair account of himself; but one of his shoes being taken off, and being found to agree in size with one of the impressions observed in the snow, he was committed on suspicion, and soon after confessed the fact, and discovered six of the accomplices: whereupon Sir William Mansel, Bart., and other gentlemen, immediately armed themselves and went with their servants in pursuit and took five of them. One of the villains confessed that they were thirteen in number, and that they were all hired by Williams to murder Mr. Powell, and not to rob the house. This Williams in August 1768, went with Mr. Powell's wife, and took her and her children from the boarding school to London, and Mr. Powell was obliged to apply to the court of King's Bench for a habeas corpus to get at his children, and by the recommendation of the court he was induced to allow her £100 a year for a separate maintenance. This Williams had laid several schemes in order to take away Mr. Powell's life, and attempted to shoot him several times. The villains met on the 7th instant in Charles David Morgan's house, and continued there till they went the following evening to murder Mr. Powell. It is much to be feared that many more were concerned in the conspiracy. One of the villains was despatched by Williams that very night to inform Mr. Powell's brother what was done, and ordering him to come and take possession of the estate. But Mr. Powell having made a will, and appointed guardians over his children, their scheme was defeated."

A SONG OF THE DEE.

Oh! blessed be the Power
That oft remits an hour
From the far and wide enthralment of the world's nets ever spread;
And tenderly unsealing
The founts of light and feeling,
Revivifies the dormant heart, and clears the troubled head!

Be mine to clasp the pleasure,
To use aright the treasure,
Enjoy the golden season ere its April brightness fails;—
Renew the old emotion
Of mountain, vale and ocean—
Of elemental liberty that cannot pass from Wales!

From cottage walls retreating,
When night and day are meeting,
I seek the sinuous margin of Deva's holy stream;
Where vernal boughs embracing,
And lightly interlacing,
Involve the fitful star and the noon's translucent beam:

Where purest dews descending,
With heat prolific blending,
Deck Spring's triumphant feet with the hyacinth's fair bells;—
Cowslip, child-wept when perished—
Anemone song-cherished,
And violet, stainless beauty of the Naiad-haunted dells:

Where the old historic river
Flows on, flows on for ever,
Bearing its ancient tribute to the mightier stream of Time;
But here no ivied ruin,
Or work of man's renewing,
Shows stateliness or loveliness less perfect than its prime.

Glide the waters still serenely
Through meadows lying greenly,
Which render back in beauty the bounty they receive;
Or surging on and singing
Through white rocks midway springing,
Bent, broken, yet unchanging still, their rapid way achieve.

With vital force eternal,
Fed by influences vernal,
Rolls the pure and living stream as it rolled ere mortal gaze;
And summer languors press it,
And autumn leaves caress it,
And winter with long wreaths of snow and feathery frost arrays:

And all the free winds sweep it,
And all the Genii keep it,
Whose guardian presence o'er the land the secret heart may know;
And Time and Nature ever
Breathe on the wizard river,
The interfusing charm that links To Day with Long Ago.

Mark, from their lonely dwelling
In Aran's shadow, welling,
Two rivulets emerge, but seek each other as they flow;
Like friends whose troths are plighted,
And hearts and lives united,
And kindling with exalted hope to meet the world who go!

Through fair Llyn Tegid gliding,
Unmingling, undividing,[1]
They pass, one current, self-assured, in self-reliance strong;—
O brief but sweet existence
While in the rosy distance
Love fondly shapes a quiet course where no distractions throng!

And now such calm attaining,
No obstacle restraining,
Flows the stream beneath the willows, cool and crystalline and deep;
Awhile it bends to dally
In Edeyrnion's green valley,
And lave the lily blossoms that hang in mirrored sleep.

To Corwen soon advancing,
Behold it broadly glancing,
Baring its placid bosom to the genial summer sun;
So far in life's progression
Love's mutual fond possession,
And Fortune's all-prevailing hand a golden course have won.

But now ungently falling,
Rude stony shapes enthralling,
It runs the race of passion and lifts the voice of pain;
Yet to endure is glorious,
And joy to rise victorious,
And sweet the hope of pressing through to tranquil hours again.

And as those waters surely,
Beneficently, purely,
Move ever on their varied way from mountain unto sea;
Let the life of firm affection,
Resigned to Heaven's direction,
Be happy, and *make* happy, whate'er high Heaven decree!

[1] Assuming that the Dee passes through Bala Lake as the Rhone does through Lake Leman.

But O beloved river,
Forgive me that I ever
By emblem weak imputed aught of suffering or of wrong!—
No! all thy moods delight me,
Thine aspects all excite me,
Love—beauty—blessing flow with thee—joy triumphs in thy song!

More rugged streams high gushing
From rock-walled tarns, and rushing
Smooth o'er the pine-clad precipice with deep and solemn sound;
Thence down the valley springing—
Loud-murmuring, foam-flinging,
Have won my heart's communion, and my restless spirit bound.

And not the gentle Clwyd
Rich with memory of Druid
And battle-field and fortress, hath a softer calm than thine;
Though—all the rest transcending—
One starry name[2] be blending
Its brightness with the woods and waves—meet Genius for such shrine!

No more the hues of slaughter
Profane thy crystal water—
Albeit with love and reverence paused and bowed the fiery ranks—
No more the lurid flushing
Of flames to heaven rushing,
That rose from altars reared upon thy oak-embowered banks.

For Peace and Truth most holy
Have trod the valley slowly,
And stilled the strife of races, and banished cruel creeds;
And in thy breast, fair river,
The stars untroubled quiver,
And Quiet broods upon the hills, and Health frequents the meads.

Now loveliest colours blended
Glow o'er the sun descended
Where Llantisilio's pasture-glens reflect the ripening day;
But Night through heaven flitting,
Comes, shade to shadow knitting,
And all the rosy-streaming bars melt momently to grey.

Above the eastern mountains,
See from her clear cold fountains
The Moon suffuse Eglwyseg's sublime embattled crest;
And on Llangollen's cluster
Of white walls pour new lustre,
And wake the darkened water to a magical unrest!

[2] Felicia Hemans.

Happy, whose heart, the Spirit
Of Night can all inherit,
Unsighing, unencumbered, with pulses beating free;—
Fearless of puny danger,
O'er ocean paths a ranger,
Iona's graves, Helvellyn's crags, or by the banks of Dee!

Happy, who bold pursuing
The matchless Beauty, wooing
Her varying moods and changing charms with all-congenial breast,
Can win her love ne'er cloying,
And taste the deep enjoying—
Now lifted on the wings of storm—now lapped in lowly rest!

To him, a sister soothing,
She comes, the vexed brow smoothing,
Gives the anodyne of quiet, and hope's sweet sovereign balm;
To him, a friend beguiling
The world's neglect by smiling,
And teaching what the world is worth, and what contentment's calm.

To him, a Muse unsealing
The Past's great book, revealing
The doubt of human history, the depth of human heart;—
Prophet, to whose clear seeing,
Becoming flows from *being*,
And future paths diversely from life's present highway part.

Poet of truth, enlightening,
Revolving, clearing, brightening
Emotion, thought, and enterprise that stir us in the day!
Poet of fancy, breathing
Celestial air, and wreathing
Flowers whose hues and odours sweet exhale not or decay!

Poet of nature, mating
With earth and heaven, creating
What best belongs to them of free, of silent—awful—grand—
For him she loveth loosing
The eloquence transfusing
Wood, mountain, planet, wind and wave, which few may understand!

I feel her now before me,
For midnight closes o'er me,
And locks all breathing life in rest or feverish or deep;
Hushed is the bird's late singing—
Hushed the bell's festal ringing—
And hushed upon Moel Geraint's side, the cry of wayward sheep.

But the fitful wind is waking,
And 'mid the branches making
A harp-like music many-toned, that tells of old lament;

And the river low is calling
Responsively in falling
Adown the rugged ledges which its rapid course indent.

While the moon supreme presiding
In heaven's court, is gliding
Slow o'er the azure floor, the shifting shadows throng;
And all the hills that bound me,
Seem closer to surround me,
And press their pæan of old fame, their monody of wrong:—

Press on the ear ideal
With voice as silence real,
Nor only relevant to works and record-rolls of Man;
For each enduring feature
Glows with the dawn of Nature,
When all unkenned the sun revolved, unheard the river ran.

Superbly Dinas standing,
The lowly vale commanding,
Lifts his fantastic coronet of grey and gaping stone;—
Young, in spring's green renewals,
And autumn's purple jewels,
Old, in the mist-clad memories that gird his stedfast throne.

The power hath left the palace—
The wine drained from the chalice—
The wind raves through the portal—the storm beats on the floor—
Valour's bright sword is broken—
Beauty bequeathed no token—
The banner spreads not to the breeze—the harp resounds no more!

Yet wherefore trite reflection
Or mournful recollection;—
Unseen, not perished, are the things oppressed by Time and Death;
Not the first state and splendour—
The fair, the grand, the tender—
Can match with what the musing mind conceives of bloom and breath!—

The sacred Vale where nestle
Tombs, arches of Egwestl;[3]
Where Beauty broods in sadness, but Faith still keeps a shrine:—
All Cambria's blood yet vital,
Shed for her glorious title,
To Glyndwr last and stormiest chief of the great Llywelyn Line:—

And strength that knows not ruin
In earthworks of Caer Drewyn[4]—
In Arthur's turrets[5] raised by Him who formed the clinging cloud;—

[3] Valle Crucis Abbey.
[4] Opposite Corwen.
[5] Craig Arthur on the Eglwysegs.

Signs of the old prevailing
'Gainst foreign arms assailing,
As it shall yet again prevail ere Britain's front be bowed!

Old Llywarch,[6] lonely weeping
For all his brave boys sleeping,
Whose necks unbent, the golden torque of Cymru's princes bore:—
Eliseg[7]—what though perished
The symbol-cross he cherished,
His mightier race guards mightier faith—TRA BRYTHON still TRA MOR![8]

And Deva's queen, Myvanwy,[9]
Like the flower of Diganwy
Which Nature's happy poet-child, and poet-loved hath sung;[1]
For round that ruined tower
Twines her beauty's deathless flower,
And hers the deepest eloquence poured from that stony tongue:—

And her's the light that flashes,
As an eye beneath dark lashes,
From out the sombre shadow of the dreary wind-swept wall;
Morn's fragrance sweet ascending,
And midnight's stars o'erbending,
With *her* are redolent and bright—*her* life to ours recall.

Now in her home of power
Sits she at festal hour,
Mistress of many a faithful heart, of many a flashing sword:—
Hark to the song ascending,
The rose and laurel blending,
For Trevor's fairest maid whose guest is Gwynedd's bravest lord!

Now in the glowing pages
Where live the vanished ages,
Immortal Arthur fires her breast, or Howel good and wise;

[6] Llywarch Hên, Prince and Poet of the sixth century. Of his twenty-four brave sons, *Eudorchogion*, one, at least, lies in Llangollen; "Bedd Sawyll yn Llangollen." And another near to it; "Bedd Gwell yn y Rhiw Velen."

[7] Of the seventh century. His well-known pillar gives name to the Vale of the Cross.

[8] Taliesin's words, "*Tra mor, tra Brython;*" "*While the sea will be, the Britons will be;*" or "While there be sea, while there be Britons;" co-duration being clearly intended.

[9] Myvanwy Vechan, the celebrated beauty of the House of Trevor, who resided in Castell Dinas Bran in the fourteenth century. The ode of her lover Howel ab Einion Lygliw comprises all that is known of her. See Evans's *Specimens of Welsh Bards*, page 14. A fragment of an inscribed stone has been found in Valle Crucis Abbey, which would indicate that she was buried there.

[1] Mrs. Hemans.

The legend now securing,
More eloquent, enduring,
Beneath her ardent fingers see the tapestry-colours rise!

Now by the stream she ponders,
Or on far summits wanders,
Where yet may white Craig Vorwyn keep her virgin heart and name;
And now she seeks sedately
The abbey fair and stately,
And humbly bends before the Throne whence birth and beauty came.

And the vesper-hymn she hearkens
While the mountain shadow darkens
Around her sires' honoured graves where time will spread her own—
Look! what dim Shape went flitting
Where the Past's grey ghosts are sitting—
There—where the wan and yellow moon streams on the broken stone!

But now, of state denuded,
Behold her sit secluded,
High in her turret-chamber at quiet eventide;—
Her scarlet robes neglected—
Her jewels all rejected—
And doth she put the *woman* on, and hath she done with pride?

Ah no! her cheek's pure blossom
Unchanging glows; her bosom
Heaves not in sweet suspense; her eyes are ever calm and deep;
She listens coldly heeding,
While comes her lover speeding
With heart in flame, on foaming horse, up Bran's resounding steep.

She opes the casement—higher
Ascend those hoofs of fire,
Till dies the rugged sound beneath her lonely taper's light;
And now the bard upturning
A face with passion burning,
Outbreathes his soul as love compels, and poesy, and night.

Is it the night-wind flutters
Her bosom while he utters
The lay that wafts its sweetness still across the wastes of time?
A moment only tender!
He shall not lightly bend her—
She lifts her downward-verging heart to compass the sublime!

Shall *he* presume to love her!
She scans the heavens above her;
Nor heeds the access tremulous of love's refulgent star:—
Her heart and eye of eagle
Seek Jove serene and regal,
And mighty suns which sweep through space immeasurably far.

And the languid airs that dally
With rose-odours of the valley,
With child-entrancing music, and with minstrel's selfish sighs;
Reach not *her* brow raised boldly
To bathe in winds which coldly
Speed, pure and wild and vigorous, athwart the upper skies.

Linked with no feeble rhymer,
Her life shall grow sublimer,
Firm in that highland fortress with Beauty, Strength, and Will;
And haughtily repelling
Youth's currents inly welling,
Shall, like an ice-isle indurate, bright, terrible, and still!

Was this well done, Myvanwy;
For marble towers can we
Forget what Womanhood may give—what Poesy may claim?—
But such regret were idle
When an eternal bridal
Unites the crowns of love and pride, and thine with Howel's name:—

When springs a greater glory
From Dinbrain's classic story
Which, save for *that*, nor song could boast, nor history could disclose—
E'en as the cataract's power
Outlives the summer shower—
E'en as the statue white and calm transcends the blushing rose!

ELVYNYDD.

Llangollen, May, 1856.

PENIARTH, LLANEGRYN, MERIONETHSHIRE.

THE ancient mansion of Peniarth is situated upon open level ground in the midst of trees, and its situation forms the centre to an amphitheatre of mountains. On either side are Alltlwyd and Foelwyllt; in front, the bold and giant Cader Idris, and the rugged, precipitous Craig-y-deryn. The deep winding Dysynni river fertilizes, and gives life to the nearer landscape. The variegated hues of the trees in the autumn, the deep shades of the mountain glens, the brown appearance of the fern on the hill sides, all furnish a most picturesque prospect, and speak of the season when

"Suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death."

The house is a large square edifice, partly built in 1700, and partly in 1812. In a wing of the building is a white marble tablet, having upon it the following inscription:—

"Non benè vivit Homo,
Nisi potat ad ostia stando,
Ludoricus Owen Arm.
Extruxit hoc.
MDCCXXVII.
Y Gwr a Bia'r Nenbren."

The interior of the mansion is enriched with ancestral portraits of the family of Peniarth, and of historical personages. In the dining-room are portraits of the first baronet of Wynnstay, Sir William Williams, the speaker of the House of Commons; his son, Sir Watkin Williams, the second baronet; Sir William Williams and his three sons; Jane, Viscountess Bulkeley, &c. In the hall, and above the grand staircase, are full length portraits of King Charles I., and Sir Everard Digby, who was concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. In the drawing-room are two valuable paintings by Salvator Rosa, the head of our Lord by one of the Carracci, and a portrait of Lewys Owen, Esq., one of the ancestors of the family of Peniarth. The Library is especially remarkable for its rare and valuable Books and MSS. In it are deposited the Hengwrt MSS., bequeathed by the late Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart., to his friend and kinsman W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., M.P. There is a beautiful copy of Cranmer's Bible, printed on vellum, of the date of 1539, and extensively illuminated. Amongst the MSS. is the celebrated "Black Book of Carmarthen," partly written in 1190 by the bard "Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr;" and the "Book of Taliesin," written about 1200. There is also a large and precious collection of ancient British and Roman relics discovered in various parts of the country.

W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., the owner of this residence, is a warm-hearted, hospitable country gentleman, and a

liberal landlord, who has gained the esteem and affection of all classes in the neighbourhood. Of the ancestors of the Peniarth (Wynne) family, it is recorded that in the fourth year of the reign of Henry V. Gruffydd ap Aaron obtained, as security for various sums he had advanced to different persons, a great extent of property in the Vale of Towyn. Lewys Glyn Cothi has an elegy upon him, (see page 434,) from which it appears that he was buried at Llanegryn. In the ninth year of Henry, Gruffydd obtained a license from the king to appropriate additional property in the Vale of Towyn. The Peniarth estate continued for many generations in possession of his lineal descendants, till by the marriage of Elizabeth, sister and heiress of William David Lloyd, about the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with Gruffydd, fourth son of Lewis Owen, Esq., Vice-Chamberlain of North Wales, and M.P. for Merionethshire, it passed into that family. From the Owens it passed by marriage to another family of the same name, of Morben, in Montgomeryshire: and from them through the Williamses, a younger branch of the house of Wynnstay, to the Wynns of Wern, in the county of Caernarvon.

William Wynne, Esq., of Wern, in 1771, married Jane, daughter of Edward Williams, Esq., and grandson of Sir William Williams, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons, in the time of Charles II. By this marriage the family became connected with the ancient houses of Wynnstay and Bodelwyddan. Miss Williams was representative through her mother Jane, Dowager Viscountess Bulkeley, of the ancient family of Owen, of Peniarth, long seated at that place, but which became extinct upon the death of Lewis Owen, Esq., Custos Rotulorum of the county of Merioneth, in 1729. By the marriage of William Wynne, Esq., of Wern, there was issue William, the eldest son, and heir of Peniarth, who was born 19th September, 1774, and married on the 30th November, 1800, Elizabeth, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. Philip Puleston, D.D., Peckhill Hall, Derbyshire. This lady was the mother of William Watkin Edward

Wynne, the present representative, who was born 23rd December, 1801, and married 18th May, 1839, Mary, second of three daughters of Robert Aglionby Slaney, Esq., of Walford Manor, and Hatton Grange, Salop, M.P.,—and William Robert Maurice, born 15th February, 1840, and Owen Slaney, who was born 17th October, 1842.

In another line there is the name of Osborn Wyddel at the head of the family. It has been said that the three noblest names of Europe are the De Veres of England, the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, and the Montmorencys of France. Of these families the first is extinct. A branch of the noble sept of the Geraldines, or Fitzgerald —Osborn, surnamed "Wyddel" (the Irishman), settled in Merionethshire in the thirteenth century, and was the founder of some of the most distinguished families in that county. Of them the powerful houses of Vaughan, of Corsygedol, and Wynne, of Ynys y Maengwyn, are extinct. The Wynnes, of Peniarth and Maesyneuadd, continue to flourish. The family adopted the name of Wynn in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

WELSH MSS. IN FRANCE.

The suggestions which have arisen in consequence of the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian*, and Evans' *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, have summoned the attention of the learned to subjects into which the eye of investigation had never before penetrated, or the hand of curiosity attempted to explore. Having lately been in the Library of the Louvre, in France, for the purpose of examining some scarce books for a friend, I was agreeably surprized at the sight of some old French Poems and Romances, together with some Welsh and Italian; and as, in the former part of my life, from having been a resident in Merionethshire, I acquired a knowledge of the Welsh

language—for there, indeed, the Welsh is still retained in greater preservation than in any other county—for which circumstance I was induced to translate a part of one of the shortest Poems, which I should have finished, had not business which I could not neglect, and avocations that were not to be dispensed with, obliged me to desist. But may this prove an useful hint to all examiners into antiquity who may ever visit those classical regions, from whence I have attempted to transplant the following short though fragrant flower. I could not, however, quit the Library without copying the following lines, which were written in French, upon the back of this, and some other manuscripts of a similar kind:—

Note. This, together with some other manuscripts of the same kind, formerly belonged to the library of that celebrated antiquary *Scipio Maffei*, of Verona.

OXONIENSIS, 1783.

THE TRANSLATION.

The Lamentation of Llywarch Hên, the Bard, upon the Death of Gwlaith, an Old Welsh Chief.

Son of Beli Mawr, the beams of thy glory are set, thy wide extended hall shall no longer give shelter to heroes that quaff the sparkling mead, who gladdened at thy presence. A silence that is only introduced by death here spreads its contagion; to us the days of sorrow are at hand; and thy cupbearer no longer treads with alacrity. The trembling strings of the harp forget to vibrate; the note of victory no longer at the waving of the hand of thy bard wakes the soul from her mansion with enchantment. The foot of time, which we cannot hear, has trodden upon thy shield, and already has his hand defiled with rust thy corslet moist and red with blood, whilst over thy war-worn helm the spider scatters the thin web of oblivion. But let this be thy solace. The journeying stranger shall not pass by the spot of thy rest without recollecting (as the hollow blast moves the herb that trembles at its breath) the force of thy arm, and the heart-shaking thunder of thy footsteps. The tale that fame has told of thee shall lead him far from his path to inquire after thee, and shall delay him attentive at thy grave; whilst the blue-eyed damsel of his bed at each returning day shall view the sun with aversion, and cast a longing look over the plain for her Lord's return, and weep that she sees him not. The eagle of battle (to which thou wert

like) mangling her prey on thy tomb, shall oft mark with her princely foot where thou liest (thou that wert her feeder), and shall flap her firm-set wings as she hears the neighbouring torrent rushing near thy corse. Oft at eve shall thy father say in remembrance of thee, "My son, my son," and bid thy younger brother hear, as he tells of thee. Thy brother's blood, like that of the lion's whelp, shall kindle and crouch for the contest, and long to succeed thee. As wandering to pay thee my tribute of grief, I distinguish the slow and tremulous accents of thy fire. He yet lives. The fall of Arwan, by the prowess of thy spear, the ensanguined waters of Tanad, through memory sparkle in his deep sunk eyes. My heart is weighed down at the painful pleasure of his sighs, and the deepened luxury of his mourning. Thy white steed that of old snuffed the buxom breeze in the vale, oft lonely straying near thy grave, crops the long tall grass that quivers over thee: where is now the rattle of his hoofs, where his flowing mane, the pleasure of the field, and the lightning of his eye, at the downfall of his enemies? Many are they whom fate has overtaken, whose names memory shall never recall, whom no future bard shall awaken from silence, or call to remembrance, when the hirlas horn shall open the hearts of posterity and of the yet unborn. Nevertheless the evening and the morning sun shall gild their graves with his rays, the winter's wind shall rudely salute their wasting limbs as it passes in its course to shake the turrets of Aberffraw, and agitate the full waters of . . . . But thee, danger oft has met in the tented field, and fled dismayed; Snowden and our mother Mona have resounded the clash of thy deeds; and the cottager on their heavy-hanging brows at midnight has started at the sound, by the sinking blue taper, whilst his trembling consort lulls her waking and affrighted babes to their broken slumber. Still visible are the prints of thy steeds upon the sand of Deudraeth. The hours of life are past, and death only has been thy conqueror.

NOTES.

Louvre.—The distinguished edifice in Paris, which bears this name, is reported to have been at first a royal residence, but was afterwards used as a state prison, when a large tower was added. Subsequently it was converted into a library, and was made by Napoleon I. into a museum. The magnificent pile of buildings which constitute the New Louvre were commenced by Napoleon I., and completed by the present Emperor in 1857.

Francis Scipio, Marquis de Maffei, was an Italian nobleman, born at Verona, in Lombardy, in 1675. He distinguished himself in early life as the author of some popular works, and in mature years

was a devoted adherent to literary pursuits. In 1732 he travelled in France, and, after visiting England, returned to the continent, where he died in 1755. The works on several subjects of which he was the author have been much admired for their delicacy of expression and purity of language, some of which have been translated into English. The Welsh MSS. which are said to have belonged to him, he is supposed to have purchased during his visit to England.

Llywarch Hên.—Twelve of his poems are printed in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, a literal translation of which, with notes, was published by Dr. W. Owen Pugh, in 1792; but the original Welsh poem, of which the foregoing is a translation, is not included in that number.

In connection with this subject, an important point for investigation suggests itself, which is this,—What has become of the former library of the Louvre? If it be still in existence, either there or elsewhere, a diligent and careful search for the Welsh MSS. in question should be instituted. Will some of the members of the Cambrian Institute, resident in Paris, oblige us by making the search, and report to us the result?

Ed. Camb. Jour.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

I.

Roused by deep love, love never felt before,
The Nation keeps a festive holiday;
Each village, town, and city doth outpour
Its stream of life to swell the grand array.

II.

There, old and young, the feeble and the strong,
With open hand their grateful offerings bear;
The rich, the poor, make up the wondrous throng,
Speaking the joy their smiling faces wear.

III.

With regions wide as Earth's immense domain,
Sweet Freedom breathes o'er her remotest shore,
Great empress of the world doth Britain reign,
Envy of those who dread her moral power.

IV.

Controlled by laws, which frame her ruler's will
To render sure the lieges' happiness,

One thought, one voice, the countless crowd doth fill,
To gratulate, to welcome, and to bless.

V.

VICTORIA, mistress of her island-throne,
Begirt with councillors all good and great,
Presides with right and dignity her own,
The honoured monarch of a mighty state.

VI.

And she hath children, precious in their place,
Like objects of her people's love and care,
A gallant Prince, chief of the Royal race,
Her glory's, and her sceptre's fitting heir.

VII.

Buoyant with hope, the strength and bloom of youth,
Trained to the calls of his exalted sphere,
The genius of rectitude and truth,
Our Prince, and future king, will onward bear.

VIII.

Then love doth whisper to a ready ear,—
"The son of England needs a youthful mate,
A kindly heart his griefs and joys to share,
And add fresh lustre to his proud estate."

IX.

Nor seeks he long a rare and charming bride,
Fortune and fame secure the matchless prize;
Of beauty, grace, and maidenhood the pride,
The star of Denmark's Royal line supplies.

X.

"ALEXANDRA"—all-loving, loved, and fair,
For gentleness and virtue only known,
Britannia greets thee, consort of her heir,
The future partner of her peerlees throne,

XI.

Observed of all observers, thou shalt be,
A light to follow, and a mark of praise;
The thousands watching thy felicity,
Will mould their minds in wisdom's pleasant ways.

XII.

Thrice blest and happy prove thy marriage bell,
Producing joy and peace in after-years,
Not crossed by trials, which their burthen tell
In silent agony and bitter tears.

XIII.

Hark! hark! how glee-notes echo from each shore,
See, beacon-fires illume the distant hills,
The thundering welcome of the cannon's roar,
Startles the night, and all the welkin fills.

XIV.

"God bless the Prince of Wales," loud voices cry,
"God bless the Princess, his affianced bride,
God save the Queen, and Royal Family,
With riches, health, and love e'er multiplied."

J. H. James.

Middle Temple.

AB ITHEL.

Ab Ithel devoted himself to his pastoral duties at Llanymowddwy with an ardour that soon threatened to overpower his health. About three miles from the church, on the way to Dinas and Mallwyd, at Aber Cowarch, the small river of that name passing in a pretty cascade under the bridge which bears the road, literally falls into the Dovey. The miniature *rhaiadr* set in a screen of summer foliage above the bridge, and the old mill below it, never fail to arrest the eye trained to the picturesque. Here are a few cottages—indeed it is rare to find any *aber* without the settlement which the natural advantages of such a place suggest. And for similar reasons the course of the stream is marked for two miles upward by several secluded farm-houses and huts, till the bold steep ridges of Craig Cowarch shut up the glen.[1] The spiritual wants of Cowarch could obviously be but poorly satisfied

[1] In this romantic recess once resided the Rev. R. W. Morgan (Mor Meirion), a man of genius, ability and learning, the energetic champion of all Cymric interests, and the uncompromising scourge of all ecclesiastical abusers. If only he would chasten his imagination, and moderate his patriotic impulses, in dealing with Welsh history, he would be also entitled to unqualified praise as one of the most eloquent and vigorous writers of the day.

by means of the distant parish church, and one of Ab Ithel's first acts was to hire a cottage, and convert it into a mission-room or chapel, and to obtain the Bishop's sanction for the monthly celebration there of the Holy Communion.

To the system of cottage lectures, and of lay ministration in reading the Scriptures and visiting the aged, Ab Ithel was much attached, and he practised it in this primitive place with eminent success. At a later period he had a lay assistant who resided there, but at first he performed unaided all the duties, and underwent all the fatigue. His gifted and esteemed eldest daughter writes of this period:—

"Many a wild ride or walk had he in the winter nights home; sometimes nearly carried away, horse and all, by a mountain stream that had become a river from the torrents; sometimes through snow and hail; and sometimes, but very seldom, did he come home on a fine starlight night. I have seen him faint when he has come into the warm room after one of these cold rides."

"An old man and woman, who were bed-ridden from great age, lived in the cottage next to the mission-house, and my father sometimes celebrated the Holy Communion in their house at their request. On such occasions the scene was very interesting. In the beautifully clean kitchen, those who wished to partake of the blessed sacrament were assembled, and the little room where the aged couple lay, which opened into the kitchen, served, if one might so term it, as a kind of chancel. Little children would nestle round my father, and hide in the folds of his surplice, and he loved them to do so, for he felt Heaven and the holy angels to be nearer when those of whom his blessed Lord had said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," were playing around his feet. My father was extremely fond of children, and they were always attracted to him. In church they have often cried to go to him, and we have seen little things that could hardly walk, climbing up the pulpit steps while he has been preaching, in order to be with him. Love of children was ever a great feature in his character. While he was writing he always liked us to be with him, and at the same time liked us to talk, frequently taking a part in the conversation himself, and if we were silent a little, always asking us why we were so quiet. When we were very little children he often used to sit writing some of his greatest works with one of us on his knee, another at the back of his chair, and a third nestling at his feet; all, as you may imagine,

chattering as only children can. Then in the evenings he would gather us around him, and read pretty tales, or what we liked far better, extemporise some amusing piece of poetry for us."

Ab Ithel was conspicuous for fearless devotion to his parishioners in sickness. While he was at Llanvor a malignant fever prostrated one by one the inhabitants of the little hamlet Rhos-y-Gwalia. The dread of infection paralyzed the sympathies of the neighbours, the village was left to its fate, and had it not been for the Christian charity and manly courage of their pastor, many must have perished for want of medicine or sustenance. But *he* was there late and early, going from one cottage to another, preparing their meals, lighting their fires, giving them medicine, and praying with the dying. From day to day he did this, until one Sunday he fainted in the pulpit, and was carried home suffering from what was soon pronounced to be fever. Happily the attack was but slight, and it in no wise diminished his usefulness or abated his ardour. The scattered homes of Llanymowddwy were yet more difficult of access, while their poverty and insalubrity at certain seasons, made them yet more liable to disease. Clergymen living in rich level districts, intersected by easy roads, and abounding in the means that give zest to health, and relief to sickness, can have no experience of the circumstances of a mountain parish, where the pastor must possess qualifications very different from, yet in addition to, those of the scholar and preacher; must minister to every want, respond to every call, and be in fact the teacher, physician, referee, friend, and guardian of his flock.

We quote again from a letter of Miss Williams Ab Ithel, an incident in illustration of this:—

"The first winter after we went to Mowddwy, a distressing thing happened. Our old clerk lived in a cottage right opposite to the rectory, on the side of the hill, and one bitter cold night his wife and daughter went out to feed the pony there. By some means the animal got loose, and went up the mountain. Of course they followed it, calling to the old man who had just gone to bed to join them. Up the hill went all three after the

pony. It was dark, and in a short time they found they had lost their way. What was to be done? They knew they must be near a frightful precipice. The dog that had followed them had gone home howling dismally. They still go on, for they must walk to keep themselves from being frozen. The poor old woman's hat is lost. Now she sinks in a bog and her shoes come off. A little time after the old man finds to his horror that they are close to the three carns where the three women were lost in the snow.[2] He dares not tell his wife and daughter where they are. At last they find a herdsman's shed, and near it the truant pony. They lead the horse into the hut, and nestle close to it for warmth, but that not sufficing, the old man takes down the rude door, and they jump upon it all night, for to sleep would be to die. Morning comes, and the three poor wanderers are nearly dead, but the old man still has strength enough to carry first one and then another until they reach the brow of the hill—but he can go no further. His cries at last bring a shepherd to the spot; he calls other men, and the three are brought down to all appearance lifeless. Of course the men ran to the rectory, and my father and mother were up at the cottage directly. The people would hardly let my father do anything to restore them, for they said they were dead, but he insisted, and after incessant efforts from nine o'clock till five, my parents were rewarded by seeing signs of life appear. In a week afterwards all the three were recovered, and they are yet living at Llanymowddwy."

The cottage to which Ab Ithel came to reside in this valley, was as remarkable as the dwellings he had occupied at Llanfor. The first of these, Pen y Garth, was placed on the brow of a hill, surrounded by a wood. It had been built by two very eccentric ladies, sisters, who lived in it after the manner of the more celebrated Ladies of Llangollen, with whom, indeed, they maintained a correspondence. One side of the house was in the form of a castle, another was like a Swiss *chalet*, and a third resembled a modern villa. Every room opened into another. Special accommodation was provided for the forty cats which were the delight of the misanthropists,

[2] They were coming from Garthbibio, across the hills, to Llanymowddwy to be churched. Overtaken by a sweeping snowstorm, and helpless from fatigue, they missed the way, sank, and perished. The peasants reared three tumuli to mark the fatal spot.

and formed the train or body guard of their midnight excursions.[3]

The second dwelling of Ab Ithel in Llanfor was the Parsonage which was built for him in Glan Hirnant, along with Trinity Church and its schools, by the kindness of Bishop Cleaver's son, who gave him the choice of the sites. The Parsonage stands on a little mound close to the church. A noble rock of imposing height here commands the road, and forms the pass which Llywarch Hên enjoined his son Cynddelw to guard. The garden slopes down to the bank of a rock-strewn mountain stream, spanned by a suspension bridge which is overshadowed by an elegant witch-elm. Few places could be more typical of a Welsh clergyman's home, or more congenial to a man of poetical impulses and refined tastes.

Very different was the rectory of Llanymowddwy. Set in the midst of grander proportions and wilder contrasts, and with a more romantic exterior, it was yet far less eligible as a dwelling where intellectual pursuits were to

[3] The history of these ladies, the Misses Isles, is sufficiently romantic. They were descended from the ancient house of the Lloyds of Rhiwaedog, and inherited that property in right of their mother, whose only brother had been stolen when a child from the gates of Rhiwaedog, and had never since been heard of. One was very beautiful, and both were highly accomplished, and they mixed in the best London society, until having, through a curious train of events, seen all their property thrown into Chancery, they lost their fashionable friends, and fell into deep distress. At last, however, their estate was restored to them, and with it returned their summer hangers-on; but, justly disgusted, they sought their ancestral home, and led a life of seclusion which soon became morbid and extravagant. Report describes them as wandering all night along the corridors of Rhiwaedog, in long white robes, with their hair powdered, and at the head of their feline legion; and as meeting on one occasion a very wicked old ancestor who seemed anxious to join the procession—a civility, however, which led them to quit Rhiwaedog in all haste, and transfer their *bizarrerie* to Pen y Garth. At their death they left a legacy to each of the cats, and a suitable provision to a young woman who was to be their guardian and nurse. This woman afterwards became a valuable servant in Ab Ithel's family at Pen y Garth—let us hope *pace* the forty.

be promoted, and the health of a family maintained. Ab Ithel during the first years of his occupation had no leisure to devote to the improvement of the place, for which, indeed, there was not much scope. But upon the return of the family after a long absence at Middleton, they naturally found the premises (which had been only partly occupied by the officiating curate) in a lamentable state of neglect. The front, which contained the chief rooms, was swathed in clinging ivy, and oppressed by dripping trees. Light struggled reluctantly through the latticed windows, and discomfort looked from the dilapidated walls. The rooms were low, small and damp; the garden ill-tended; the graces and ornaments of home absent or defaced. Yet a change was soon wrought in the cottage. The interior was rendered as comfortable and healthful as it was capable of being. The fields and gardens were brought under skilled culture.[4] The rectory of Llanymowddwy soon became an object very refreshing to the eye of the traveller, tired with dank peat-rushes and sterile rock. The trailing evergreens were trimmed, the desert lawn reclaimed to softness and grace. Large masses of blooms were arranged here and there, selected not only for their vivid colour, but for their grateful odour. A clear tiny streamlet was coaxed to wander through the garden, glistening like a limpid necklace. A crown of roses clustered over the porch, and honeysuckle and clematis twined about the windows. More than one bird made her home in that quiet bower, under the protection of the gentle girls who had reared it. It was pleasant to steal out on a dewy spring morning, and taking the old rustic seat raised beneath a spreading tree at a corner of the garden, adjoining the church-yard, to watch the gradual awakening of the mountains, woods, and waters under the glorious light and fervour of a new day, while almost

[4] Ab Ithel had always a taste for planting and arranging trees, and none knew better the history and extent of the Cambrian Silva. In 1849 and 1850 he had assisted Dr. Thackeray of Chester in his researches on that subject, and written an able paper on early planting in Wales.

at your feet the thrush hopped across the greensward, and far over your head the lark shook out his sweet unearthly song.[5]

To complete for the present our sketch of Llanymowddwy, and give an interesting notice of Ab Ithel, we add a few sentences from a graphic account of the funeral of Ioan Meirion,[6] supplied in the year 1851 to the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, by a writer under the signature of *Glaswyn*:—

"At length I reached the village of Llanymowddwy. I did not accompany the funeral to the church, but preferred musing in the church-yard. I found poor Ioan's grave was under the shade of a venerable yew tree, which, judging from its girth and proverbially slow growth, must have been at least three hundred years old. The service was performed by the Rev. John Williams, M.A., Ab Ithel, a learned antiquary, and editor of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. I had not for twenty years attended a Welsh Church funeral service. To me it was impressive and solemn, and very musically fell on my ears the tones of the clergyman's feeble but plaintive voice. Picturesque and instructive was the scene that now lay around me. On all sides were the everlasting hills of the land which I love. Between the skirts of the dark clouds which were piloted by the winds over the tops of these mountains, shone the sun brightly on Ioan's grave, and the group around it. Mournful was the wail of the gust as it passed through the branches of that venerable yew tree. Interesting also was the figure of that dark complexioned clergyman, dressed in his white vestment, and whose countenance, 'sicklied all o'er with the pale hue of thought,' thinning hair, and placid brow, corresponded well with the ideal notion one likes to form of a secluded scholar; nor could I help admiring the theory of that establishment which seeks, in the person of a clergyman, to provide for every parish in the land, a Christian gentleman and a scholar."

[5] There is in the possession of the writer a beautiful water-colour sketch of this cottage and garden, with the church in the background and its venerable yews, and the pyramidal top of Moel Ffridd grandly rising over all. The artist, John Steeple, of Birmingham, a worthy aspirant to the mantle of David Cox, has given us no pictures more graceful and faithful than his representations of the Mowddwy scenery.

[6] John James, who at the time of his death was Secretary to the Welsh School in London.

At the period of his coming to Llanymowddwy, Ab Ithel had acquired no mean reputation as an ecclesiastical writer. His great work, *The Antiquities of the Cymry*, at once novel in its character, sound in its doctrine, and important in its conclusions, won the attention of all good churchmen, while the earnest eloquence of the style, and the peculiar learning and research infused into it, recommended the work to the critical approbation of men of letters. The following opinion of the *New Quarterly* may be cited as a good specimen of the praise accorded to the book :—

"The highly enthusiastic writer of the work before us has occupied himself on this publication evidently as a labour of love. The details connected with the Early British Church are highly valuable. The Church of the Cymry was once the only legitimate communion in the land. They might without presumption have claimed, and justly, patriarchal jurisdiction over the entire island. The bardic fragments in this work are of remarkable interest, and wondrously resemble the lays of the minstrels and troubadours in their tone of feeling. The glorious names of Taliesin, chief of bards, and others, glitter in these pages; nor amidst the least curious matter is a Welsh calendar. We have to acknowledge our deep obligation to Mr. Williams for much information of a rare and valuable character. No British Churchman's library should be without this book. It enters into many points untouched by Mr. Soames, and forms a highly valuable addition to our literature; nor do we esteem it the less for its deep piety and churchmanlike spirit."—*New Quarterly Review*, No. 10, April, 1845.

Ab Ithel's miscellaneous religious writings are numerous. The following by no means exhaust the list:— *Meditations on the Last Words of Christ on the Cross; Tracts Illustrative of the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England; The Ancient "Hymns of the Church;" Plain and Practical Observations on Christian Education; Easy Catechisms on the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments; A Companion to the Calendar; The Christian Cycle.* He translated into Welsh, Jeremy Taylor's *Golden Grove*, and the tract *What is Romanism?* He prepared a greatly enlarged edition of Bishop Wilson's *Companion to the Altar*. He

contributed several articles of value to *The Churchman*, and other periodicals. He edited for some years *Baner y Groes*, a religious serial. He never wearied in his efforts to disseminate in the language of Wales, the cardinal doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, and the expository teachings of the Established Church. Writing to a friend on this subject he says:—

"I wish we had some cheap devotional and catechetical works in Welsh for the communicants, the sick, and schools. A sort of *Christian Year*, with practical observations on the holy seasons, would conduce much towards establishing the poor Welsh in the faith of their forefathers."

And we may add the testimony of Miss Williams,—

"My father used to say with regard to his parish, 'Give the people something *to do* for the church; allow them to feel themselves working members of it; and depend upon it there will be more churchmen and fewer dissenters.' In accordance with this idea he used to allow the churchmen to hold prayer-meetings every week at the different cottages, himself selecting one of the communicants every month to superintend these meetings. He was also one of the first to have communicants' meetings, and they have been so successful that very many of the clergy have adopted them. My father's principles were High Church, and he always preached and taught what he believed to be the true Catholic Faith. Yet such was his charity, that I do not believe, in the course of his meek holy life, he ever said or did ought in any way to offend those of a different persuasion. He had the true martyr spirit, and would have suffered anything for faith's sake."

Ab Ithel, so long ago as 1840, had been named, on account of the philanthropic and Christian spirit of his writings, a Vice-President of the Institut d'Afrique, an Association founded to promote the civilization and colonization of Africa, and to protect and enlighten the African race. We give the Secretary's letter announcing the appointment:—

"Institut d'Afrique,
Paris, le 3 Février, 1840.

"Monsieur le Révérend,

"J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que, désigné aux suffrages des membres du Conseil supérieur de l'Institut d'Afrique

par son Comité de présentation, vous en avez été nommé 'Vice-Président d'honneur.'

"Représentant des intérêts de tous les Gouvernemens qui se sont partagé l'Afrique, l'Institut inscrira avec satisfaction votre nom recommandable parmi eux de ses membres les plus distingués de sa 'section Britannique.'

"Fondé à la fois dans le but de protéger, d'éclairer la Race Africaine, et de coloniser l'Afrique par l'expérience pratique des voyageurs, des missionaires, l'assistance des philanthropes, des économistes, et de tous les Gouvernemens éclairés, l'Institut d'Afrique, confiant dans vos hautes lumières, recevra avec gratitude les communications religieuses que vous jugerez à propos de lui faire.

"En conséquence de votre réponse, j'aurai l'honneur d'ordonner l'envoi de votre diplôme par la voie d'Ambassade.

"Veuillez je vous prie, très Honorable Révérend, recevoir à cette occasion l'hommage de ma très haute considération.

"Le Secrétaire Général,
"Au nom du Conseil,
"HIP. DE ST. ANTHOINE.

"Approuvé,
Le Prince de Rohan Rochefort,
Président.

"A Monsieur le Révérend
J. Williams, &c., &c."

One amusing consequence of being a Vice-President of the Institute of Africa, appears in the following letter which Ab Ithel received after the publication of his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities*. There can be little doubt that authors have frequently to meet appeals *ad misericrodiam* like this:—

"No. 14, Guildford Place,
Clerkenwell, Londres,
le 12 Mai, 1846.

"Rev^d. Monsieur,

"J'ai parcouru quelques pages de votre ouvrage intéressant 'Antiquités Ecclesiastiques des Cymri.' Le prix quoique seulement 14 shillings, est trop pour moi. Je suis seulement un pauvre Professeur des langues Allemande et Danoise sans un seul élève. Si vous avez une copie à épargner je l'accepterai avec beaucoup de reconnaissance; et comme vous êtes un des Vice-Présidents de l'Institut d'Afrique de Paris, j'espère que vous m'accorderez ma requête. J'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Rev^d. Monsieur,
"Votre très humble serviteur,
"J. C. W. RUBENSOHN,
"Professeur de langues."

The celebrated decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case, (March 8, 1850,) or rather the assumption of the power of deciding, awoke strong feelings of disgust in Ab Ithel, who utterly denied the competency of any secular tribunal, however near the Throne, to exercise appellate jurisdiction over the Church in any matter whether of discipline or of doctrine.

Of course in this instance his feelings were stimulated by the broad opposition of his opinions to those of the appellant, on the special points of belief that formed the original ground of dispute. Accordingly he thought it his duty to enter an individual protest against the Privy Council; and he did so by presenting to his Diocesan the energetic declaration which, together with the letter introducing it, we now give:—

"The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

"My Lord,

"Having hitherto expected in vain to hear that the clergy were about to hold meetings in different parts of the Diocese for the purpose of expressing their opinion collectively on the subject of the late decision *in re* Gorham *v.* the Bishop of Exeter; I cannot reconcile it with my duty as a priest in the Catholic Church, to be any longer silent on a point where the Catholic faith has been assailed; and therefore I hereby beg most respectfully to present to your Lordship the accompanying Protest.

"I have the honour to remain,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

"JOHN WILLIAMS.

"Rectory, Llanymowddwy,
May 27, 1850."

"In the Name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Amen;

"Whereas a certain civil court, called the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, have lately entertained the appeal to them of a priest of the English Church, who had been refused institution to a benefice by his bishop on the ground of heresy, and had been further pronounced by the Ecclesiastical Court, to which he had recourse, unfit for such institution; and whereas the said civil court in pronouncing upon the said appeal have claimed the right to decide what is the doctrine of the Church of England in a question of the highest importance,

which claim I believe to be unfounded, and the concession of which on the part of the Church I further believe would be a grievous sin, and destructive of her true character:—

"I, John Williams, Clerk, M.A., Rector of the Parish of Llanymowddwy, Merionethshire, do hereby solemnly declare and protest before God and His Church, that I never intended, and never intend by any oath, promise, or declaration of obedience to the Sovereign of the realm, or by any subscription to any statement of the royal supremacy, to attribute to any secular court or authority the right of deciding in matters of faith: and I further protest that the particular decision lately given by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council which claimed such right, is utterly null and void, and that I will do all that I may lawfully and expediently do to hinder its being received or respected.

"Again, whereas the said decision so given is intended to have the effect of giving permission to members of the Church of England to deny the doctrine that in holy Baptism, duly administered, infants receive remission of sin and spiritual regeneration; and if the Church of England were to consent to such permission, or be involved in the guilt of it, it would become heretical:—

"I solemnly declare my belief that the doctrine of unconditional remission of sin to all infants duly baptised, is part of the Catholic faith, which it is necessary to salvation to keep whole and undefiled; and I protest that I utterly renounce, detest, and abjure the said decision, and every decision that opposes this part of the Catholic faith, and that I will do all that I may lawfully and expediently do to clear the Church of England from the reproach of being involved in the guilt of it.

"John Williams.

"Rectory, Llanymowddwy,
May 27, 1850."

Ab Ithel, animated by the same spirit, took part at this period, and subsequently, in the efforts to enlarge and restore the legislative powers of the Anglican Church in Convocation. The interest of the Church was ever in his heart, and before his eyes. His earliest writings were devoted to the assertion and vindication of her Apostolical existence in Britain, pure, complete, and independent; and throughout his life, in the pulpit and in the press, he ever strove to uphold her dignity, authority, and power; to keep her equally from rotting in the stagnant waters of Romanism, and from making shipwreck on the boundless ocean of doubt; and to demonstrate that the true

Catholic faith is at once liberal, inflexible, and sublime, resting on the Bible as its basis, and consolidated by the primitive universal belief of Christendom; as indeed in the well-known words of Vincent, which, written in the fifth century, are applicable to all time,—"Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus, creditum est; hoc est etenim proprieque catholicum."

In 1852 Ab Ithel accepted the office of Visitor for North Wales, of Mrs. Bevan's Circulating Charity Schools, which was offered to him by the trustees, at the recommendation of the Bishop of St. Asaph. These very useful schools were established in both divisions of the Principality, a Visitor being appointed for each. Ab Ithel retained the office until his death, and fulfilled it in the most satisfactory manner. He also held the Inspectorship of the Diocesan Schools for the Deanery of St. Asaph.

In his journeys to these different schools, some of which were situated in secluded districts, or difficult of access from his dwelling, he occasionally met with wild and even perilous adventures. When visiting places within a moderate distance he generally proceeded on foot, taking the mountain paths where he could do so; and even when he started on horseback he would frequently alight and lead the animal by the bridle, preferring to walk as far as possible—a circumstance which is also related of Iolo Morganwg.

One of these excursions will be long remembered by his family. He had quitted home early in the morning to visit a school that lay some miles beyond the mountain Llechwedd Du, in Montgomeryshire. He was accompanied by his servant, a man well acquainted with the hills. It was a fine dry morning in winter, and he had easily promised to return in time for tea at five o'clock. The evening set in pitch dark and freezing hard. Hour after hour passed, but the travellers came not. Ab Ithel's son was then absent at school, and the three ladies, left entirely alone, sat in distracting apprehension, listening to the sighing of the wind in the laurels, and

the pattering of the sleet on the casement. Then they stood in the front garden with candles in their hands, hoping to direct the steps of the wanderers who might be bewildered in the gloom on the opposite mountain. At midnight they were preparing to go out to arouse the village, and begin a search among the rocks on the other side of the river—for to remain still was impossible—when at length the missing ones came, in a miserable and fainting state, their clothes torn to shreds, and their bodies covered with bruises. The tale was short, and characteristic of mountain life. They had left the school at an early hour in the afternoon, but having deviated from their morning track, they thought it best to inquire the way at a farm-house which they saw on the hill. They then walked on and on, until, as the dusky twilight came around them, they discovered that they were again close to the farm-house, and had in fact been going in a complete circle during the last hour.[7] There was no alternative but to begin again, and this time taking a better direction, they struck a mountain stream which the servant recognized, and they followed it as their best guide. A torrent, however, although often a sure guide, is often a deceptive, and never an easy one; and thus after long weary tramping, and painful struggles among the obstacles that beset its course, they found themselves at the brink of the great precipice of Cwm Pen y Gelli, which forms a deep indentation of the mountain wall closing the valley of Llanymowddwy on the eastern side.

Well worth regard is the aspect of this *cwm* from the

[7] This is a result not infrequent in the experience of the most practised pedestrians. The writer coming once from Aberdaron, after an excursion to Bardsey, and intending to reach Edeyrn, near Porthdinlleyn, the same evening, although duly armed with compass and Ordnance map, and thoroughly accustomed to Welsh mountains however trackless, followed without misgiving a path near Tudweiliog, which conducted him almost completely round a hill, toward the direction he had quitted, so that after great fatigue and difficulty in drenching rain, he was obliged to take refuge for the night in a wretched hut at Sarn Meyllteyrn.

rectory, or from the manor-house of Bryn. Deeply recessed in the hill, and seldom penetrated by the sun, it has more to do with shadow than with light, and whether half-veiled by the thin mists of morning, or sunk in the glooms of eve, or tinted by the fleecy clouds of noontide, there seems a curious constant horror upon it—something which moves the mind to images of pain, cruelty, and despair. But it is when winter settles within it, sharply defining the dark steep crags against the freezing sky; spreading sheets of snow along the stony slopes, like cerements on the face of death; hanging giant icicles adown the mural front, and bright bands of drift in every crevice; trampling into muddy ruin the hardy mosses and lichens; binding the torrent between the shapeless stones of its bed, save only in its impetuous sweep over the crag, which not even winter can arrest; and in fine, transfusing all with a spirit of dumb and utter desolation; it is then that Cwm Pen y Gelli puts on its most awful aspect, and most resembles a vast lair where couches some gigantic wild beast, fierce habitant of a world from which human life has died out.

When Ab Ithel and his companion arrived at the summit of the *cwm* it was almost in the state we have described, and as we have more than once seen it with not merely poetical eyes. They now found that they had again missed their way in the darkness, and reached that part of the ridge where descent into the valley was the most difficult and dangerous. To seek, however, a more practicable place to the southward would certainly have retarded and wearied them for hours longer, and their anxiety to be at home led them to attempt the short but perilous way of the *cwm*. It was a work of pain and desperate effort. The smooth icy surfaces tripped them up, and the sharp splintered stones cut them. Hand and knee were alike forced to grasp at each uncertain boulder, and cling to each frost-matted tuft. Swaying to and fro as the fitful gust from the east swept across the face of the rock, and with fingers and limbs chilled and benumbed despite the exertion,

their descent always doubtful and slow, at moments appeared hopeless. Only those who have been in such a position can conceive how hard it seemed to diminish the depth beneath them, and how reluctant, as it were, seemed the mountain to release its victims from its folds. Turning ever and anon to look over the valley through the gloom, Ab Ithel could see dim lights flitting far below, which he knew to be the signals of the forlorn watchers in his own home. Such glances at once saddened and stimulated him, and his exertions were redoubled with his anxieties. At length, by the mercy of Divine Providence, they reached firmer ground, quitted the mountain, crossed the Dovey, and gained the rectory, where, it is needless to say, the warmest of welcomes awaited them.

Such are some of the perils to which the traveller, either in the discharge of a fixed duty, as in Ab Ithel's case, or from the love of manly exercise and rare emotions, may be exposed among the mountains of Wales. Let it not be thought that we have overcoloured the picture in comparison with Alpine scenery and Alpine perils. We have not. The more imposing dimensions of the Alps do not *on that account* afford finer views, or threaten greater difficulties, than may be met on our Scottish and Cambrian hills. It is not scale, but conformation, season, and accessory grouping, that make up the beauties and terrors of a mountain; and our Europe-roving tourists would do well to remember that their native heights possess qualities in this respect quite as attractive as those for which they abandon them in their annual flight. We could present our wandering ladies in search of the *picturesque*, with Welsh extracts from the book of Nature, so varied and so fair, that the single disadvantage attending them of being readable at home without a foreign translation, may well be excused; and we could introduce our ardent youths of the Alpine Club, who would consent *pour la rareté de la chose*, to forego for one season the expense of Chamouni, and their desperate attempts upon the tremendous and unconquer-

able Matterhorn; to the incidents of a descent into the crater of Cader Idris, under a thick autumn mist, or of twelve hours' exploration of Snowdon in a genuine freezing winter.[8]

Ab Ithel held the office of Welsh Examiner in the Collegiate Institution of Llandovery, for some years up to the time of his death. It may be supposed that, during his connection with this establishment, he omitted no opportunity to infuse a genuine Welsh feeling, along with a competent knowledge of theology and literature, into the minds of the students.

The colleges of South Wales, such as Llandovery and Lampeter, claim our particular regard as being in some measure the representatives of those ancient institutions to which the names of David, Dubricius, Padarn, Illtyd, and Teilo, have given imperishable renown. Perhaps if we were to mark the two divisions of the Principality by any broad characteristics, we must assign to the *Deheubarth* the pre-eminence in secular learning, and the glory of first receiving and fostering the early Christian faith;

[8] In July, 1856, the writer found himself among the splintered basaltic crags of Cader, unable to see three yards around him, and he had no easy task to extricate himself and the young friend accompanying him. But the view of the mist, boiling and surging up as from a cauldron, in that fantastic amphitheatre of black jagged rocks, as the eye peered over some dripping precipice, while the foot, arrested in its progress, held fast for life, would have been a rich recompense for even a longer imprisonment.

And in the bitter winter of 1860, in company with an old companion of his wanderings, who is an experienced cragsman, he devoted two days, December 23rd and 24th, to excursions upon Snowdon, when snow everywhere enveloped it to the depth of from two to four feet, and when the views both of, and from the mountain—especially the sunset and moonlight views—were magnificent in the extreme. The two friends preceded by a day or two Professor Tyndall and his companions, who ascended from the head of Llanberis Pass.

Dr. Tyndall, who is a practised Alpine traveller, and an excellent authority in mountain matters, scenic as well as geologic, said that hardly on Monte Rosa, the Görnergrat, or Mont Blanc itself, had he enjoyed such glorious moments as upon the top of Snowdon that day.—See his narrative of the ascent in the *Saturday Review* of January 5, 1861.

while to the North belong the championship of the national liberty, and the preservation of the purer forms of the national tongue. But who shall venture to infer any meritorious distinction between the lamp that lights and the sword that guards—between the valour without which knowledge is feeble, and the knowledge without which valour is blind! Wales has too much reason to be proud of the fair stream of her history ever to unmingle its waters or analyse its springs; and she has too much need of the services of her united sons ever to inquire whose are of the head and whose are of the heart—an inquiry indeed, which in the present day with *all* the past for a basis, would be as impossible to answer as it would be ungracious to propose.

A more important educational appointment was, about the year 1854, suggested for Ab Ithel. It was believed that the establishment of a Professorship of Welsh in the peculiarly Welsh College of Jesus at Oxford, would be equally apposite and useful. We do not know precisely how the project was originated, or why it failed. It is not, however, difficult to conceive that it would be very unwelcome to that party who from political theory or personal prejudice, do all they can to discourage the cultivation and perpetuation of the old British tongue. During the debate on the question the fitness of Ab Ithel for the chair was warmly urged by men of influence in and out of Oxford; and there can be no doubt that as regards the professorial qualities of patience, earnestness, and learning, he would have filled it with credit and honour.

That a Welsh professorship should yet be instituted is more and more desirable every day; but with the growing need, comes the growing difficulty of success. Oxford is one of the centres whence are launched the envenomed arrows of sarcasm and slander from behind the safe shield of anonymous criticism; and the whole range of Welsh subjects—tradition, history, archæology, scholarship, social and political interests—topics which few Englishmen have time to examine, or inclination to

defend—are singled out as convenient objects of attack, by the Ishmaels of literature with whom not to abuse is not to exist. We by no means believe that the general public mistake wit for reason, or audacity for power. We think that they merely seek what is amusing and exciting, rather than what is philosophical or instructive. The present is an age which while it sharpens thought, deadens feeling, by the hard practicalities of life; which in all things finds it easier to laugh and to doubt than to believe and to admire; and which above all things consults the pleasure of the hour and the profit of the individual. Thus it is that the same craving for relief from daily cares, which, taking the debasing tone of these cares, and vulgarising the word to express it, feeds upon *sensation* in a thousand forms, from the spangled rope-dancer to the mitred bishop; maintains also leading journals and critical reviews, adapted to present that side of a subject which is the most ludicrous or the most bitter, and to sneer down any assertion of exalted principle, profound thought, or generous feeling, which may be at variance with the selfish and superficial standard that has been set up.

In 1852 Ab Ithel had to endure one of those shocks which a man of warm affections and unworldly habits hardly ever escapes, and which leave a mark ineffaceable in a lifetime—the treachery of a beloved and trusted friend. So deeply did this affect his health that he was obliged to solicit from the Bishop leave of absence for a year; and having placed a curate at Llanymowddwy, he took the curacy of Llangorwen, near Aberystwyth. Here, under the beneficial influence of the sea and in the possession of greater quiet, he gradually regained health. He enjoyed too the society of an esteemed friend, the late Matthew D. Williams, of Cwmcynfelin, Llangorwen, and made the acquaintance of his brother the Rev. Isaac Williams, author of *The Baptistry*, *The Cathedral*, &c.

About this time (1852–3) Ab Ithel retired from the Cambrian Archæological Association with which he had been connected for seven years, giving up both the

Secretaryship, and the Editorship of the *Archæologia Cambrensis.* He retired because he could no longer recognize the principles of the party which had gained the ascendency in its management, or prevent the gradual assumption of leading opinions concerning Welsh topics, which he deemed unpatriotic and untrue.

He had founded the Association with the belief that it would prove a powerful agent in the advancement of the cause of which he was the consistent and unwearying apostle, the nationality of Wales, whether viewed in historical, bardic, ecclesiastical, antiquarian, or political lights. He had built it up and supported it with unceasing industry and research. He had worked hard at the mechanical duties of the Journal, and used every effort to gain for it contributions from the ablest writers, and a full recognition as the one organ and exponent of Cambrian archæology treated in a Cambrian spirit. His own pen had been unsparingly devoted to the service, his own time gratuitously given. He had seen the Association attain a flourishing status, nobles patronize it, and men of eminent talents and place enrol themselves among its members.

But with this he had seen arise, what was indeed inevitable, opinions widely diverging from the original lines, and tastes altogether opposed to those which he conceived ought to prevail. He had seen too his coadjutors in the management forsake the old principles and forget the old aims. He could not endure that the national records should be ridiculed and discredited, and the cultivation of the national language impugned. He looked with alarm on the growing loss of distinctiveness in the Association, and on its rapid subsidence into a mere reflex of the London body, called by a Welsh name and meeting on Welsh ground. He therefore withdrew from it altogether, and set himself to found another Society and another Journal, which should fulfill what the first had failed to do, and should counteract the opinions which the first had embraced.

Attempts have been made to rob Ab Ithel of his

unquestionable merit as one of the authors of the original Association, and to impugn his conduct of the Journal.

It would be easy to show by abundant evidence how unjust are these, but the following will suffice. In a letter dated 25th April, 1849, to Mr. R. Mason, the publisher of the *Archæologia*, from the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, the co-editor with Ab Ithel, that gentleman thus speaks of his colleague :—

"Mr. John Williams has attended principally to the *documentary* and *historical* department of the publication" (the *Archæologia*), "in which he is an authority from his well-known learning and research."

"Mr. John Williams undertakes all the presswork, the furnishing of copy, the correcting of the proofs, &c. He writes a hand like printing, and is a most punctual and hardworking man."

And at the first annual meeting of the Association, held at Aberystwyth, September 7 to 10, 1847, the President, Sir Stephen R. Glynne, said,—

"I claim but little merit to myself for the formation of the Association ; to others it is due, more especially the officers, and particularly the General Secretaries, who are also the editors of our organ—the *Archæologia Cambrensis*."

And at the close of the meeting the Dean of Hereford said :—

"There are two persons to whom our thanks are especially due, since they have been the chief instruments in establishing the Cambrian Archæological Association. I allude to the Rev. John Williams, Perpetual Curate of Nerquis, and the Rev. H. Longueville Jones. We are greatly indebted to them, not only for the gratification we have received at this meeting, but also for the Journal, the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. I have therefore great pleasure in proposing the thanks of the meeting to the General Secretaries and Editors of the Journal of the Association.

The motion, seconded by Edward Rogers, Esq., Stanage Park, was put and carried amidst loud cheers.

The Rev. H. Longueville Jones said :—

"I have the less hesitation in rising to return thanks, as the

merits are not upon my side; for if it had not been for my worthy colleague, this Association would not have existed. It may be new to some to know that the *Archæologia Cambrensis* was first started by two poor clergymen, one of them with only a very small benefice, the other without any whatever; they continued it for some time, and the ultimate result of it has been this Association. I claim no merit for myself, being merely an humble instrument; my colleague is the head, I am only the arm. It is gratifying to me to find that our efforts have been approved of. On behalf of my colleague and myself, I return you my most hearty thanks."[9]

The above extracts need no comment. We have special reasons for laying emphasis on the testimony of Mr. Longueville Jones, inasmuch as that gentleman's subsequent treatment of Ab Ithel in regard to the *Archæologia Cambrensis*—not to speak of unfriendliness and ingratitude in regard to matters more private and personal—was by no means in harmony with it.[1]

Ab Ithel and his family returned to Llanymowddwy in 1853. It was at this time that death removed from among them his wife's mother, Mrs. Lloyd Williams, who had lived under his roof since his marriage, and who respected and loved him in no common degree. The attachment on his side was equally tender. Her grave-stone in the quiet little church-yard was ever afterwards his favourite seat for reading or meditation.

The first volume of the *Cambrian Journal* was completed in 1854. It is a good example of the patient energy of its editor, and well illustrates both in matter and spirit the unmistakably national character which he had determined to impress upon this magazine. It exhibits a list of members and patrons of the new Institute, who had responded to Ab Ithel's call with an

[9] Vide *Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. ii., pages 353 and 371. Ab Ithel was prevented from attending this meeting by a Visitation held in the same week by the Bishop of St. Asaph.

[1] No notice whatever of the death of Ab Ithel has appeared in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. As the conductors of this magazine (which was for seven years under his Editorship) could hardly pretend to be ignorant of his existence, we feel justified in characterizing the omission as a piece of indecency.

alacrity and a liberality highly honourable to themselves and flattering to him.

These names include many of eminence in scholarship and rank, and many which, we are glad to say, stand in the same place at the present time. The preface contains such excellent and continually apposite remarks upon the objects of the Cambrian Institute, that we make no apology for reproducing a portion.

"The Cambrian Institute may be considered as identical, to a certain extent, with that ancient system alluded to by Cæsar, whence all our literature and civilization emanated; and whatever subjects came under its cognizance, will be entertained by the Institute, and recorded or discussed in our pages, with the exception of religion and politics, which may be treated of only historically.

"There is a commercial spirit abroad, which would make our nationality subservient to the table of pounds, shillings, and pence. It is almost needless to observe that with this we have not the slightest sympathy: for, although we would encourage industry and knowledge to the utmost limits of our power, we do not consider that with that view it is necessary we should forget our existence as a distinct race—abandon our language—destroy our native literature—and speak disparagingly of the land of our birth. Progress is quite compatible with the recognition of all these blessings; and the history of Wales since its incorporation with England has proved indubitably that the Cymry can be loyal, and attain the highest position in the state, or acquire wealth, without having to sell their birthright.

"Whilst such is the case, it is purposed, by means of the Cambrian Institute, to draw out and concentrate the various peculiarities of the country which compose Welsh nationality. The records of the past shall be carefully examined and chronicled —the present resources of our soil earnestly promoted, both with the view of aiding science, and for the advancement of the personal comforts of the inhabitants of the Principality—and the ancient valour of the sons of the mountain shall be constantly stimulated to the defence of the throne, now so worthily occupied by the hereditary representative of the kings of the four nations —Saxon, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh."

Nine eventful years, while strengthening these sentiments and fulfilling these promises, have demonstrated the increasing need of union and effort on the part of the Cambrian Institute, to enlarge the field it has so well

cultivated, and to adapt its researches and its conduct to meet the doubts and difficulties of the time.

Ab Ithel is dead, but the spirit that animated him is though languid, undying; and Wales still possesses sons whose sagacity and learning, gathering praise and aid from scholars and thinkers of all nations, may yet, if wisely and exclusively directed to the literary and social work of their office, vindicate and exalt her name before the world.

Ab Ithel has enriched the pages of the *Cambrian Journal* with contributions representing some of the most valuable of his writings. He began in the first volume *The Traditionary Annals of the Cymry*, a work which has run through all the subsequent volumes, and which was unfortunately still incomplete at the time of his death. It is a fusion and digest of all the historical materials available in the bardic and other documents, submitted, wherever possible, to comparison with classical testimony, and corrected by the light of modern science and the logic of modern opinion. It is a general view of a subject of which *Barddas* and the *Ecclesiastical Antiquities* are specific branches. It affords to the Welshman a very useful compendium of historical facts and poetical fancies, scattered through published and manuscript literature to which he may not enjoy easy access, but with which he ought to be well acquainted: and it presents to the English reader, at least an interesting account of matters considerably more relevant to his personal origin and condition than any that could be derived from Egyptian or Ninevite records.

Few persons, indeed, out of Wales, suspect that the Welsh have *any* peculiar annals or traditions; and of those that are at all acquainted with the subject, the majority know only sufficient to dispose their mind to ridicule and unbelief. Want of time, want of candour or of patience, and above all, the secular spirit which averse from introspection or retrospection, links itself only with the present and with what is called the *practical;* stand generally in the way of such studies as those

under consideration. In particular it is voted very idle and ridiculous to claim any regard for Ancient Britain. Critics petulantly evade a theme which they *cannot* handle with intelligence and *will not* with kindness; scholars sneer at a language and a literature not comprised within their curriculum; compilers of historic manuals vacantly copy one another till the story of the idolatrous Druid and the rebellious Prince is recited in every dame-school and improved in every Bible class. The *Times* is never weary of declaiming on the supremacy of the mighty Anglo-Saxon Race; and innumerable consulters of that national oracle—oracle indeed in the faculty of dubious and double utterance—are never weary of listening to the flattering statement. The student who would call attention to forgotten facts or unacknowledged conclusions, is pitied as an enthusiast or disliked as a bore. The age of steam and telegrams is little disposed to pause at the beginnings of war chariots and vocal song. Borne on the broad river of time we have no leisure to look back on the fountain ever mistily receding from our gaze. Archæology is a harmless weakness, ethnology a speculative toy. Why should we line the nests of our mind with decayed sticks from the wood or doubtful fossils from the quarry, when last year's hay is at hand, and when penny newspapers are to be had at every corner! It is true that we may dive into fathomless geological depths, argue back for myriads of years the formation of the world, and theorize on the Natural Selection of Man. We may even descend to explore the mysterious cities of Mexico, the submerged log-huts of the Swiss lakes, or the flint implements in the drift of Saint Acheul. But to examine records, traditions, and vestiges, nearer to us in time and closer to us in relation, is thought only in the smallest degree worthy of encouragement. Thus it is that the Past of the Welsh people and the Welsh land is little cared for or comprehended by the nation which has borrowed much from it, and benefited much by it, but which now seeks only to absorb it and strip it of its separate characteristics.

How more and more true, then, become the words of Southey,—

"One maxim of this age is that the past is good for nothing. I wish it was not a corollary with those who hold it, that the future is worth as little, and that the present is all that it behoves us to care about."[2]

And indeed there is also an analogous prejudice or ignorance respecting the Wales of *to-day*. Despite the many points of contact with its people, the community of pursuits, the appreciation of its tongue by continental scholars, its tourist-trodden and much-painted valleys and hills; it seems to be regarded in the same spirit though modernized, as that in which North Wales was once regarded by the inhabitants of the South—as a region of mystery, eccentricity, and superstition.[3]

Results like these are produced and perpetuated by political theories not less than by popular prejudices. Yet surely this ought *not* to be so. Surely the ties binding together England and Wales, as England and Scotland, under one crown and one common name of Britain, are broad and general enough to admit of the differences peculiar to the Celtic nationality, just as variety

[2] Letter quoted by Waring in his *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams*, page 211.

[3] See *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd*, pp. 55, 56. Popular writers, or rather writers in popular serials and newspapers, when they come to a Welsh name, generally make it a subject of ridicule or of apology, for its presumed difficulty and harshness; forgetting that the ordinary rule of languages demands that the ear rather than the eye should be consulted, and that the powers of the letters should be understood before pronunciation is attempted. Is there more impracticability in *Llansantffraid* or *Llanuwchllyn*, than in *Valladolid, Civita Vecchia* or *Lichtenstein?* And in descriptions of the Eisteddvod, the merest superficial features capable of a ludicrous cast, are selected and retailed with curious inaccuracy. Again, take the following from that excellent magazine, *Chambers's Journal*, of November, 1863,—"Researches into ancient Welsh annals prove that during five or six centuries after (the Heptarchy), from the deep gorges of Snowdon, Cader Idris, and Plinlimmon, there issued troops of fierce wolves to desolate the beauteous vales of *Clwyd and Llanrwst.*" And this in the days of tourist tickets and penny maps!

in the scenery of mountain and plain produces the greatest natural charm of the Island; or just as dissimilarity in the complexion and blood of its inhabitants promotes the superior strength and beauty of the united race. And if also the individual leaders of thought and action, and all intelligent and benevolent men, instead of standing aloof with indifference, or drawing nigh only with the weapons of sarcasm and ill-will, would qualify themselves to understand the antecedent literature and history of the Cymry, and would sympathize with, and encourage, that love of liberty and fatherland, of music, poetry and song, of unformal religion and home affections, of free movement and free breathing, which gives nobility to character and refinement to manners, and which counteracts the degrading effects of trade; they would not only advance a great Divine principle, but promote their own intellectual and social enjoyment in no ordinary degree.

The *Traditionary Annals of the Cymry*, as far as published, comprise thirty-two chapters under the respective titles following:—

The Creation and the Deluge; The Cymry in the East; The Arrival in Britain; Settlement of the Lloegrwys and Brython; The Three Primary Bards; From Prydain to Dyvnwal Moelmud—The Native Princes; *ibid.*—Colonies; Dyvnwal Moelmud; From Dyvnwal Moelmud to Ceraint Ab Greidiol; From Ceraint Ab Greidiol to Bran Ab Llyr; The Roman Invasion; Bardism, its Origin and Constitution; Bardism, the Gorsedd; Bardism, the Cadair or Chair; Bardism, its Ceremonies and Insignia; Bardism, Badges and Mottoes, Graduation, and Endowment of the Bards; Bardism, Religion; The Rural Arts—1. Agriculture; 2. Metallurgy; 3. Architecture; 4. Bardism; 5. Harp-playing; 6. Weaving; 7. Politics; 8. Medicine; 9. Commerce; The Civil Arts—1. Literature; 2. Arithmetic; 3. Mensuration; 4. Astronomy; 5. Pleading; 6. Philology; three Chapters of the Civil Arts, not completed, are—7. Warfare; 8. Navigation; 9. Judicature.

It must not be supposed that these various chapters present facts of equal interest, or rest upon authority of equal weight. The speculations regarding the autochthonal settlements of the Cymry in Britain, and the account of the Druidic and Bardic systems, may, or may not seem reasonable to the modern historian; and the authenticity of such documents as the Triads and *Iolo MSS.*, may, or may not be convincing to the modern critic. Of these documents and of these subjects we shall speak in another place, merely observing here that in any fair examination it will be impossible wholly to refute such opinions, or ignore such curious and copious records. But whatever may be said of the more recondite portion of the themes traversed by Ab Ithel, there can be little question of the genuineness and interest of his annals when he tells of the rural and civil arts of the Cymry; and it is these that we would more particularly commend to the calm attention of the English student. Whatever may be thought of Tydain and Bran ab Llyr, as to when they lived, or whether they lived at all, there can be no doubt of the poetry and of the warlike valour of the sixth century; and however much the faith or practice of the Druids may be distrusted or defamed, it is certain that pure Christianity, at first blending with it, and at last displacing it, was maintained in these Islands with more or less lustre, through four hundred years preceding the Saxon invasion. Again, the legislation of the wise Alfred founded upon that of Ethelbert and Ina, endeared him to his people, and is remembered wherever the Saxon race prevails. But the laws of Hywel Dda, derived from sources long anterior to the reign of the Romans, and expanded from statutes binding among the Cymry from times when the ancestors of Hengist were rearing idols in the Germanian forests, are yet nobler than the laws of Alfred, and enter more largely into the living jurisprudence of Britain. To adopt the words of a learned writer,—"The Triads and the Laws of Hoel are as superior to the Anglo-Saxon Institutes as the elegies of Llywarch Hên and the odes of Taliesin are to the ballads

of the Edda."[4] It is indeed interesting to observe how much of the code of Hywel—especially in the law of property and of evidence, remains in familiar practice. The mode of trial by Jury for which the Anglo-Saxons generally get exclusive credit appears to have been applied by the Britons, in all its fullness, to nearly every description of civil and criminal procedure.

The industrial and material resources of ancient Britain are exemplified in the Annals by well-chosen excerpts from classical not less than from native records. Strabo says of the Island that "it produces corn and cattle, and gold, and silver, and iron, which things are brought thence." Herodotus refers in a celebrated passage to the exportation of tin from the Cassiterides. Cæsar, along with numerous allusions to the intellectual training of the higher classes, speaks of the agriculture of the Britons, and of their war chariots, of which Cassivellaunus alone had four thousand. Carriages imply roads and an advanced state of handicraft in wood and metals. Propertius sings of the elaborate form and device of the British harness, for the Britons were noted for the breeding and management of horses, as well as for chariots. Cicero in his letters to his friends who were in Britain with Cæsar, bears witness to the mechanical resources of the natives when he speaks of the *mirificis molibus* with which the harbours were fortified; and we need hardly name the great megaliths of Avebury and Stonehenge as works of a yet more difficult class.[5] The Tre'r Caeri on the Eifl mountains in Caernarvonshire, the finest existing type of a British fortress, may also be mentioned. Wind-mills and water-mills belong probably to a later date, as do the gay dresses and golden armour and

[4] Flintoff, *Rise and Progress of the Laws of England and Wales*, p. 45. Sir Francis Palgrave in *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, p. 37, adopts almost the same words.

[5] While we admire the learning and acuteness of Herbert, we must utterly dissent from the theory in his *Cyclops Christianus* that these monuments are the production of a race posterior to the Romans in Britain.

ornaments, the glass drinking cups, amber beads and instruments of music, so freely named in the poetry of the sixth century.[6] A bard was prohibited from three things; mechanics, war, and commerce, but he was permitted to hunt and cultivate his land, five free acres being presented to him by the country in virtue of his office, and testimony of his worth.[7] These regulations show at once the exalted conception entertained by the Britons of the bardic dignities and duties, and the existence of a high material civilization.

We may glance also at medicine, in which it is certain that the Druids were proficient—at least as regards the use of herbs. Pliny particularly mentions the misletoe, saying that in Druidical language it was called *omnia sanantem*. It is curious that *oll iach, heal-all*, is a modern name of this plant. In the traditional accounts, too, of the use of letters, and of the *Peithynen*, a wooden book or system of movable framed bars on which the letters were cut, whence the alphabet was called *Coelbren*, or "wood of credibility;" there is a curious expansion of the well-known statement of Cæsar respecting the literature of the Druids. And as a proof of the singular richness and refinement of the early British tongue, we may notice its power of expressing high numbers by vocables evolved with accumulative force from the primitive roots

[6] See also Ab Ithel's *Glossary of Terms of British Dress and Armour* (1850), and *Agriculture and Arts under the Druidic System*, by the Rev. John Jones of Llanllyfni.

[7] It was once proposed to present Ab Ithel with five free acres of land as a testimonial, and a committee was formed for the purpose. Their prospectus contains the following words:—"He has spent and been spent in the cause of his native land; his works are pure, disinterested offerings to his country; and the quiet, unobtrusive way in which he conducts his labours, implies clearly that he does not even court fame, or popular applause. Shall not, then, his country honour him? This will be done no doubt after his death. But why should he not have a foretaste of her gratitude whilst yet among us? For, though he has been a faithful minister of the Church during so many years, no adequate preferment has yet been bestowed upon him." The project, however, was never carried out. We are not aware of the reason.

—in which it as far surpasses the English as the English does the Polynesian.

In the most exalted subject of human investigation, astronomy, the details of the Cymric study are full of interest, as witness the names given to the constellations, and the celebration of the "three blessed astronomers, Gwydion, Idris, and Gwyn." Cæsar says of the Druids that they taught "multa præterea de sideribus atque eorum instu." The word for *time, am-ser, about the stars,* has an excellence both in philosophy and philology hardly approached by any other tongue ancient or modern; as similarly, the etymon *Duw* (Dy-yw) intensifies the Name of the Divine I Am in a manner not to be paralleled in any language nearer to us than those of primeval origin.

But we must conclude our brief memoranda suggestive merely of the various and interesting topics treated to their full extent in the *Traditionary Annals of the Cymry.*

(To be continued.)

THE PROPOSAL FOR FOUNDING A WELSH UNIVERSITY.

The present movement to establish a University for Wales, in connection with St. David's College, Lampeter, it has been truly said, is renewed rather than originated. Its object entered into the plan of the pious Bishop Burgess and his faithful coadjutors, half a century ago; while the proposed union of St. David's College with Christ College, Brecon, pointed to the same result. It has received a fresh impulse by a recent Order in Council, confirming a scheme of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the better endowment of St. David's College. In this order it is stated, "That having made enquiries into the estate and condition of the said college, it hath been made to appear (1st.) That the course of education at the

said college should be extended, so as to be equivalent to the ordinary course of education for a Bachelor's degree at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that it should include, as at present, teaching in Divinity, Hebrew, and Welsh. (2nd.) That to carry on effectually this course of education, there should be five Professorships, besides the Phillips Professorship, and that the following branches of knowledge should be distributed among such Professors, that is to say:—Greek, Latin, Mathematics, pure and mixed, Divinity, Hebrew, Moral and Mental Philosophy, English, that is to say, the English Language, History, and Literature, and Welsh. (3rd.) That in order to obtain and continue the services of competent persons as Principal, Vice-Principal, and Professors of the said college, their scale of payment should be as follows:—The Principal, £700 a-year, with a house; the Vice-Principal, £600 a-year, with a house; as regards the four other Professors, £350, £300, £250, £250 per annum, respectively, and that, if possible, houses or apartments should be provided for two of the said other Professors." Provision is also made for the augmentation of the Scholarships and Exhibitions of the College, in number and value. If such an education as that contemplated in the Order in Council can be secured, it is but reasonable to expect that a due acknowledgment of it, such as that implied in a Degree in Arts, should be conferred on all students who pass the required examination; and it deserves the most serious consideration, whether the object is attainable without the privilege. In no part of the United Kingdom has the attempt been successfully made. There are instances of large endowments being comparatively useless, owing to a defective organization in the institutions to which they are attached; but we know of no educational establishment producing results equivalent to those of the older Universities, without similar privileges. And if St. David's College should utterly fail in performing satisfactorily the task now to be imposed on it, without additional powers, it would be unjust to blame it. Its

past experience forbids us to be too sanguine in our expectations.

If it cannot offer sufficient inducement for men to enter, who have been duly prepared by early education to profit by its course of study, its curriculum must embrace the work of a school and college. In other words, its Professors, who are appointed to instruct in the higher branches of study, must occupy their time in communicating the mere rudiments of learning. It is needless to remark, that such teaching can be much more effectively done in the school-room. And the system which has made the attempt necessary at St. David's College has not only destroyed its own efficiency, but well nigh extinguished the old Grammar Schools of the country. There is at present a strong desire to turn "the better endowment of St. David's College to the best account." The importance of the object can hardly be over-rated. The Cymro cannot keep pace with his more favoured neighbours without equal advantages. It is to his detriment, and it is no benefit to other portions of the kingdom, that he should remain stationary while all is moving around him.

There is no calling or profession that is not affected by the want of a higher education in the Principality. The Government has thrown open to competition many lucrative situations in the Civil Service. The Welshman is at full liberty to enter the list with Englishmen and Scotchmen, but having had none of their advantages he has no chance in the race. But the country has suffered most in its spiritual interests. Nothing tends so much to form the character of a people as the religion they profess; but the measure of its influence is to a great extent determined by the qualifications of its ministers. And when we consider the terrible responsibility which attaches to the sacred office, we cannot deny that it is not less cruel to them than it is unjust to the people whose spiritual and eternal interests are committed to their charge, to withhold from them the highest intellectual training.

It is believed that a University in Wales would pro-

duce the same beneficial results as have been realized in England and Scotland by the establishment of institutions of a similar character. And it is humbly submitted that the Principality has equal claims on Her Majesty's Government. Its rapidly-increasing population, already reaching nearly to a million and a quarter—its rich mineral resources—its important sea-ports—its yearly-extending system of railway traffic, point to a future that should be provided for. It can not be to the interest of the united kingdom that Wales should continue in a state of intellectual stagnation. Hedged in by its ancient language, it has to some extent been isolated from England. But the broadest line of demarcation which has kept the Cymro apart from his neighbour is the educational destitution from which he suffers. As far as regards the poorer classes, there is a fair and a growing provision; but for the higher and middle classes of society there is but a very scanty supply. If it had been desired to prevent the intellectual improvement of the Welsh population, more effectual means could hardly have been devised. Why should this inequality of privilege continue? Why should an ancient people be condemned to boast only of bygone greatness, and amid the debris of almost forgotten institutions to gather food for national antipathies? That University privileges are duly appreciated by the English Government is sufficiently proved by the addition of Durham and London to its own ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as by the establishment of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, in addition to the University of Dublin. And we may form some estimate of the value set upon these institutions when we remind the reader that £100,000 were expended on the establishment of the Queen's College, with an annual outlay of £22,000, while the sum of £20,000 a year is paid from the Exchequer in augmentation of the income of the four Scotch Universities. And what has the Principality received from that source? Simply £400 a year, to eke out the income of its only College, until such time as its revenues shall

reach the annual amount of £960. It is then to be withdrawn.

It should not be forgotten that the population of Wales is nearly one-half of that of Scotland. And it is not irrelevant to add, that in the matter of taxation, the disparity, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer showed to exist between England and Ireland, does not apply to Wales. Whatever its advantages, the Principality enjoys a perfect equality of taxation with England, and has for centuries contributed out of its ecclesiastical revenues, in support of various institutions in England, the sum of £14,000 a year. The result is painful to contemplate. The Church in Wales, the only link which connects the Church of England with the Church of the Apostles, is but a wreck of her former self. The people are separated from it, and split into a great variety of sects, antagonistic to the Church and to each other. The piety of the nation is craving for unity, and yet is unable to find it. We appeal to every friend of religion, and of his country, to assist in procuring for Wales what is so essential to her well-being. Our danger is, lest the evil genius of our country should again appear, and render the acknowledgment of our claims impracticable. Division has proved our weakness and our ruin in every age. And the present attempt to obtain University privileges is not without a rival scheme, to divide the influence, which, if united, might secure our success. It may be well to say, that there is no wish on the part of the promoters of a University for Wales in connection with St. David's College, to ignore the existence of Non-conformists, or depreciate their claims. And they have little doubt, that to ask for two Universities—one for Churchmen and the other for Dissenters—is to ensure the refusal of both. But can the opposing claims be reconciled? Dr. Nicholas tells us, "That no better model need be sought, than the University of London, supplying some grave omissions, such as the non-requirement of scriptural and religious knowledge in examinations for degrees in Arts —a defect so serious in the estimation of Dr. Arnold,

that he withdrew from the Council. It might be attached to a building, or not attached, as the case might be." It is no slight gain towards the furtherance of a common object, that different parties form the same estimate of some leading features in the design. If the non-requirement of scriptural and religious knowledge, in examinations for degrees in Arts, is deemed a grave omission in the University proposed for our model in Wales, its requirement in the course of education preparatory for such examinations, cannot with fairness be objected to, in what we will venture to designate "The University of St. David's."

And is there no common ground of sufficient breadth on which Churchmen and Dissenters might meet during the University course? We hear no complaints on that account from Dissenting students in the University of Cambridge. Is it not a fact that such works as *Butler's Analogy*, *Bishop Pearson on the Creed*, and *Paley's Evidences of Christianity*, are used as text books by Dissenters as well as by Churchmen. Whatever difficulty may have been apprehended on this ground seems to have been fully met in a recent Report issued by the Syndicate of the University of Cambridge. "It had been appointed to consider and report upon the whole scheme of examinations which the candidates for the ordinary degree of B.A. are required to pass, and the manner in which the improvement of theological education in the University can be best attained." They express their opinion, "that the purposes for which they were appointed may be best attained by so arranging the examinations as to enable the candidates for the ordinary B.A. degree to complete, in general, their course of instruction in classics, mathematics, and the rudiments of divinity by the end of the seventh term, and thus to enable these students to apply themselves during the remainder of their stay in the University to the study of theology, or of some branches of moral or natural science, by passing examinations in which subjects they should finally qualify themselves for the degree of B.A." The

many valuable recommendations of this report deserve the serious consideration of the promoters of a University for Wales. They would fully realize the intentions of the original founders of St. David's College, and promote the object of its better endowment, as expressed in the Order in Council. They would, moreover, remove every difficulty in the way of constituting St. David's College a University, in which Churchmen and Dissenters, as at Cambridge, might be educated. "For if the candidates for the ordinary degree of B.A. are to complete their course of instruction in classics, mathematics, and the rudiments of divinity, by the end of their seventh term, and thus be enabled to apply themselves during the remainder of their stay in the University to the study of theology, &c.," what objection could there be to the Dissenter devoting to his own distinctive tenets the time which the Churchman would give to the course of reading prescribed by his College? Or, in the case of men preparing for some one of the learned professions or civil appointments, the time would be given to some of the branches of moral or natural science. Should the Dissenters desire a second College, that would not entail the necessity of a second University. The same Board of Examiners would answer for any number of Colleges, and their proximity is not essential. But it would be, in our opinion, a grave error to suppose that a University on the model of the University of London is the best adapted to the circumstances of the Principality. A mere test of proficiency supplied by a Board of Examiners would hardly improve our condition. A degree conferred by such a Board would surely not exceed in value that now to be obtained by the pupils of any school in Wales at the London University. And it must not be forgotten that the expense of travelling to the metropolis is not what it was. What Wales really requires is to have a University established *within* its borders, with its full staff of Professors, with all the educationary influences which the association of numbers and collegiate discipline are calculated to impart, and in which the

study of its venerable and expressive language should form a prominent and fundamental regulation. And *this* the scheme proposed by the promoters of a University for Wales in connection with St. David's College would fully realise. F. T. W.

REASONS FOR INSTITUTING PROPER RESEARCHES INTO THE EARLY HISTORY, LANGUAGE, AND ANTIQUITIES OF BRITAIN.

THE following letter, supposed to have been written by the late worthy Rector of Llanllyfni, Caernarvonshire, was published in the new monthly Antiquarian Magazine intituled *The Archæologist and Journal of Antiquarian Science*, for January, 1842, from which we transfer it into our pages at the special request of an esteemed correspondent, who was a personal friend of that learned and revered gentleman. As the MSS. which he has left are in the hands of his executors, we shall be glad if they will inform us whether the original, or a transcript of it in his own hand-writing, exists among the papers containing his correspondence on literary and antiquarian subjects, as the discovery thereof would be the means of dispelling any doubt that might prevail as to the identity of the author. ED. CAMB. JOUR.

To the Editor of the Archæologist.

SIR,—The plan of your monthly publication, and the topics embraced by it, coincide so much with my own views, as supplying a medium for embodying researches into the early history, language, and antiquities of Britain, that I feel desirous of availing myself of it, in giving vent to lucubrations which may, perhaps, interest some of your readers, and lead to further discussion, while by others they may be ascribed to the ebullitions of nationality, or the caprices of prejudice.

The great defect in the pursuit of this branch of inquiry is that of circumscribing it within too limited an extent as to time and place, instead of attempting to break through barriers hitherto deemed impregnable, and impervious to the light of truth, and

approaching the fountain-head, from whence the language and institutions of Britain have been mainly derived.

The Anglo-Saxon antiquary has no more idea of referring the subjects of his inquiry to a higher period than that of the Saxon invasion, than Varro had of tracing the Latin language beyond the foundation of Rome, in his futile attempt at etymology, both forgetting that a nation highly civilized and conversant in the arts and sciences had long preceded both events, and occupied the banks of the Thames and the Tiber. A modern investigator into the origin of the Anglo-Saxon laws and civil government, was as much astonished to find a large portion of genuine British in their composition, as Dionisius, of Halicarnassus, was in his survey of the antiquities of Italy, when forced to confess that there was a large admixture of Gallic or Celtic lore in the earliest annals and institutions of Rome itself.

When Varro attempts to resolve the word "Terra" into its component parts, "quia territur ab aratro," he does not commit a greater blunder than when British names are ascribed to a Saxon origin.

With regard to our ecclesiastical antiquities, we seldom find much labour bestowed in tracing them beyond the Anglo-Saxon era, and yet there is hardly a parish-church throughout England whose foundation was not laid before the invasion, many of them still retaining the British names of their patron-saints or founders, and bearing testimony to the fact that the British, Irish, Cornubian, and Gallic Churches were harmoniously blended in one uniform profession of the Christian faith, when the word "Saxon" was confined to designate a horde of lawless depredators.

With regard to architectural speculations, we never meet with any allusion to the fact, that the Emperor Dioclesian sent to Britain for architects in building his favourite city of Acitum (Autun? in Burgundy, France), and adorning it with palaces, theatres, baths, forum, and porticoes: while the all-absorbing word "Gothic" is considered as implying all that can be said on the subject, to the exclusion of everything bearing the impress of Britain, though now generally admitted to be a term in the English vocabulary, without any historical evidence in favour of its adoption.

Whatever modification the national tongue underwent as the result of the Saxon invasion, it could not have had the effect of utterly obliterating all traces of the old British in any of the localities which fell under the sway and dominion of the Heptarchy; and there are strong grounds for maintaining that the Belgic dialect of the midland districts, as it existed previous to that event, was a distinct and important branch of the Celtic,

and became the parent of the modern English, and that its affinities, as such, are still traceable in connection with the Welsh, Irish, and Cornish dialects.

And, lastly, with regard to the form of the letters so generally admitted as being of a purely Saxon origin, and hence called the Saxon alphabet, there are indubitable evidences still in existence, which prove that these characters were in use among the Britons before the arrival of the Saxons, and the presumption is, that they were of Pelasgic origin, known to them before Julius Cæsar planted the Roman standard on the shores of Britain.

Such is a general outline of that field of inquiry into the antiquities of Britain, which must present itself to those who can divest themselves of the persuasions that the native inhabitants, with their language, religion, and laws were entirely extinguished in the heat of the conflict which took place, and that a change of rulers and proprietors does not necessarily imply such a war of extermination against the occupiers and cultivators of the soil at which humanity recoils with horror, as a thing unprecedented in the annals of any nation, not excepting the ferocious Tartars. "Nature and nationality will outlast the transient policy of a new dynasty," as Disraeli observes (in his *Amenities of Literature*). "The conquerors gave their Anglo-Saxon denomination to the towns and villages they built; but the hills, the forests, and the rivers retain their old Celtic names." He might have added also, their churches, mansions, villas, farms, implements of art, have in them the elements of their vernacular tongue, however disfigured at present by modern pronunciation, and requiring laborious research in their analysis. Judging from one department in your printed catalogue of books, I conclude that the study of the various dialects, obsolete phrases, and the other peculiarities in the English language, is one of the objects you have in contemplation, and consequently that you would have no objection to admit into your pages whatever may tend to elucidate them. For instance, Shakespeare uses the words *eager* and *ear*, which are now become obsolete in the sense he employs them. "Like eager droppings into milk."—*Hamlet.* This passage assumes consistency by the discovery that *eager*, in its primitive sense, both in Welsh and Irish, implies *sour*. So *ear*, to plough, as used in "All's Well," and *earing time*, in the translation of the Bible, becomes intelligible when found to be derived from the Welsh *ar*.

The common application of the adage of "finding a mare's nest" is well understood, but the verbal meaning of it is known only in Wales as a wasp's nest. LLYFNIENSIS.

December 15, 1841.

LONGEVITY IN GLAMORGAN.

(From the Llanmaes Register.)

Ioan Yorath, buried Saterdaye, the xvii daye of July, Anno Dom. 1621, et anno regini vicesimo punis annog. Aetatis circa, 180. He was a soldier in the fighte of Boswoorthe, and he lived at Lantwit Magor, and he lived much by fishing.

John Sherrye and Margaret Portrey, married a Tuesday, viz., xxviii Februarii, Anno Dom. 1586, and domi nore Regine Elizabethe vicesimo nono. A license from the Chancellor. John Sherrye was buried the vii daye of December, Anno Dom., 1624, aged 102. In another place he is registered in Latin: Johannes Sherry Sepultus fuit Septimo, die Decembris, Anno Dom., aetat circa 104.

Thomas Watkins died A.D. 1628, 100 years old.

In the year 1668, Elizabeth Yorath, daughter of Ioan Yorath, and wife of Thomas Williams, Rector of Llanmaes, died, aged 177.

Cecil, wife of Peter Meare, of Lantwit Magor, died December 20th, 1757, aged 107.

April 8th, at Lantwit Magor, 1771, Peter Meare, aged 103.

In the year 1760, Ann Richman, of Penmark, died, aged 123 years.

Kate Butler died, 1769, aged 106.

Thomas French, of Wenvoe, died, 1790, upwards of 100 years of age. He worked at his trade, a watchmaker, in the last year of his life.

August 8th, 1782, John Roberts, blacksmith, of Llantrithyd, aged 118 years.

1531, Mathew Voss died, at Lantwit Magor, aged 129.

On the 24th of Feb., 1668, William Edwards, of Caerau, died, aged 168 years.

A.D. 1615, Thomas ap Ioan ap Rhys, a bard, and at one time a monk of Margam, died, aged 140 years.

A.D. 1799, Elizabeth Davies, of the Wheaten Sheaf, Swansea, died. She remembered the revolution of 1688 well.

A.D. 1698, March 6th, Walter John, of Baglan, died, aged 96. May, 1724, Cecil, his wife, died, aged 99.

In the churchyard of St. Andrew's, there is a tombstone on Margaret Mathews, who died at the age of 124, her husband being 99. The inscription is now nearly obliterated.

GIRALDUS.

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN HEVIN.

(SUMMER SOLSTICE.)

THE RESTORATION OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral Church of St. David is an ecclesiastical edifice with which are associated many reminiscences interesting to the feelings of Welshmen, especially when its original foundation and endowment, together with its once prominent position as the seat of the Primate of the West, is taken into consideration. Having been originally founded by their own countryman St. David, and subsequently endowed by one of their native chieftains, it became the mother church of an episcopal establishment which included within its metropolitan pale no less than seven suffragans, namely, St. Asaph, Bangor, Hereford, Llanbadarn Fawr, Llandaff, Margam, and Worcester, over whom its Archbishop exercised spiritual jurisdiction, and ecclesiastical discipline. And as many as six-and-twenty Archbishops, among whom were several native Welshmen, renowned for their illustrious descent, profound learning, and devoted piety, are recorded to have filled the see before it ceased to be a primacy in the reign of Henry I., in whose time it became subject to

that of Canterbury. But whilst it is felt that the Cathedral should be held in peculiar esteem by the present race of Welshmen in general, it will be likewise seen that the English people also as a nation should regard it with compensative solicitude and traditional veneration, when it is recollected that it was plundered and destroyed at the commencement of the ninth century by marauding bands of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, which then infested the southern parts of the Principality, that numbers from among their forefathers, including some of noble and royal blood, made pilgrimages thither during the middle ages, to perform their spiritual devotions at the shrine of the immortal founder, and that the remains of many of their countrymen have been deposited in the sepulchral ground within its sacred inclosure. Besides that, the ancient see of St. David, with its episcopal revenues, not to mention many of the dignities of the Cathedral chapter, have been exclusively enjoyed by natives of their own country, and members of their own nation, for the last hundred and sixty years. For these reasons the proposed complete restoration of the pile of buildings, which constitutes the entire fabric of the Cathedral, appears to be highly deserving of the general and liberal support of both the Welsh and English nations.

And it is satisfactory to know that no sweeping demolition on the one hand, or incongruous patchwork on the other, with a view to sordid economy, will form any part of the scheme of the projected restoration. Many ecclesiastical edifices of great architectural interest, and much historical value, have been either levelled with the ground, or otherwise completely mutilated, through the incompetency of, or want of good judgment and proper taste in, the architects employed, whereas a small sum judiciously laid out in each case would have been amply sufficient to have preserved them as monuments of the piety, munificence, and tasteful knowledge of our ancestors, to generations yet unborn. That no reckless innovation, mutilation, or destruction will be resorted to by

the Dean and Chapter of St. David's in the contemplated restoration of their magnificent Cathedral, will be sufficiently guaranteed to the public by the fact that they will employ the eminent architect, Mr. Geo. Gilbert Scott, of London, to superintend the work, whose elaborate and minute Report on the present state of the fabric, together with a list of the subscriptions already promised for the projected object, are here appended.

REPORT,

ADDRESSED TO THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN AND THE REVEREND THE CHAPTER OF ST. DAVID'S.

Reverend Sirs,—I feel a peculiar pleasure in having been honoured by your directions to examine and report upon your venerable Cathedral, with a view to its thorough reparation. The interest attached to its early history, its great importance in relation to the history of the Church in Wales from the earliest periods to the present day, the sentiment of mystery and romance suggested by its strangely secluded position and severance from the busy world, its noble architectural character, and its present forlorn condition, unite in attaching to it an interest differing both in kind and in degree from what one feels for other Cathedrals; while the task of bringing back a structure of such associations and such intrinsic merits to a state worthy of its importance, and that without destroying or detracting from its venerable aspect, is one in every way worthy of the most earnest and laborious endeavour.

The isolated position of your Cathedral, by removing it far from the abodes of wealth, and preventing its being known to more than a comparatively small number of persons, may in some degree militate against the success of the endeavours to raise the funds which are necessary to its restoration; but when one considers the extent and, in many parts, the wealth of the Diocese of which it is the mother church, I cannot for a moment doubt that, when its absolute necessities are made known, there will be an unanimous movement through-

out the Diocese in its favour; when we further recollect its connection with the history of the Welsh Church, I feel sure that that movement must extend itself to the whole Principality, and, when added to these claims, we consider the extraordinary merits of its architecture, and the romantic interest which attaches both to its history and its situation, I feel sure that aid towards its restoration will not be wanting from all parts of the country, and that the seclusion and poverty of its immediate neighbourhood will be fully counterbalanced by the special claims and the special associations which belong to it. Sure I am that no lover of Church Architecture who can be prevailed upon to visit it will fail to be convinced of the necessity of the effort about to be made, or of the worthiness of your Cathedral of the utmost care and exertion to insure its perfect and permanent conservation, as well as of the importance, in a religious point of view, of making its condition such as befits the most important Church in Wales.

Without touching upon the earlier history of the Cathedral, of which no traces remain in the existing structure, I will commence by drawing a very slight sketch of the architectural history of the Church as it now exists, and of the changes through which its present form was attained.

The present structure was commenced about the year 1180, by Bishop de Leia, and the plan then commenced upon appears to have been exactly co-extensive with the existing building, with the exception of the Chapels eastward of the Choir and Transepts.

The period of rebuilding by Bishop de Leia was one of especial importance in the history of mediæval architecture, being the exact juncture at which the Romanesque or round arched style was in a state of transition into the pointed arched style now vernacularly known as "Gothic." It was, of all periods of our old architecture, the one which is most strongly characterized by energetic effort and rapid advance. It was, in fact, the moment when art was being freed from the barbaric leaven of

the dark ages, and refinement and true artistic feeling engrafted in its place.

In every part of our own island, as well as in France and Germany, the same determined effort after improvement displays itself in the buildings of this period. It was just before this that the Church of St. Cross, near Winchester, had been erected, which is a most marked type of this great transition. Simultaneously with the work at St. David's, the rebuilding of the eastern portions of Canterbury Cathedral was being brought to a conclusion in a manner which establishes it as one of the great landmarks of Church Architecture. At the same time, also, Archbishop Roger of York, and Bishop Pudsey of Durham, were carrying on the same great work of art reformation in the north; while in the south it was being most gloriously pushed forward, in the rebuilding of the Abbey of Glastonbury, a work which evinces a very direct relationship to that at St. David's.

Remote as was the site of your Cathedral from the more active scenes of this great artistic movement, it is most interesting to observe, that it in no degree falls short of contemporary structures in the grandeur of its conception, or the beauty and refinement of its details. It lingers in some degree behind many of them in the extent to which the pointed arch has supplanted the round, but this was probably owing rather to a desire to avoid undue height, than to any actual want of advancement; for in all the details, and especially in the carved foliage, the skill and taste exhibited is of first-rate order, and the execution of the ornamental masonry could hardly be excelled. Its architect, indeed, seemed determined to plant, in the furthest extremity of our island, the standard of the utmost advancement of his art, at the period of its most determined progression. These facts render the building a wonderfully interesting and valuable landmark in architectural history, taking, in the extreme west, a position

parallel to that held by Canterbury in the extreme east of the island.

The whole of the building as erected at this period, was, so far as we can tell, prepared to be vaulted with stone, chiefly on the principle designated by Professor Willis as "Sexpartite" vaulting; but it would not appear that any part of the vaulting was actually carried into execution. It is not known how long the work, commenced in 1180, occupied in its completion; nor, indeed, whether it ever was actually completed. Unfortunately, in 1220, a sad catastrophe occurred to the new work, in the fall of the Central Tower, in which it would appear that the Choir and Transept suffered severe injury. We see very distinctly in the Piers and Arches which support the Tower, the evidences of the reconstruction after this catastrophe,—the Western Arch and its two Piers belonging to De Leia's work, while the Eastern Piers and the remaining three Arches are the result of the reconstruction. I shall hereafter have to advert especially to this point, and to call attention to the unhappy consequences of leaving one side of the ruined Tower standing, while the other three were rebuilt.

The extent to which the Choir and Transepts were reconstructed after this misfortune, is anything but clear. That they underwent very considerable changes is quite certain; but so much pains seem to have been taken to avoid diversity of style, that it is a very difficult task to define exactly which parts belong to the first and which to the second period. It may, however, be assumed (I think) generally, that the Choir owed its general design, as now exhibited, to the reconstruction after 1220, and that the same extended in a considerable degree to the eastern side of the Transepts. The difficulty of exact definition is rendered the greater by a second general reparation having been rendered necessary through the effects of an earthquake which occurred in 1248.

About this time, as it would appear, commenced the extensive addition of Chapels, which subsequently so

much altered the eastern portion of the Church. The Chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury was added to the east of the North Transept, though only a small portion of the original structure of it now remains. The Aisles of the Choir were at the same time prolonged far to the eastward, and connected towards their extremities by a cross aisle, having on its eastern side arches opening into (or prepared to open into) a Lady Chapel; by which arrangement a void space, open to the sky, was inclosed between this cross aisle and the east end of the Choir, to avoid interference with the light of the East Window.

A few years later (about 1300) the Lady Chapel was either erected or greatly enlarged, by Bishop David Martin, thus bringing the Church to its present length, from east to west; and it seems probable that the same Bishop carried up the Central Tower to within one stage of its present height, and I am disposed to believe that he also in a great measure rebuilt the Chapel of St. Thomas, and erected over it the Chapter House, with the storey which surmounts it.

Bishop Gower, who held the See from 1328 to 1347, seems to have been one of the greatest builders of his time. Here, again, we seem to have a parallelism between the east and west of the country; Gower being in South Wales the exact co-relative of Prior Alan de Walsingham in the Diocese of Ely, each carrying the style of the first half of the fourteenth century to its greatest perfection, and each having such an insatiable appetite for building, that we trace their hand wherever they had a chance of leaving the mark of it. Gower, besides the re-erection of the whole of the stupendous Episcopal Palace, and parts of the Palace at Lamphey, and of the Castle at Swansea, set about a general work of assimilation of the somewhat discordant elements of which his Cathedral consisted. The entire Aisles of the Cathedral, whether of the Nave, the Choir, or the Eastern Chapels, seem to have been in a greater or less degree reconstructed and remodelled by him. Those of

the Nave were both of them heightened, and one (the South Aisle) entirely rebuilt, and the great window of the North Transept was inserted; indeed, it is by no means certain that the Chapter House and the storey of the Tower, which I have placed to the credit of his predecessor, may not really belong to this great reveller in the masonic art. During his time, too, the Rood-screen was constructed, and a considerable number of very rich and beautiful monuments introduced into the Cathedral.

In the succeeding century, and the commencement of that which followed it, a number of minor alterations were made, but the most important works were the conversion of the void space beyond the east end of the Choir, into a beautiful Chapel, by Bishop Lloyd,—an improvement, however, dearly purchased at the loss of the East Window; the re-construction of the Roofs generally, including the gorgeous Roof of the Nave; the addition of a storey to the Central Tower; and the introduction of the Windows in front of the South Transept.

By these alterations the Church may be said to have, in the main, attained its present form, all subsequent changes belonging rather to the history of its degradation than to its construction, and consisting mainly of the lapse of certain parts into a state of ruin, the clumsy reparation of other parts, and alterations for modern convenience carried out without taste or feeling. The most marked, however, of all the later works, is the rebuilding of the West End—a work executed some sixty or seventy years back, with the best intentions, though, from the circumstances of the period, without that knowledge of the character of the building, which its satisfactory execution demanded.

I have gone more at length into the above sketch (for the details of which I need hardly say that I am indebted to the admirable History of the Cathedral, by Messrs. Jones and Freeman), from a feeling that by recalling, in a concise form, the leading points in the

architectural history of the structure, I shall render more clear what I have to say as to its dilapidations, and the repairs to be recommended.

Before I proceed to particulars, however, I will offer a few preliminary observations on the general principles by which I think we should be guided in the restoration of such a building.

The value of our ancient monuments, and the interest which attaches to them as the actual and authentic works of the great builders of the middle ages, have, in very many instances, been most seriously interfered with by injudicious restoration. Restorers, in their zeal to render their work complete, are constantly in danger of going too far. They often place before themselves one only of the axioms which have been laid down for the guidance of church-builders and church-repairers—viz., that nothing can be too good for the House of God, and that we should admit of no defect in it, which we should object to in our own residences—forgetting the other great axiom, that the works handed down to us from early ages have attained an historical value, and a sanctity from the long continuance of their sacred uses, which forbids us to deal with them in the mere business-like and simply practical way in which we treat ordinary and more recent structures. The true course is to use our very best judgment in uniting these views; and while bearing in mind that the high uses of the building forbid our acting towards it on the low principles of ordinary economy, remembering at the same time that the building we are dealing with has been rendered sacred as the scene of ecclesiastical events, through a long series of ages, that it is a great historical monument, and that it is an invaluable treasury of ancient art, of the history of which it forms one of the most precious documents. Acting jointly upon these two considerations, it should be our object, while taking every measure to insure the permanence and stability of the building, and treating it in every way in a spirit consistent with its high purposes, to use at the same time every possible

means to preserve, untampered with, all its ancient features, and to avoid everything which would encroach upon the antiquity of its aspect, or obscure the evidences of its structural history. The following passage from Messrs. Jones and Freeman's History of the Cathedral, is most true of such restorations generally, and is doubly valuable as having been written with express reference to the work you have now in contemplation :—

"When a work is not only completed, but by lapse of time and revulsion of feeling thoroughly stereotyped as an historical monument, it becomes a solemn trust, for our preservation, and if need be, our restoration. All change, not strictly included under the last term, is set down as to be in itself reprehended, only to be justified by special circumstances, the burden of proving whose existence rests in every case with the innovator."

The first great instance of dilapidation which I will notice, relates to the Tower, which, uniting as it does the four arms of the Church, is so essential to the stability of the whole, that any danger which affects it threatens in a greater or less degree the whole structure.

I have already alluded to the fact that, after the fall of the first Tower, in 1220, the two Eastern Piers, with three of the Arches, were rebuilt; but the Western Piers, with one Arch (subject to some increase of strength) were allowed to remain. This is always a dangerous expedient, for not only is it in such a case improbable that the remaining portion should be wholly exempt from the defects which caused the destruction of the rest, but a tower resting partly on new and partly on old work, can scarcely in the nature of things be thoroughly trustworthy.

Both these causes of failure have ever been in active operation. The old portions which remained have been constantly crushing and giving way, and the older and the newer parts have become disunited to a most marked degree, both of which unfortunate failings have been increased by the ponderous additions made to the Tower

in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,—additions which the defective Western Piers were ill able to sustain. I have no doubt that the crushing of these Piers led to the addition of the massive stonework which backs the Rood-screen, and which has done much to preserve the Tower; and at a later period the Western and the Southern Arches were entirely walled up for increased security. Browne Willis says that in his day the Northern Arch was similarly treated, but I fancy that this must have been a mistake.

The present condition of the Tower is in the highest degree alarming, and till it is restored to a state of security, it is quite useless to think of any extensive reparation of other parts of the building.

The Western Piers consist each of two portions, the parts toward the Nave belonging to De Leia's work of the twelfth century, and those toward the Transepts having been added after the catastrophe of 1220. Of these, the older or western portions are literally, at least so far as they are open to examination, shattered to fragments, and the same process has extended itself in a less degree into the later or eastern parts of each Pier; in fact, the only security which the Tower has from actually falling, is the buttressing it sustains from the walls of the Transepts and the Nave, though the latter have themselves severely suffered under the undue pressure thus brought upon them.

The Arch facing the Nave is very much injured, and the wall which it sustains, up to the commencement of the latter stages, is utterly disintegrated; so much so as to render it dangerous very closely to investigate the defects; and the same state of disintegration extends itself some feet into the North and South walls, but especially the former, which is at this point crushed throughout its whole thickness.

It will be seen from what I have stated, that the whole remaining portion of the first Tower is crushed and left at the mercy of the various walls which abut against, and so to speak, bolster it up; and that this

terrible failure extends itself to a certain distance into the later, and in themselves, better constructed portions; in fact, that of the four supports of the Tower, two are sound, and two wholly untrustworthy.

The upper stages of the Tower appear to be, in themselves, strong and substantial; but, being well supported towards the East, and ill towards the West, it naturally follows that a frightful crack runs up the North and South sides.

These cracks, however formidable they may appear, need not cause alarm as to the actual strength of these upper walls through which they pass; but, as sympathetic of the radical evil which exists below, they are only too significant. I need hardly say, that to remedy the tremendous failure which I have just described, will be a very difficult and a very costly operation. It would be madness, in such a case, to attempt any repairs without the previous introduction of such a system of shoring, as would, if necessary, be capable of sustaining the entire load which now rests upon the damaged Piers. It would be useless in this Report to give any detailed description of such a system of shoring. I have, however, most carefully considered it, and I believe, see my way pretty clearly to its construction.

The general course to be followed would be this:

First, to bind together the walls of the upper stages of the Tower with massive ties of iron, aided by stays of timber, so as to render it impossible for the walls to spread. Then to construct incompressible foundations, on which the shoring is to rest. Thirdly, to erect shoring of the most massive description under the North and West Arches (the South Arch remaining walled up as at present) and against the two Western Piers,—constructed on such a system (as before stated) as would be capable, if necessary, of sustaining the whole weight of that side of the Tower.

After this would commence the operation of reconstructing, in a greater or a less degree, as may be found requisite, the two Western Piers. This would be

done very gradually, and in small portions at a time, a moveable system of shores being used to sustain the work in immediate contact with the parts operated on, and capable of being shifted from time to time as the work rises. In this manner one Pier, with the walls immediately insisting on it would be repaired, (indeed in a great measure reconstructed,) and then the other would be undertaken in a similar manner, the main shoring remaining untouched till the entire work is accomplished.

This operation, I may mention, has been successfully performed in several instances, as at the Cathedrals of Hereford and Bayeux; at Sherborne Minster; at the Churches of St. Mary, at Nottingham, St. Mary, at Stafford, and at Aylesbury. The structural defects in the upper portions of the Tower will be readily repaired when the supporting Piers and Arches have been rendered substantial. They consist mainly of the reparation of the great cracks already mentioned, and of some minor defects in the walls; the repairs of the timber-work of floors and roof; the re-leading of the roof; the restoration of the windows, parapets, pinnacles, and the architectural features, and cleaning off the external plastering, the pointing and general repairs of the exterior. When the whole is effected, the Southern Arch will be opened out, so as to open the South Transept to the Church.

I will now proceed to the Nave. This, throughout its entire length has suffered materially from the sinking of the Western side of the Tower. The effects show themselves most palpably in the parts (already alluded to) in immediate contact with the Tower,—these are very much crushed, and must be repaired simultaneously with the Tower itself;—but the same cause, aided probably by the defective foundation of the West end, has caused a westerly movement throughout the whole of the Nave Arcade and Clerestory, throwing all the pillars out of the perpendicular, and crippling and damaging the Arches and many other parts. It probably

went so far as to cause actual danger, which led to the reconstruction of the West end, and the addition of massive arched buttresses by Mr. Nash. This has probably been successful in checking the westward tendency, unless there should be a continued sinking of the Tower, but it has left the Pillars, Arches and Superstructure much shattered. Besides this westward tendency, the pillars and superincumbent walls also lean *outwards*, particularly those on the North side, which overhang considerably. This partial failure is of early date, for flying buttresses were added during the fifteenth century to counteract it. I fear that it would be useless to attempt to rectify either of these displacements, and that the utmost which can be done will be to prevent further movement, and to repair the direct injury which has been sustained by the stonework. The former may be effected in part by underpinning and strengthening the foundations of the Piers, and in part also by strengthening the roofs of the Aisles, so as to make them more efficient in affording abutment to the walls—the latter will involve somewhat extensive repairs of internal stonework. Externally, the Nave requires much repair and restoration, as well as the completion of its cleaning from whitewash. The Clerestory, for instance, has been sadly mutilated; its windows, some walled up, and some altered from their original forms, and the parapet entirely altered, and that in a most uncouth manner.

The Aisle walls also require some considerable amount of reparation. The parapets and pinnacles are in a very indifferent state, and the windows much altered from their original form, besides a considerable amount of decay in the stonework.

The North Wall is buttressed by huge and uncouth masses of stonework. Some of these would appear to be connected with the ancient Cloister of the College. It will become a question whether these should be altered to something more sightly, or allowed to retain their present forms.

The exterior of the South Porch is in a wretched

state, and would require a great amount of restoration; the interior is much better, though still demanding reparation.

The West end has, as I have before mentioned, been entirely renewed, and that with very little regard to its old design. This old design can in some measure be recovered by the help of prints, &c.; and I would recommend that, so far as is possible, it should be reproduced, though I think it may be wise to retain the arched buttresses, with some amelioration of their form.

The walls, pillars, and floor of the Nave are in a terrible state from damp. This arises in part from want of proper drainage, and in part from the defective state of the roofs. The subject of drainage I shall enter upon presently. As to the floor, it must be wholly relaid with better material laid hollow upon a stratum of concrete.

The roofs demand very careful treatment. That to the Nave proper is a most beautiful structure, but is very much decayed. The parts immediately adjoining the Tower will be required to be in great measure renewed: the ends of all beams must be carefully examined, and spliced where found decayed. The whole of the wall-plates must be renewed, and generally all mortices and tenons throughout the roof must be examined and strengthened with iron, or by other means, where found defective.

The roof of the North Aisle is very rough and rude. That to the South Aisle is similar to it, but has, in addition, below it, the framework of an ornamental ceiling, but very imperfect, and it is possible that the same may once have existed on the North side. I think it probable that these roofs will have to be either wholly or in great measure renewed. The roof of the Porch must also be new. The roofs both of Nave, Aisles, and Porch, must be newly leaded, the old lead being recast.

The North Transept.—The Western Wall, with the doorway which unites it with the Aisle of the Nave, has been much crushed by the pressure of the Tower, and will require careful reparation. This wall has two

windows walled up, one of which is pretty perfect, but the other is very much mutilated; these must be re-opened and restored, as also must the doorway which is blocked up. The internal stonework requires general repairs and cleansing. The floor has been raised a foot or eighteen inches, and must be lowered and renewed as described for the Nave.

The bases, &c., of Eastern Arches are much mutilated.

The exterior requires very extensive repairs.

The roof is most wretched, and must be entirely renewed and remodelled.

The South Transept has been much disfigured by being converted into a separate Church, and requires treatment very parallel in its degree and nature to the North Transept. The entrance to this Transept from the exterior and its eastern Aisle are entirely innovations upon the original design, and must be remodelled, and if possible restored to their original form.

Some parts of the exterior are so ruinous as to be covered by a thick growth of shrubs.

The Choir or Eastern Arm.—The interior stonework is not in very bad condition, but requires the reparation of broken, decayed, or mutilated portions, and the entire cleansing from whitewash. The Arcades are at present walled up in consequence of the unroofing of the Aisles; these must be opened out with great care, not disturbing the lower parts, which are ancient, and contain tombs of great interest.

The North Aisle has recently been roofed, but in a somewhat homely manner, and is covered with slate, for which its pitch is insufficient. This roof must receive some improvements, and be leaded. The wall of this Aisle is in a sad state of mutilation and disfigurement, its windows were altered into a debased form during the seventeenth century, and have since been walled up. These must be thoroughly restored according to evidences which exist of their ancient design. There is a modern doorway which it would be desirable to do away with, if

it could be spared. If not, it must be replaced with one of good design.

The entire arrangement of the entrance to St. Thomas' Chapel is modern, and the approach to the staircase which once led to the Chapter House above it is stopped up by a water closet; all this must be brought back to its ancient form.

(I may here mention that there is an ancient "guard robe" or necessarium, in connection with the Chapter House above.)

The South Aisle of the Choir is partly a ruin, and partly converted into a Porch, or thrown into the modern Church which has been formed out of the South Transept. It must be brought back to its ancient form, re-roofed and restored. The Aisles must, of course, be newly floored, but the Eastern Arm itself has a fine old pavement of encaustic tiles, which must be most carefully preserved. I may here mention in passing, that one of the Altar steps retains the mortice which received the lectern for the Gospels and Epistles, a very rare and valuable relic of ancient ritual usage. The original East Windows were in two ranges; a beautiful triplet below, and a group of windows (now lost) above; the former was walled up by Bishop Vaughan; the latter was, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, converted into a window in the style of that period, and this being now quite decayed, will require renewal.

The roof of the Eastern Arm is of the same age as the window last named, and bears the arms of Bishops Tully and Richard Martin, A.D. 1461–83.

It has very much sunk and has been strengthened by some most unsightly arched braces of timber. These must be removed, and some effectual means be taken to strengthen the roof without adding deformity. The roof will require very extensive repairs, including new plates, and (as all other roofs) must be re-leaded. This roof, as nearly every roof on the Church, differs greatly in form and pitch from the original. The walls which sustain it have been very much raised beyond their

original height, and a low pitch substituted for the original high one.

The Exterior of the Clerestory and its parapets, and of the East End, require considerable reparation. The East End contains very interesting and beautiful remains of its original structure, and of the older East Window on the upper range, though not sufficient to indicate with certainty and completeness its ancient design.

We now come to the various Chapels, &c., which have at different times been added to the original Church.

I will take first the building adjoining the North Transept, which contains on the ground floor the Chapel of St. Thomas, and above, the Chapter House, and another still higher chamber. This building is mainly of the fourteenth century, and was very beautiful in design, but has been reduced to a very wretched condition, and its upper portions are little better than a ruin.

St. Thomas' Chapel itself is comparatively in tolerable condition, though it has lost its original windows, and requires the same general cleansing and reparation of stonework, &c., with the rest of the Church. The Arch, which formerly united it with the Transept, has been walled up, and should be opened out, and a suitable screen substituted for the wall. The Chapel should be re-floored with stone.

When we get to the next floor the case is very different. The ancient Chapter House has long been converted into a boys' school, and has been reduced to the condition which such a use would lead one to expect. Instead of being approached, as formerly, by a winding staircase from the Church, it is now entered by a hideous flight of external steps, which block up the Aisle windows, and it has a modern door-way cut through the wall.

The ancient floor over the Chapter House has been destroyed; the roof (itself modern) is ready to fall in; the windows have been deprived of their tracery; the parapets, pinnacles, &c., are in a state of absolute ruin; indeed, the whole building may be almost correctly

described in the same terms. Happily, enough remains, in all probability, for the recovery of the entire design, though a single winter may seriously reduce the amount of evidence. It is almost superfluous to say that the entire building must be put into a perfect state of repair, and brought back in every respect to its original form.

I now come to that curious group of Chapels which form the eastern termination of the building. Here we have to go upon very difficult ground, nearly the whole having long been in a state of unmitigated ruin.

In this condition, it is quite clear that they cannot be allowed to remain; and the problem to be solved respecting them is, how to recover their original forms and features, and how to bring them into a state of reasonable, seemly, and permanent reparation, with the least possible interference with the interest which attaches to them as relics of antiquity. This is, beyond a question, a task involving very great difficulties; but I think that, by extreme care and caution, it can be pretty satisfactorily effected. It is a work in which one must rather feel one's way, step by step, than lay down any very distinct course to begin with. The first step would be to repair those walls which seem to retain a fair amount of strength, to examine and open out the blocked-up windows, to search for remnants of their tracery; and having recovered their design, to restore them, bringing in such portions of old work as are capable of being retained. The next parts to be dealt with are those of more doubtful substantiality; and with these the object to be aimed at will be to recover their strength without reconstruction. A remainder will probably be found to exist, of parts whose condition demands their renovation; and here the object will be to reconstruct them exactly according to their original forms, and in such a manner as best to accord with the old work around them. I am of opinion, by thus carefully, and, I may almost say, *timidly*, feeling one's way, the walls may be brought back into a fair state of reparation, without seriously infringing upon their

originality and the ancient aspect. The roofs must then be added, and here will at once arise the question, whether the roofs are to be exposed to view internally, or whether we should make any attempt to restore the vaulting. This, happily, in two instances (Bishop Vaughan's Chapel and the vestibule to the Lady Chapel), remains, and there can be no doubt that it has once existed over the Lady Chapel itself. It may be doubtful how far, with all our reparation, the old walls could be trusted to bear the weight and thrust of stone vaulting, and I should incline to the expedient—for which we have numerous ancient precedents—of forming the vaulting in oak upon the old stone springers. This effected, we should see the interior of these Chapels resume very much of their original appearance, and could then proceed to apply the same careful and tentative principles of restoration to their minor details, and to the interesting and most valuable series of tombs which they contain. In dealing with these, however, I would urge the most conservative course. If in any degree renewed, their interest would be lost; they must be preserved as shattered and time-worn relics of the past, and little more done to them than is necessary to secure them against further mutilation and decay. For the latter purpose, the course followed in dealing with the Royal monuments at Westminster Abbey would probably be applicable to them. I mean the saturation of the pulverizing stone with an indurating solution.

The whole of these Chapels will, of course, require new flooring; and the small portion which has a roof will require that that roof should be thoroughly repaired.

The remarks I have above made respecting the decayed and mutilated tombs applies, though in a modified degree, to the ancient monuments throughout the Church. These must be repaired, protected, and cared for, but not *restored.* There are a few arched tombs, of which the arches have been partially destroyed; these must, of course, be perfected; but generally speaking, very little new work should be introduced in dealing with

monuments, whose authenticity is a grand element in their value.

I will now proceed to the internal fittings.

The Stone Screen of the Choir, the work of Bishop Gower, and in part his monument, is in a fair state of repair. It will be somewhat disturbed by the repairs of the Tower Piers; but every part thus disturbed will be carefully replaced. The Stalls of the Choir, the work of Bishop Tully, are in a tolerable state of preservation, but will require general and thorough reparation, including the renewal of their floors, &c.

The Bishop's Throne is in a very decayed and disjointed condition, and will require very extensive repairs and the renewal of some portions, as also will the Eastern Screen, which divides the Presbytery from the Choir proper.

This Screen is very remarkable, being, I believe, unique in its position, and therefore particularly valuable as a relic of ancient ritual arrangement.

The miserable pews, which now disgrace the Choir, must, of course, be done away with, and any Seats which may be necessary, in addition to the Stalls, must be made of a very light and moveable character, showing plainly that they are introduced from necessity alone, and not as a permanent portion of the arrangement. Perhaps, as the Southern Arch, will then be open, the Organ may be transferred to that side, and be used by the Congregation at the Welsh services, if the South Transept be still considered the most convenient place for them. In any case, I may mention, that the fittings of the part allotted to the Welsh services must be new, and of appropriate character and arrangement.

There are some questions open to consideration, as to matters involving a certain degree of departure from the forms in which some parts of the building have come down to us. One of these I will state in its broad form. All parts of the building, or nearly all, have been either vaulted with stone, or prepared for such vaulting. In a great majority of instances, this

has never been carried into execution. The question arises whether, in a restoration of the building, it would be right and expedient to carry out this intention of its builders, or, if the walls are considered insufficient for its support, whether the intended forms may not be carried out in oak.

Against either of these proposals there are, as regards the Nave and Choir, objections; in the one case insuperable, and in the other of considerable force. As regards the Nave the objection is twofold; first, the walls are not in a condition to support stone vaulting; and, secondly, the existing roof is so beautiful as to render the idea of any change absurd.

As concerns the Choir, the objections are less decisive, though still strong. The walls, it is true, seem substantial, but the addition of stone vaulting would, nevertheless, be a rash experiment. The objections to timber vaulting are in this case the uncertainty which here exists as to the design of the once intended vaulting, and the existence of a roof which, though not particularly firm, and in bad condition, possesses, nevertheless, some beauty and historical interest, and is susceptible of reparation.

Such objections do not, however, exist as regards the transepts. It would not certainly do to add *stone* vaulting to them, but I see no objection here to completing the original design in oak. The roofs are worthless and must be renewed, and the indications of the design of the intended vaulting are clear. I think, therefore, that the most reasonable course would be to make perfectly plain roofs, and to conceal them by oak vaulting, similar in form to what was originally intended in stone. This is a course which was adopted in very many cases by the mediæval builders, when their walls were found insufficient for the support of the intended stone vaulting.

The application of the same principles to the Aisles of the Nave and Choir is one on which I will not offer so decided an opinion. The case differs as regards the

several portions. On the south side of the Nave there is no hindrance at all to the carrying out of timber vaulting, the only argument against it being the existence, though in an almost ruined condition, of a panelled ceiling. On the north side there is not even this objection, but another comes into force; I mean the fact that the vaulting would intersect, perhaps somewhat awkwardly, with the stone flying buttresses which here show within the Aisle.

As regards the Aisles of the Choir the only difficulty lies in deciphering the evidences of the ancient design, which here present an enigma of no ordinary difficulty.

In one instance in the Cathedral, the system of placing timber vaulting upon stone springers has been carried out by the *old*, though not the *original* builders. I refer to the vaulting within the Tower. Unhappily it has here been so ill-managed that one cannot help wishing it away, for it has been made to cut the fine windows of the lantern across, at less than half their height. I suppose, however, that this design must be borne with.

I will now proceed to a very important practical question, as yet only incidentally referred to. No one can at present enter the Cathedral, excepting after a long continuance of dry weather, without being shocked at the fearful state of dampness (to use the feeblest expression) which pervades every part of the interior. I do not hesitate to say that I have never witnessed any thing approaching to it in any other church. The walls, the pillars, and the floor, seem in damp weather perfectly saturated with wet, and after a few hours of heavy rain they, in many parts, literally stream with water. The first question is, how far the reparations already enumerated will remedy this most crying evil. To a certain and even to a considerable extent, I have no doubt they will do so. The perfect covering of the Roofs will prevent the direct ingress of water through them, which exists at present in most parts of the Cathedral. The

reparation and perfecting of the external walls, and the doing away with the ruinous portions which at present admit wet, and harbour a luxuriant vegetation, will, again, do much; the roofing over the ruinous Aisle of the Choir, and of the ruined Chapels beyond it, will abate one enormous cause of damp; a proper system of carrying off the water from the roofs, and of drainage to draw it rapidly away from the building; and the lowering of all undue accumulation of earth from around the walls, will, again, do much good; and the relaying of the greater part of the pavements upon a bed of concrete, will reduce the dampness of the floors—still, however, there will be a remainder which will demand special measures for its abatement. The position of the building is one which naturally promotes dampness, through the soakage of the hill, to the east and south, draining itself through the low ground on which the Church stands, and thus forming a constant underground stream below its foundations and floors, which is constantly drawn up by capillary attraction into the walls, pillars, and pavement. Some decided measure is needful for the prevention of this great evil. The most efficient measure appears to me to be the formation of a very deep drain on the east side of the churchyard, so constructed as completely to cut off the water which descends from the hill, and prevent its soaking under the Church; and of two drains in connection with the same, conducting the water by the north and south of the Church to the river on the west.

By these means, the Church, being surrounded on three sides by a deep and perfectly formed drain, and on the south by a rapid stream at a low level, would become insulated, and cut off from the constant filtration of water beneath it, and would, I feel sure, gradually become freed from the plague of dampness under which it at present suffers.

One thing more, however, is required to perfect this work. A certain amount of dampness arises from condensation upon the cold surfaces of the stone. To pre-

vent this, and to make the Church wholesome and consistent with comfort, it must be *warmed*. I will not at this moment give a decided opinion as to the best system of effecting this, but there can be no great difficulty about it, and it is a really necessary measure, and one which will conduce greatly both to the duration of the structure, and to its practical efficiency for its sacred uses.

I may also mention, as naturally following the *warming* of the building, that the *lighting* of it must be provided for on an efficient as well as a handsome and consistent system.

I think I have now touched upon everything but the very subordinate subject of decorations, such as stained glass, suitable decorations of the East end, &c. I think that stained glass for the few and scanty windows of the Choir should be a part of the work of restoration—possibly, that for other windows may be left to the probability of individual benefactions.

The East end must also have such modest decorations as its position demands. I think, considering the state of the walls, painted decorations would hardly at any time be very practicable, possibly some more durable kind of decoration may be introduced; but this I will not now go into, as it seems almost mockery to talk of the decoration of a building, which has first to be redeemed from a semi-ruinous condition, and brought into a state of seemly and wholesome reparation.

I will only add, that I trust you will be well supported, and have good and complete success in this noble and absolutely necessary work. The result, if successfully and judiciously carried out, cannot fail to be most satisfactory in every point of view, and the venerable structure you have to deal with is in every way worthy of, and will nobly repay, all the care and pains which you can bestow upon it.

I estimate the cost of the work above particularized, at from £27,500 to £30,000, according to the mode of

carrying out certain parts of the work which have been left as open to consideration.

I have the honour to be, Reverend Sirs,
Your very faithful Servant,
GEO. GILBERT SCOTT.

London, February 24, 1862.

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THE DEMESNE LANDS OF LLANEGRYN OR MANOR OF TALYBONT, MERIONETHSHIRE.

IN an old document in the possession of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., M.P., Peniarth, Merionethshire, drawn up about the year 1695, is the following Statement relative to the Demesne Lands of Llanegryn or Manor of Talybont.

"King James the first in right of his Crown of England seized of the Principality of Wales; and therefore immediately seized of all Lands, Royalties, and Hereditaments of the Princes of Wales, (and as such of the hereditaments herein after mentioned) vested in him upon their attainder, reserving to himself a certain Rent, grants the Manor of Talybont and the Demesne Lands of Llanegryn (by those names) and all Pools, Banks, Rivers, Aqueducts, Royalties, and Hereditaments therewith used or thereunto belonging to Wotton and Bingley, who by Indenture enrolled, grant the same over to Mr. Owen's[1] Ancestors, under whom he has rightful claim.

"We have no copy of the survey of the attainder whereby the Lands and Premises vested in the Crown, but we have some notes where to find the same, and Mr. Owen has several Leases and other Deeds and Acquittances and Quietus Est from the Audit, upon payment of Rents, mentioning the same to be reserved and payable from and upon the Manor of Talybont and the Demesne of Llanegryn, Parcel of the Principality of Wales, and thus are all the Entries in the auditor's Books and in the Augmentation Office.

"We have no copy of the grant of the premises to Wotton and Bingley but the same is to be seen at the Rolls Chapel and their grant to Mr. Owen's Ancestors recites the King's Grant."

[1] Mr. Owen was one of Mr. Wynne's ancestors.

The original deed from Wotton and Bingley is in Mr. Wynne's possession. It is a conveyance enrolled in Chancery dated 12th December, 1615, whereby John Wotton and George Bingley convey to Griffith Owen, Elizabeth his wife, and Lewis Owen their son and heir, (Mr. Wynne's ancestors) certain tenements, the names of which are nothing to the present purpose, and all those *demesne lands* of Llanegryn, with all their appurtenances whatsoever, situate, lying and being within the comote of Talybont,[2] now or late in the tenure of Robert Wood, K^t.; and also all and singular messuages, houses, DEMESNE LANDS, wastes, moors, *marshes*, &c., "ac tot' terr' fundos et solum eorundem boscorum suboscorum terr' boscal' et arbor'," and also oblations, waters, watercourses, dues, (redditus) and SERVICES *reserved upon any leases or grants of the premises*, rights, jurisdictions, franchises, &c., &c., &c., as fully, freely, and entirely, as King James by his letters patent dated 29th of April last past, granted the same to the said Wotton and Bingley: except however always and for ever reserved, all and singular advowsons, donations, free dispositions, and rights of patronage, to all and singular churches, chapels, vicarages, and ecclesiastical benefices whatsoever. To hold all the above premises as of the Principality of Wales, by fealty only, in free and common socage, and not in chief nor by military service: rendering annually to the King and his successors, for the said lands and other the premises within the said comote of Talybont, 23s. 4d.,[3] and also paying all mizes[4] customarily due from the said lands, &c.

That the original grant from the crown to Wotton and Bingley was meant to be a conveyance of manorial rights cannot be doubted. The very deed itself is evidence of this; nor can stronger proof of it be required

[2] There are several parishes in this comote.

[3] The reserved rent is regularly paid.

[4] I believe that a mize was a sort of fine payable upon the accession of a Prince of Wales, and that they (such payments) have *long since* fallen into disuse.

than the crown acquittances from the audit of Wales having been given as for the demesne lands of Llanegryn or Manor of Talybont. Add to this, the crown have within these six weeks acknowledged the validity of the grant in the following way. Persons acting under their authority had commenced searching for and raising slates, and had actually erected a dwelling house upon the Peniarth *exclusive*,[5] though unenclosed sheep walk; but upon Mr. Wynne's sending an abstract of the conveyance from Wotton and Bingley, reciting the grant from the crown, to the Solicitor to the Office of Woods, the grantees of the crown were ordered by its agents to desist from their operations. Nor can it be doubted that the conveyance from Wotton and Bingley was meant to pass the manorial rights. It conveys every privilege as amply as was granted by the King to them, and in their deed the very words are used which have the effect of passing a manor.[6]

It would appear that the privileges granted by the crown, and afterwards conveyed to the Owen family by Wotton and Bingley, must have included a far greater extent of country than, it is feared, they can now be established over; for it is believed that no exercise of these rights beyond the parish of Llanegryn can now be shown. That the original grant from King James extended over other parishes seems to be pretty certain; why, else, should ecclesiastical benefices be excepted from the grant? The benefice of Llanegryn was not at that[7]

[5] It should here be observed that the crown claims manorial rights over all the wastes (including the exclusive sheep walks) of Wales, when not within private manors. It is believed that exclusive sheep walks in many parts of Merionethshire have been subjected to the enclosure acts. No such act has ever been passed for Llanegryn, the late Mr. Wynne having objected to it. All the Peniarth sheep walks are exclusive, at least the family have at any rate an exclusive right to the pasturage.

[6] A grant of the demesnes and services passeth a manor. See Tomline's *Law Dictionary*.

[7] The advowson of Dolgellau, however, which is within the comote of Talybont, was then vested in the crown.

time vested in the crown, and had it been it would have been sufficient, and more clear, to have excepted it by name in the royal grant.

It remains now to be shown to what extent these rights have, of late years, been exercised in Llanegryn parish. For two or three years, to about the year 1821, the late Mr. Wynne worked a quarry without any obstruction,[8] upon the Peniarth sheep walk, and very near to the place where the grantees of the crown were lately working as is before stated. Persons also, having license from Mr. Wynne, worked another quarry (it is believed during the whole time he held the Peniarth estate) upon the wastes in another part of Llanegryn parish. Mr. Wynne too formed a road at his own expense for about three or four miles through the wastes of Llanegryn, principally over the Peniarth sheep walks. It was proposed that an enclosure act should be passed for Llanegryn parish. He objected, and it was never done.

The exemplification of the recovery whereby Mr. Wynne obtained the fee of his Merionethshire estates, is in the following words:—

"27th March 39th Geo. III.—Exemplification of a Recovery wherein Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., is Demandant, Hugh Jones, Gent., Tenant, and Wm. Wynne, Esq., Vouchee.

"Of 150 Messuages, 200 Cottages, 300 Barns, 200 Stables, 300 Gardens, 50 Orchards, 3,000 Acres of land, 2,000 Acres of Meadow, 3,000 Acres of pasture, 100 Acres of Land covered with water, 2,000 Acres of Wood 13s. 4d. Rent, 10,000 Acres of furze and heath common of pasture for all and all manner of cattle and common of turbary free fishery and free warren with the appurtenances in the several parishes of Llanegryn, Celynin, Towyn, Dolgellau, Pennal, Trawsfynydd, Maentwrog, Llanfachreth, and Festiniog in the County of Merioneth."

The above statement will perhaps be sufficient to show to what extent the manorial rights can now be exercised, and whether they are vested in Mr. Wynne's heir or the trustees under the deed of 1827. M. S.

Nov. 24th, 1836.

[8] The work was discontinued solely because the slates were not good enough to pay the expense of raising them.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE WELSH

Of a Prize Essay on the "Expediency of administering the Laws in Wales through the medium of the Welsh Language," being the subject which was given by the Cymreigyddion Society in Liverpool, in the year 1836.

"Three things which a Welshman ought to love before everything: the nation of the Cymry; the customs and manners of the Cymry; and the language of the Cymry."—*Triads.*

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A brief mention of the Aborigines of the Isle of Britain, together with the establishment of law.—Resemblance of the time of Howel the Good, and of others to the present time in respect of the administration of the law.—Equality of the inhabitants of England and Wales in regard of various civil privileges.—The propriety of equality.—The administration of the laws in Welsh demanded by the honour due to the Welsh nation.—The danger that confusion should creep into suits at law through the use of two languages.—The eloquent speeches of English lawyers unintelligible to the Welsh.—The inconsistency of having a Judge of one tongue and a criminal of another.—The administration of the laws in Welsh necessary for the instruction of the Welsh generally, and especially of the young.—Contempt of the Welsh language.—Honour would accrue to the Welsh language from the administration of the laws through its medium.—The worthiness of the Welsh language.—Sufficiency of Welsh Scholars.—The duty of seeking for the administration of the laws in Welsh within the limits of the Principality of Wales imperative on the Welsh people.

A brief mention of the Aborigines of the Isle of Britain, together with the establishment of law.—The Cymry were the first inhabitants of the Isle of Britain—descended from Gomer the eldest son of Japheth, the son of Noah. This island before it was inhabited went by the name of Clâs Merddin, (the sea-girt green spot); after it was inhabited it was called Y Fel Ynys (the Honey Island.) The Cymry at their first settlement in this island had no law but custom, nor any government except what arose from strength; in consequence of which much disorder and molestation prevailed among them. A man of the name of Prydain, sensible of the inconvenience which

naturally sprung from the want of a well-regulated government, gave laws to the Cymry, and laid the foundation of executive government in the country. In honour of him, this island was called Ynys Prydain (the Isle of Britain)—which name it bears to this day.

Resemblance of the time of Howel the Good, and others, to the present time, in respect of the administration of the laws.—Prydain was a Cymro, and the Cymry inhabited all parts of the island. Their language was the Cymraeg, and through its medium was the law administered. This country passed through great changes in different ages. It was governed by various kings and princes of illustrious memory; but the most distinguished of all the Welsh princes was Howel the Good: of whom it may be said that he was emphatically a good prince: of his laws, that they were good laws: and of their administration, that it was good. And it may be truly affirmed by us in the present day of our supreme ruler that he is a good prince (King William IV.): of the laws of the country, that they are good; and of the administration of the laws in England, that it is good; but with regard to the administration of the laws in the Principality of Wales, the Welshman must withhold his praise. It is unreasonable to speak well of that which is not desirable. It is absolutely necessary that the laws should be administered in Wales through the medium of the Welsh language. The Welsh suits the Welsh people the best, as does its own language every nation under heaven.

"Pob gwlad yn hardd ac arddun,
Ym mhob gwaith ei Hiaith ei hun;"

i. e., Every country is dignified and honourable when it performs its every day work in its own tongue.

Equality of the inhabitants of England and Wales in regard of various civil privileges.—We Welshmen, and our neighbours the Anglo-Saxons, live in the same kingdom—are subject to the same government, and pay similar taxes. The Welsh counties and boroughs send Welsh representatives to the House of Commons, and Welsh peers sit in the House of Lords. And as re-

gards our most gracious Sovereign—William IV., Welsh blood circulates in his veins as the result of the marriage of the widow of Henry V. with Owen Tudor of Anglesey, as the bard has sung

"Un o waed â ni ydyw."

i. e., He is one with us in blood.

The propriety of equality.—It is desirable there should be equality in privileges and civil liberty. The sun of liberty has risen high and shone brightly over Great Britain. But the monoglot Welshman observes a partial obscuration of its rays as they reach the confines of Wales. There is a defect in the administration of the law. It is true the law itself is impartial: it lays hold upon all alike. The transgressor, no matter to which country he belongs, or what language he uses, is not excused. But this is a source of grief to every patriotic Welshman that the law is not administered in Welsh among the Welsh inhabitants. Subject as the Welsh people are to the burdens of the law and its pains and penalties, they feel themselves placed outside the circle of equality in the administration of justice. As English is now proper for England, so is Welsh for Wales; that in both countries the proceedings of the courts may be equally intelligible to the suitors, and all the parties concerned. In this very important matter there ought to be equality and fair play.

The laws ought to be administered in Welsh in due deference to the Welsh nation.—Because this is not done the Welsh people feel themselves contemned and somewhat degraded. It is said that the Indians in a state of semi-barbarism, are tried through the medium of their own tongue; whilst the Welsh, who live in Wales, and know only their own language, are judged by strangers, and in a strange language. The morality of the Welsh nation is known to other nations. The nation of the Cymry is highly evangelized, and can boast of patriotic sons, and men distinguished for their scholastic and literary attainments. This is an honour to the nation. But then comes the dishonour. The administration of

the laws is neither permitted nor practised in the language of her people.

The danger that confusion should creep into issues at law by the use of two languages.—It is highly probable that misunderstanding occasionally occurs in courts of law when all speak but one language. How much oftener must this be the case when the judge and the barristers are of one tongue, and the jurymen and the criminal of another? And though an interpreter be employed, he may be but imperfectly versed in one or both of two languages. A deceitful and an envious witness may give false evidence against the transgressor, and the latter not be aware of it through his ignorance of the language. And a Welsh jury, who are always addressed by counsel in English, may thoroughly mistake the meaning of the terms employed—misapprehend the issue—and be led to give an unjust verdict with the best intentions. This ought not to be!

The eloquent speeches of English lawyers not intelligible to the Welsh.—All jurymen are not scholars. And if scholars in one language, seldom such in another. They may all listen alike, but not understand alike. They may understand the evidence given in Welsh, but not the pleadings conducted in English. The fluent speeches of the advocates, full of classical expressions and replete with the technicalities of the law, must needs be above the comprehension of a Welsh jury. How much more the summing up of the learned judge? Whereas if the trials in Wales were conducted in Welsh, both the criminal at the bar and the occupiers of the jury-box would be equally capable of weighing the points at issue, and arriving at a just verdict. The clear light of the law would dispel the mists which now overhang the law-courts of the Principality, and leave no room for doubt or dissatisfaction.

The inconsistency that the judge should be of one tongue and the criminal of another.—That the judge on the bench and the culprit in the dock should look each other in the face, but not understand each other in

speech, appears to the Welshman a very anomalous thing. The culprit receives his sentence from the judge in an unknown tongue. The solemn words intended to touch his conscience and affect his heart fall heavily on his ear, but he remains unmoved because he understands not the language addressed to him. Thus, the opportunity afforded a high official to administer reproof, and offer advice to an ill-disposed and erring fellow-mortal, is rendered nugatory, because the law is not administered in the vernacular language of the Principality.

The administration of the law in Welsh expedient for the instruction of the Welsh people generally.—The enormity of murder, and the evil of theft, may be fully apprehended by every one: but there are other offences against the laws of the land much less apparent, but of a very injurious tendency, and the niceties of the law in regard to them are so intricate and perplexing, as to require the light thrown upon them in the courts of law to render them intelligible. But such channels of information are of little use to the Welsh peasantry. They attend the trials, and go away none the wiser. But if, through ignorance or otherwise, they transgress the laws, they are equally amenable with those who are better informed. Were the proceedings of the Welsh courts carried on through the medium of the Welsh language, a tide of legal knowledge would flow out among the masses, and the young would not fail to share largely in its benefits.

Contempt of the Welsh language.—There are those who loudly proclaim that the Welsh is a language of so much excellence as to be almost without a rival. They designate her as a queen among the languages of the world. But if she is a queen, where is her crown? If she possesses so many beauties, is it not lamentable to notice the contempt thrown upon her? True, she is loved and caressed in the cottages of the poor, and in the neat dwellings of mechanics and artizans: but the doors of our law-courts are two-thirds closed against her; and where she is necessarily admitted, it is only to hold a

subordinate place to a foreign tongue. She is grievously oppressed in her own land. This is a source of unmingled sorrow to the Welshman who loves her music and is charmed with her poetry.

The administration of the law in Welsh would tend to exalt the language.—The chief object of those who are under the influence of mammon is worldly gain. Such as make the law their profession, generally neglect the Welsh language, because it offers them no aid to advancement. If the law were administered in Welsh, the young gentlemen of the Principality would devote themselves to its study, and seek to enjoy its literary treasures. But as matters now stand there is no inducement for them to do so. Every man looks for a livelihood from his profession. And in the law Welsh is of no avail, for all legal proceedings are conducted in English. Promotions in the law can only come through a full and profound knowledge of the English tongue.

The worthiness of the Welsh language.—It must not be inferred that the Welsh language is either defective or unsuitable, because the law is not administered in it in the Principality of Wales. Our language is ancient, copious, and expressive. Foreigners who have made it their study, speak of it in terms of great admiration, and consider it deserving of more extensive cultivation than it has hitherto received in Great Britain.

There is no lack of Welsh scholars.—It might be thought that the Principality contained only a population of fools and simpletons, when English judges periodically enter it for the purpose of holding a court in every county, and trying the criminal and civil causes thereof: as if forsooth no native could be found competent to sit as judge in a court of law. For this systematic slight of the Welsh lawyers there is no reason—no justifiable cause: for the Principality has produced men as learned in the law as those of any other country or nation. The Isle of Anglesey gave birth to Sir William Jones,[1] who,

[1] Sir William Jones is said to have been born in London; but his father, whose name was William, was a native of the Isle of Anglesey. —Ed. Camb. Jour.

as a linguist, mastered some eight-and-twenty languages, including of course his native tongue. He was judge in India, and has always been regarded as one of the most learned the world ever saw. In the county of Merioneth, a youth was seen laying aside the weaver's shuttle in order to prosecute his studies at Oxford, and qualify himself for the bar. He became a member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. He was eventually appointed Chief Justice of Chester, and died in 1823 as Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was well known as Sir Richard Richards—a distinguished Welsh scholar. The Principality is not at the present time without men fully competent to preside as Judges in the Courts of Assize, and administer the law through the medium of the venerable language of the Ancient Britons.

The imperative duty of the Welsh people to seek for an administration of the law in the Welsh language in Wales.—To what purpose are the Essays written on this subject, and the strong language employed at the national congresses of the bards, and at the meetings of learned societies, unless we proceed further? There is little difference between him that is silent at a meeting and the eloquent speaker who resembles Demosthenes in argument and persuasion, unless the echo of his voice shall reach the senate of Great Britain, and the Sovereign on the throne. The loud claim must reach the ears of Welsh senators. It is of no use to complain among ourselves, unless we carry that complaint to high places, and lay it before the law-makers of the realm. Let the Welshmen bestir themselves, and respectfully petition to be placed on an equality with their neighbours the Anglo-Saxons in this respect—that as the laws in England are administered in English; so in Wales they shall be administered in Welsh. Press this claim under the banner of patriotism, humility, love, peace, and loyalty to the throne. And let the Cymreigyddion Society of Liverpool lead the van, says the author,

CYMRO.

"Tra Môr tra Brython."

PHILOLOGY.

An Account of the Hebrew Language, as also of the thirteen Mother-tongues of Europe, viz., Greek, Latin, Dutch or Teutonic, Welsh, Cambrian or Cymracean, Bascuene, Irish, Arabic (in the mountains of Epire), Tartarian, Old Illyrian, Iazygian, Cauchian, Finnic, and their Dialects, by I. C.

(From a MS., dated A.D. 1714.*)*

I.

Of the several Languages of the world, their original and extent.

The discovery of the original of the several mother-tongues of the countries of the world, is one of the best introductions to the finding out its first seats, and the first and most ancient people of this terrestrial globe.

The most general votes of all the Languages of the great continent of Europe, Asia and Africa do give the primacy to the Hebrew; and the roots and principles of most words in this said continent centering there, and (by general agreement) the ancient Language of Paradise. The race of Shem were no partakers in the presumptuous work of the Tower of Babel, and so (as most of the ancient Fathers have conjectured) did they retain the first and most ancient Language, which the Fathers of the first age had left to Noah, and Noah to Shem and his issues. In the family of Heber (saith St. Augustine out of Epiphanius) this Language remained and was used by Abraham, and first called Lingua humana, for though Shem came not himself so far as Shinar (his lot being cast on the east part), yet from Heber, his son's nephew [descendant] the name and nation of the Hebrews took their beginning, who inhabited the south-most parts of Chaldea about the City of Ur, whence Abraham was called by God to Haran, and thence to Canaan.

Not one Language of Europe and Africa, and most countries of Asia, but have manifest footsteps of Hebrew

in the roots. And the independency of this language upon any other that we know of, is no small proof and argument of its being primitive. The Hebrew is probably the first Language of the earth, that of Paradise, in which were published the Tables of the Mosaic Law; to which seems to belong a benediction from her not joining in the building of Babel. She has had great eclipses, holy as she is, and is now degenerated into many dialects, nor is she spoken any thing near purely by any nation upon earth, no more than Greek or Latin. The more spacious dialect of the Hebrew is the Syriac, which began in the Jews' Captivity in Babylon, they mingling with the Chaldeans, in the space of seventy years, the vulgar Jews neglecting their mother-tongue (the Hebrew) began to speak the Chaldee, and yet not having its right accent, and fashioning it to the points, affixes, and conjugations of the Hebrew, so that out of that mixture of Hebrew and Chaldee arose the old Language, viz., Syriac, as it is to this day called, which Syriac also after the time of Christ, by admission of Greek, and Latin, and Arabic, was beginning to be much adulterated.

The Talmud and Targum are in Syriac and all the Rabbins, viz., Jonathan and Onkelos have used this Language.

THE EDITIONS OF THE HEBREW BIBLE.

The Masora is the ancient Jewish Doctors' method to fix the Hebrew Text of the Bible by counting verses, words, and letters, and by marking the middle letter of each Book, and setting down the various readings. It signifies tradition. The Jews think Moses or at least Ezra to be the author of this as well as of the Hebrew Text. Most Protestants are of this opinion, but Lewis Capell, Peter Morin, and Brian Walton are against it. The Buxtorffs, &c., assert the Masora to be parcells composed by the Jewish Doctors for several ages, and to have been collected by those of the Academy of Tiberias; these they say were the authors of the vowels and points of the Hebrew Text. These persons were called Maso-

rites. Towards the beginning of the sixteenth century[1] Daniel Bomberg printed Hebrew Bibles of all sizes, very fine and correct. To his folios he joined the Targum or Chaldee Paraphrase, the great and little Masora with rabbinical notes. The first edition is not so full and firm as the two later. The third is the most perfect. In the 4to., 8vo., and 16mo., there is the Keri and Ketib or various readings exactly marked, and the Haphtoroth or sections of the prophets read in the Synagogue after every section of the Law.

Not long after A.D. 1539, Robert Stephens published two editions of the Hebrew Bible; the one in 4to. incorrect; in it the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Samuel 2 lib., Kings 2 lib., Chronicles 2 lib., and the twelve minor Prophets are the best of the kind. To these are added the Commentaries of David, Rabbi Kimchi; the other Books of the Bible are patched and ill-managed. Stephens' other is in 16mo. the finest of the kind, more exact than the other, yet not free from faults, the verses are undistinguished, nor are the Keri and Ketib marked, only an (°) over the word when it seems there was an evident fault in the text.

Near the same time Christopher Plantin, born at Tours, living at Antwerp, brought the impression to perfection, printing in 4to., 8vo., and 16mo., very fine and correct, marking the Keri and Ketib very exactly and chapter and verse from 5 to 5 too without points. He printed a fine Polyglot Bible, dedicated to Philip II., a master-piece of printing, with other Bibles fol. and 8vo., with Pagninus's Latin Version interlined, which Arias Montanus has filled with barbarisms and solecisms.

In A.D. 1661, Joseph Athias, printer, a Portugese Jew, printed in Amsterdam a Hebrew Bible in 8vo. with chapter and verse marked with Hebrew and Latin characters: the distinction of chapter and verse, paper and character made the Bible famous, which corrected

[1] The first Hebrew Bible printed by Bomberg was issued in 1517. The subsequent editions alluded to above were printed in 1525–26, and 1547–49.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

by John Leusden, Professor of Hebrew at Utrecht, is none of the correctest. Athias's edition is worse than the former, only to this Leusden has added a load of notes and little Latin summaries to little purpose.

Mr. Vander Hooght in A.D. 1705 published a new edition in 8vo., larger sized, finer paper and fairer character than the other of Leusden; in this Leusden had much laboured and the copy is as given to Hooght, it is very exact, yet not free from faults, proceeding from his over nicety about reforming the points, according to grammar-rule, not remembering that grammar was rather made for Languages, and not Languages for grammar.

Hooght has translated the Masora at the end (because they were in the end of Bomberg's and Buxtorff's Bibles otherwise the abbreviations are hard to be understood) of all the books except the Pentateuch, which he has explained in the preface: this translation very much facilitates the understanding of the Masora; and this (it may be) is most the Public is obliged to this author for: He has published a large Treatise of Accents, which he calls Medulla. (Hebrew Grammar.)

Bomberg's edition of the Hebrew Bible seems to be what Stephens, Plantin and Buxtorff have followed.

There is a most rare edition of the Pentateuch published at Lisbon A.D. 1492, with the commentary of Rabbi Solomon: another at Constantinople with the Chaldee paraphrase, the Arabic and Persian Translations: another at the same place with the Vulgar Greek version, and one in Spanish, both in Hebrew characters.

The Jews are not much to be trusted to, in what account they give us of these matters.

Vander Hooght has taken liberty to correct the Hebrew Text which the Jews never durst, yet he has gathered together in good order and with good judgment the abstracts of the Masorets which he had found in several books.

II.

The Mother-tongues of Europe are thirteen in number

(though Scaliger would have them to be but eleven,[2]) viz. —1, Greek; 2, Latin; 3, Dutch or Teutonic; 4, Sclavonian; 5, Welsh or Cambrian or Cymracean; 6, Bascuene; 7, Irish; 8, Arabian[3] in the mountains of Epire; 9, Tartarian; 10, Old Illyrian remaining yet in Liburnia; 11, Iazygian; 12, Chauchian, in the north of Hungary;

[2] Brerewood in his *Enquiries Touching the Diversity of Languages*, specifies fifteen mother-tongues of Europe which he places in a somewhat different order, and as he enters more into detail in his enumeration of their respective localities, we transfer the passage in which it occurs into our pages in its entirety, as follows.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

"It is certainly observed, that there are at this day, fourteen mother-tongues in Europe (besides the Latin) which remain, not only not abolished, but little or nothing altered, or impaired by the Romans. And those are the 1 Irish spoken in Ireland, and a good part of Scotland: the 2 British in Wales, Cornwall, and Bretagne of France: the 3 Cantabrian near the ocean, about the Pyrene hills, both in France and Spain: the 4 Arabic, in the steepy mountains of Granata, named Alpuxarras: the 5 Finnic, in Finland, and Lapland: the 6 Dutch, in Germany, Belgia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden: the 7 old Cauchian, (I take it to be that, for in that part the Cauchi inhabited) in East Frisland, for although to strangers they speak Dutch, yet among themselves they use a peculiar language of their own: the 8 Slavonish, in Polonia, Bohemia, Moscovia, Russia, and many other regions, although with notable difference of dialect, as also the British, and Dutch, in the countries mentioned have: the 9 old Illyrian, in the isle of Veggia, on the East side of Istria in the bay of Liburnia: the 10 Greek, in Greece, and the Islands about it, and part of Macedon, and of Thrace: the 11 old Epirotic in the mountain of Epirus: the 12 Hungarian in the greatest part of that kingdom: 13 Iazygian in the North side of Hungaria betwixt Danubius and Tibiscus, utterly differing from the Hungarian language: And lastly, the 14 Tartarian, of the Precopenses, between the river of Tanais, and Borysthenes, near Mæotis on the Euxine sea, for of the English, Italian, Spanish, and French, as being derivations, or rather degenerations, the first of the Dutch, and the other three of the Latin, seeing I now speak only of original or mother languages, I must be silent: And of all these fourteen it is certain, except the Arabic, which is known to have entered since, and perhaps the Hungarian, about which there is difference among antiquaries, that they were in Europe in the time of the Roman Empire, and six or seven of them within the limits of the Empire."—pp. 21, 22.—Ed. 1635.

[3] Indeed Arabic was spoken all Spain over, several hundred years after the conquest, but that must be called an adventitious tongue to Europe, not maternal.

13, Finnic, in East Friesland (which I put last with good reason), because they [the inhabitants] are the only Heathens of Europe.

(1.) The Cambrian or Welsh Language—the first of the Languages of Britain.

The Cambrian or Cymracean Tongue commonly called Welsh (the Dutch call the Italian the Cambrian or Cymracean too) is doubtless the prime, maternal tongue of this Island, nor could the Roman, Saxon, Danish or Norman conquest ever extinguish her. She still remains in Wales, pure and in the main uncorrupt; and hereof Dr. Rice [Sion Dafydd Rhys] has composed an exact and methodical grammar both for prose and verse, as in any tongue whatsoever. And some of their oldest fathers tell us that the old Gauls and Britons understood one another, and that the Gauls came hither frequently to be instructed by the British Druids, the wisemen and divines of those times, long before the Latin Tongue came on this side the Alps (as Cæsar himself records it).

The British or Welsh has several Dialects.

1. The Cornish.

2. The Armorican of the Inhabitants of Bretagne in France, whither a colony was sent over from this Island in the time of the Romans.

3. There was also another Dialect of the British Language among the Picts, who kept in the north parts of Northumberland, Westmorland, Cumberland, and some parts beyond the Tweed, till the Scottish nation poured in upon them with such numbers as utterly extinguished both them and their Language.

4. Some have called the Irish a Dialect of the British, and certainly a great many of the radical words in it are the same with the Welsh; for the sense, and sound, and tone of these two nations are agreeable enough, only the Irish are more querulous and whining; which (says an ingenious Person) may proceed from their being long subjugated to the English. The Irish Language was brought to Ireland by the Ancient Scots, and yet remaineth in the north-western parts of that Isle.

But it is most wonderful of all that several pure Welsh words are found in the West Indies, as gwrando—hark, nef—heaven, llwynog—fox, pengwyn—a bird with a white head;[4] with many others observed by sailors. Mr. Howell [James Howell] tells us [in one of his Familiar Letters] of a Welsh Epitaph made upon one Madoc, a British Prince being found there, who some years before the discovery of America by Columbus, not agreeing with his brother then Prince of North Wales, went to try his fortune at sea, embarking at Milford-Haven.

This British Language had great affinity with the old Gallic of Gaul, whence the first inhabitants in all probability came into this Island.

The Romans brought Britain into the form of a province about the time of Domitian, and introduced the use of the Latin Language here, according to that notable place of Tacitus, telling us that Julius Agricola, the Roman Governor, preferred the Britons,—"ut, qui modo linguam Romanam abnuebant, eloquentiam concupiscerent; inde etiam habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga." [The consequence was, that they who had always disdained the Roman language, began to cultivate its beauties. The Roman apparel was seen without prejudice, and the toga became a fashionable part of dress.] But the British overgrew the Latin, and continues yet in Wales, and some villages of Cornwall, mingled with some provincial Latin. Though the Romans were here above four hundred years, yet they could not do here, as they did in France, Spain, and other countries, viz., plant their Language as a mark of conquest.

(2.) The Irish Language I shall set down as one of the original and independent tongues of Europe, though some (as I have said) maintain that it is only a branch of the British.

[4] The species of bird which is now designated *penguin* is well known *not* to have a white head. Above thirty specimens thereof in the aviary of the British Museum have been examined by us without discovering one that possessed a head other than that of a dark colour. —Ed. Camb. Jour.

(3.) The Anglo-Saxon Tongue came into this country with the English Saxons from Germany, who performed here three great notes of a full conquest, viz., alteration of laws, language, and attire. They came in under Hengist from Holstein in the Lower Circle of Saxony, where there is a town called Lunden, and another place named Angles, whence probably were derived their new appellations in this Island.

The English as Saxon (by which name the Welsh and Irish call them to this day) are ancient, and their language is so, but in reference to this Isle they are the modernest people upon earth or in Europe, for habit, speech, and name. Their Language is rich, copious, and significant. It is a branch of the ancient Teutonic, as well as the French, High Dutch and German are, and the Flemish, Danish, Swedish, and Prussian and others.

The English-Saxons having subdued the greatest, or most fruitful, or valuable part of Great Britain, gave the name of England to it, and fixed here their native Language with their conquest, which we now call the Anglo-Saxon to distinguish it from the present English, of which there is an excellent Grammar published in A.D. 1711, which has done that justice to it, which till now it never received. It is printed for John Brightland, London.

Till the Normans came here this tongue continued pure, except some few Welsh words which the conquerors admitted, and the Welsh received many Saxon words into their language. William I. called in Monkish Latin, Conquestor, made it his business to introduce French here, which was the Language of Normandy.

The Normans or Northmen while they inhabited part of Norway (whence they originally came) had the same tongue with the Saxons (being neighbours) which was then in use in England, yet after their settlement in Neustria (since called Normandy) they took up that of the Country they conquered, which was a mixture of Roman and Gaulish or French. He [William the Conqueror] caused all his grants, decrees, pleadings, &c., to

be writ and argued in the Neustrian or Gallic tongue; but all his struggle was in vain; for instead of imposing his own tongue on the natives, his people left their own: yet many Gallic words, mostly of Latin extraction, were received by the English, and many English grew obsolete.

We still call animals by names of German origin, while to flesh turned into food, we give Gallic names, as an ox, cow, calf, sheep, hog, boar, deer, &c., but their flesh we call beef, veal, mutton, pork, brawn, venison, &c., because (I suppose) the Norman soldiers had less to do with farms and grazing or feeding beasts (for which reason they preserved their old names), than in the kitchen, feasts, eating, &c., which made the food assume new denominations: and from that time the English admitted of a numerous medley of exotic words: though the English is far from being barren or deficient in names or words, it has copiousness in peculiar elegancies even to luxury. Out of its own store it can express the most sense, and needs no foreign help (as Spencer's Poems make it abundantly evident).

Camden in his Remaines Concerning Britaine has given us several examples of the history of our own tongue, in expressing all the conceptions of the mind (before the Normans' coming) very aptly, which the Anglo-Saxons did in their own speech without borrowing from any other, as they called religion, ean-fastnes; evangelium, Godspel, that is, God's speech; Saviour, Haelend; the disciples of Christ, Leorning Cnightas, that is, Learning Servitors (cnight is now a name of worship, but signified with them an attendant).

Our present Language then in great measure is extracted from the old German, as most others from this Island to the Alps is mixed with the old Anglo-Saxon; and here and there provincial Latin and Norman and French; just so is the French composed of Latin, German and the old Gallic; the Italian of Latin, German, and Gothic; the Spanish of Latin, Gothic, German, and Arabic, Saracen or Morisco.

And in respect of Language the English-Saxons were much more absolute over the Britons in their conquest, than were the Franks in France over the Gauls; or the Goths or Lombards in Italy over the Romans; or the Goth-Vandals and Moors over the ancient Spaniards in Spain. In all these nations much of the provincial Latin still remains, but the Anglo-Saxons wholly altered the language of this Island, from the Orcades to the Isle of Wight, except a few barren corners in the western parts, whither the relics of the Britons and Scots retired.

In the East and South of Scotland (called Lowland) men speak English, only varied in dialect.

The old Scottish which is the very Irish, is spoken only by them of the West (called Highlanders) who call the others (as the Welsh call us) Sassons, both in respect of Language and original, for the Lowlanders were part of the ancient kingdom of the Northumbrians, whereas the Highlanders and Islanders were the ancient Picts, those most ancient Britons, who fearing the Roman yoke, fled into the mountainous parts of the country, and mingled with the Scots or Scythians or Goths who came over from Ireland.

Joseph Scaliger has observed fader, moder, broder, band,[5] &c., in the Persian tongue in the very sense we now have them, and in the Epistles of that learned ambassador Busbequius we find that the inhabitants of Taurica Chersonesus have these words, wine, silver, coin, salt, flesh, son, apple, waggon, finger, island, beard, &c., in the very same sense they are now used by us, whence may be well gathered that the Saxons placed colonies so far east as well as in Britain.

The Dialects are two, viz., the ancient Anglo-Saxon and the mixed, from the coming hither of the Danes and Normans and many others for purposes of commerce especially in the revival of learning in the time of Henry VIII.

[5] In Richardson's *Persian and Arabic Dictionary* these terms are given as follows:—Pader, father; mader, mother; buraudur, brother; bund, band.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

Strange words have been enfranchised, old words fined and softened, and new words of artificial composition implanted among us, and at present it is no partiality for us to assert our English tongue to be as fluent as the Latin, as courteous as the Spanish, as courtly as the French, and as amorous as the Italian ; I dare not say so sacred as the Hebrew or so learned as the Greek.

A very great number of our English words are most plainly derived from the Greek ; and the Greek without question from the Phœnician, and the latter from the Hebrew. (See Camden's Remaines concerning Britaine).

If a collection were to be made of all the words in the English tongue which are clearly come to us from the Greek, they would be found to number many hundreds. But how so many came to us it is hard to account, though indeed the whole Latin Language comes from the Greek, and Gataker gives an instance in the first ten verses of Virgil with the alteration of no more letters, than may be allowed in any derivation. If the root be the same, every nation will fit it with a new termination according to their own custom and manner; nay, though the words differ in every letter from the root, yet if we can trace it in all its changes, we must allow the derivation to be good. So from EX comes stranger, for with a termination EX becomes extra, whose adjective is extraneous, from whence infallibly comes stranger. Even in Greek just the same change occurs, whilst the derivatives keep in the same Language with the primitives. The Greek words in the Latin tongue may be accounted for from the nearness of Italy to Greece, and from the many colonies the latter country sent thither, and the many cities which they there built.

We have among us three sorts of Greek words, viz., (1.) Such terms of art as we have lately adopted. (2.) Such as make the stamina of our tongue. (3.) And such as we have had immediately from the Latin, though of Greek original.

But there is the greatest doubt concerning words of the second sort, which are nevertheless most numerous,

yet, if we examine the subject carefully we shall find reason to conclude that our ancestors, whoever they were, might have retained or adopted at the general division of the nations, some of those words that the ancestors of the Greeks used; and then again they might have conversed with, or in common have received colonies from some third nation, which I will suppose to have been the Carthaginians.

I have already shown what Language is spoken, though mixed, in England, the east and south parts of Scotland, and in Ireland for the most part.

The Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandian, and German are also branches of the Teutonic. This was the Language of the Goths and Vandals, and it is yet spoken in the greatest part of Poland and Hungary: a dialect of the Teutonic is their Vulgar tongue: and as many dialects and subdialects as there are of the Language —the prime and most spacious maternal Language of Europe—yet she remains strong, sincerely pure and uncorrupt in her first centre (I except her Hebrew original) towards the heart of Germany. Some of her writers have esteemed her very near akin to the Language of Paradise, from many of the proper names in the five Books of Moses. She also fetches many of her names and words from Persia. I have shown already many radical words in the Persian of the same use with her, as fader, moder, bruder, star, &c. Mercier in his Annotations upon Pagnin shews that the word "shake" is the same in all Languages, especially in ours, and amen, cypher, cinnamon, and several others.

(4.) The Sclavonian Language.

The Sclavonian Language is the vulgar tongue of Bohemia, Silesia, Poland, and those vast countries north east, as Russia and Muscovia.

The proper Sclavonia is Dalmatia and Liburnia, besides these, the Sclavonian is the Vernacular of the Macedonians, Epirotes, Bosnians and Servians, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Russians, Padolians, and of all the eastern parts of Europe, except Hungary and Wallachia,

as far as Constantinople. It is frequently spoken in the Seraglio, among the Janissaries, and across the Hellespont. Several nations of Asia use her vulgarly, viz., the Mengrillians, Circassians, and Gazarites. But further than the north parts of forty degrees she does not extend.

Those nations that celebrate divine service after the order of the Greek Manual, and are subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople, as the Russians, Muscovites, Moldavians, Bosnians, and Servians, with several east and north east people who speak the Sclavonic, write it in different characters from that of the Dalmatians, Croatians, Istryans, Polonians, Bohemians, Silesians, and other nations toward the west. These last have the Illyrian character attributed to St. Jerome; the others that of Cyrill's devising, called the Servian character. But though above sixty several nations use this vastly extended Language for their vulgar speech, yet the pure primitive Sclavonic tongue is spoken only in Dalmatia, Croatia, and Liburnia, and the adjacent countries where the ancient Sclavonians yet dwell. And they must needs be very ancient if that character of Alex. Mag. in the Church at Prague be genuine, as it is generally believed to be. It runs thus,—"We Alexander the Great, of Philip, Founder of the Grecian Empire, Conqueror of the Persians, Medes, &c., and of the whole world from east to west, from north to south, Son of the great Jupiter by &c., so called; to you the noble stock of the Sclavonians, so called, and so your Language, you have been to us a help, true in faith and valiant in war, we confirm all that tract of earth from north to south of Italy from us and our Successors to you and your posterity for ever: and if there be any other nation found there, let them be your slaves. Dated at Alexandria the 12 of the Goddess Minerva. Witness Ethra and the Princes whom we appoint our Successors."

(5.) The Greek Language.

The Greek is the most learned Language of Europe, and is most wonderfully plentiful in books of most valuable knowledge of all sorts; the fountain of the

letters and literature of the Western World; and vastly extended, partly by the conquests of Alex. Mag. and the Captains, his Successors, partly by its being the repository of the sciences and speculative learning and civilization, and partly by the natural inclinations of the Greek nation to commerce, in which they exceeded all people except the Phœnicians and Armenians. And though we find the Language mostly wasting in the maritime parts, it was native and maternal to the country peculiarly called Hellas: thence in time it reached Epirus, Macedonia, the Isles of the Ægean Sea betwixt Europe and Asia, the Clycades Islands from the Negropont to Crete, the Hellespont, Anatolia with multitudes of Colonies passed from Greece, yet did it never so master the native Languages in Anatolia, as to become the vulgar speech. Strabo says of that country, that it had sixteen several nations inhabiting it, and probably the twenty two Languages which Mithridates, King of Pontus spoke, were within its circumference, for his dominions extended very little further.

This Language prevailed upon the sea-coast of Thrace, Constantinople or Byzantium, the Gates of the Danube, and Taurica Chersonesus, even quite to the river Phasis, and thence to Trebizond and the whole Euxine Coast; that was her course from east to west. She lived in Crete, Cyprus, Sicily and crossed the Faro of Messina; she got also along the coast of the Tyrrhene Sea to Calabria, and stayed a great while in Apulia.

There were populous Colonies of Grecians in Marseilles in France, along the sea-coast of Savoy, in Cyrene in Africa, and in Alexandria in Egypt. But both her purity is most pitifully degenerated, and her amplitude and extent extremely decayed. France and Italy have no trace of that tongue, unless we will say the native Latins had most of their words from that source, at least all their scientific expressions. The Sclavonic has banished her from Epire and Macedonia; the Turkish has ousted her in most parts of Anatolia, and the Arabian has extinguished her in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and

many other places. This Language, I say, the prime and principal that ever was for knowledge, and copiousness, and commerce is well nigh dead, yes, and the very nation too of the Greeks is almost mouldered away and become extinct.

In some places in Heraclea, in Anatolia, and in Peloponnesus, we are told of some towns called the Lacones which yet retain and vulgarly speak the old Greek, but without its primitive suavity and excellency; otherwise we can be informed of no people that speak vulgarly either the Attic, the Doric, the Æolic, or the Bucolic ancient Greek.

(6.) The Latin Language.

The Latin was forestalled in the oriental parts by the Greek being highly esteemed for learning and aptness to traffic. There the Latin was never otherwise spoken than the Spanish or Castilian now in Flanders, or Sicily, or Sardinia, or Naples, and the two Indies, or in the other provinces of the kingdom of Spain; though all orders, edicts, letters, and laws, civil and military, were published and executed in Latin. She was the native Language of Latium, now Campagna di Roma, in Italy, but hardly of any other country. The Latin Language grew with the Roman Empire, which from the territories of a day's journey came to be above three thousand miles in length, from the Rhine, or rather from Britain to the Euphrates, and some time to the Tigris, and yet it was never the vulgar speech of any people but that of the inhabitants of Latium. Britain was four hundred and sixty years together a Roman province, yet could the Latin Language never have so far the vogue, as to abolish the ancient British. But the Latin made deep impressions in France and Spain from the greater number of Colonies therein established. There were but four Colonies of Romans in Britain, whereas there were twenty six in France and twenty nine in Spain, and in these two kingdoms had the Latin the greatest entertainment out of Italy. In Africa there were fifty seven Roman Colonies dispersed, yet never did the Latin take

much root there, nor can we suppose the common soldiers to have spoken in that congruity with the judges, magistrates and chief commanders. Nay, even in Rome and Latium itself the Latin received changes and corruptions, nor was she at first born a perfect Language. Time, which refines and finishes all things, gave her nutriment and degrees of perfection.

The verses of the Salii composed by Numa Pompilius were scarcely intelligible to the Flamines themselves in the wane of the Commonwealth, nor were the Laws of the Decemviri. And if the Latin in which was written the capitulation of peace betwixt Rome and Carthage at the close of the first Punic war which is said to be yet extant on a pillar at Rome, was compared with that which was spoken in Cæsar's time about 200 years after, when the tongue was in her meridian state, it would be found well nigh as different as the Spanish from the Latin. After the time of Cæsar and Cicero the Language held a tolerable state of purity, for three or four hundred years, till the Goths under Alaric rushed into Italy; then the Huns under Attila; then the Vandals under Genseric, and the Heruli under Odoacer who was proclaimed King of Italy. But the Goths some time after ousted the Heruli, and Theodoric who was by the Emperor Zeno invested king of Italy and his successor, reigned peaceably there upwards of sixty years, so that the Language could not fail to be adulterated by these strangers, as well as by the vast confluence of foreigners from far and near, from the colonised provinces to Rome, and the infinite number of slaves surpassing that of true citizens, which might much impair its purity.

The Italian Language is a daughter of the Latin which has ceased to be vulgarly spoken for above eleven hundred years, and is now alive only in Books and Schools; before it was spread in Italy, Greek was the Language of Calabria and Apulia, and there to this day some relics of it are to be found.

Latium and all the territories about Rome, had Latin for their vernacular and maternal tongue; Tuscany had the

Hetruscan, and Liguria had the Messapian, of which some records are yet extant, but unintelligible: the Oscar, the Sabine, and the Tusculan are esteemed dialects to these.

But the Latin tongue with the coincidence of the Gothic and other northern people, who like waves tumbled of one another, utterly abolished in Italy all other mother-languages as ancient as herself: and the Italian became the universal vulgar tongue of Italy: and many Gothic words are fully irremoveable in the Italian.

The Italian is the smoothest and the softest Language in the world, in which there are no words except a few monosyllables, conjunctions and prepositions, that end in a consonant; for the compass thereof it abounds in subdialects more than any other; the Roman, Tuscan, Venetian, Milan, Neapolitan, Calabrian, and Genovais, Piedmontois, Corsican and Sicilian are its subdialects; the diversity of government seems to occasion so great a number.

(7.) The Basque or Cantabrian Language.

The Basque or Cantabrian is the original Language of Spain, which tongue and territory neither Roman, Goth nor Moor could ever utterly conquer; as the remnant of the old Britons here, so are the Bescainers esteemed the ancientest and unquestionablest Gentry of Spain, insomuch that when any of them are to be favoured with knighthood, a scrutiny whether they be clear of the blood of the Moors is needless, who had been incorporated with the rest of the Spaniards for above seven hundred years; as the Arcadians and Attics in Greece for their immemorial antiquity called themselves, the former προσέληνοι, before the moon, and the latter αὐτόχθονες, born of the earth, so the Bescainers are like Rodomontades.

The Spanish or Castilian is a mixture of Basque, Latin, Gothic and Moorish.

The Portugese is its most considerable dialect, for the Catalonian and Valentian are dialects of the French, Gasconois, or Aquitaine; the town of Toledo speaks the

purest Castilian, and is the arbitress in any controversy about the interpretation of a Castilian word.

It is an infallible rule to find out the mother vernacular tongue of any country to go amongst the most barren and mountainous places, which are posts of security and fastness; as the Bescainers in Spain, the Welsh in Britain, and the mountaineers in Epirus, who yet retain their ancient unmixed mother-tongues, though extinguished all over the countries besides.

The genuine ancient Gallic tongue which was spoken by the true Gauls who inhabited Gallia Celtica, some will have to be the German, and some the Greek, but it is most probable that it was the old British. Cæsar and Tacitus tell us that the old Britons and Celtæ understood each other, and it is not improbable that the two countries were originally joined together, as Sicily to Calabria, and Denmark to Germany, by an isthmus between Dover and Boulogne; the rocks on both shores are alike both in quality and colour.

The Picardois and they of Jersey and Guernsey, once appendages to the Dutchy of Normandy, the provincial of Gascony, the speech of Languedoc or Langue de Got are dialects of French or Gallic as now spoken, mixed with Gallic and British, and Latin and Gothic; for the Saracens and Goths by their long stay in Aquitaine much corrupted the Language there.

The Language of Bretagne is a dialect of the Welsh, and that of Beaux is a dialect of the Basque; the Walloon and Ligois is also a dialect of the French, which in their own country they call Romand, and the Latin was much regenerated in the Romand, before she much prevailed in France or Spain.

Besides the aforesaid subdialects of the Italian, Spanish and French, a speech called Franco greatly prevailed in Greece and Turkey and is the greatest Language of commerce and negotiation in the Levant; it seems to be corrupted of the three daughters of the Latin, viz., the Italian, Spanish, and French.

(8.) The Arabic Language.

The Arabic is the Language of the three Arabia's, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palèstine, Egypt, even to the Straits of Gibraltar through that vast tract of land between Montes Atlantis and the Mediterranean, being now called Barbary, where Christianity and the Latin tongue with several most famous Bishops once flourished.

The north part of the Turkish Empire use her also, and Little Tartary, and wherever the Mahometan religion is professed she is either spoken or taught.

(9.) The Tartarian Language.

The Tartarian is the Language of the Cosacks and Tartars who dwell between the river Don and the Dnieper near the Sea of Azoph and the Black Sea.

(10.) The Old Illyrian Language.

The Old Illyrian is spoken in the Island of Vegia near the coast of Dalmatia in the bay of Liburnia.

(11.) The Iazygian Language.

The Iazygian is the Language of a portion of the north part of Hungary between the Danube and the Teisse. It is entirely different to the Hungarian tongue.

(12.) The Cauchian Language.

The Cauchian is the vernacular speech of the Cayci or Chauci who inhabit East Friesland. It is also reported to be spoken in some part of the north of Hungary.

(13.) The Finnic Language.

The Finnic is the Language of Finland, Lapland, and of the north of Sweden, and the Hungarian proper is supposed by some to be a branch of it.

Here ends my account of the thirteen prime or mother-tongues of Europe.

AB ITHEL.

In 1855 Ab Ithel began to rebuild the Church of Llanymowddwy which had fallen into a ruinous state. He had with much zeal collected subscriptions for the work, but these proved insufficient, chiefly because a new foundation for the north wall was necessary, and thus the edifice could only be rudely finished. Ab Ithel belonged to that misrepresented party who maintain that the comeliness and completeness of God's house should equal all that the art and wealth of man can produce; and he had a strong local attachment to this holy memorial of the good Tydecho. It was a frequent saying of his that if ever he became rich, it would be the great pride of his heart to make that little mountain church as perfect a gem as could be anywhere found. While the old building was being pulled down, he performed amid the ruins, the marriage ceremony for several couples who preferred that their pastor should do so thus rather than that they should betake themselves to a strange clergyman and a distant church. The scene is described by eye-witnesses as being very striking—the Welsh dresses of the wedding parties, the white vestment of the minister, the summer sky for a roof, the stedfast hills for walls.

In various places in his writings, Ab Ithel has defended the ancient Britons from the hard imputation cast on their marriage morals by Cæsar and others; but nowhere better than in a paper contributed to *The Churchman* so far back as 1838. As the Triads and historical particulars here given may be new to the general reader, and as the paper itself is little known as Ab Ithel's, we reproduce it *in extenso*.

"BRITISH MARRIAGES.

"Incompetent historians have grossly misrepresented the ancient Britons on the subject of marriage. They charge them with living in promiscuous concubinage, like savages of the worst description. Such falsehood has been ably and fully con-

futed by a modern writer,[1] who, in defence of his position, has quoted from the genuine productions of the British Moralists themselves. Indeed he has rescued from misrepresentation the whole doctrine of Druidism, and by incontestable proofs identified it with the patriarchal religion of Noah. We shall here present to the readers of *The Churchman* the Triads selected from the laws of DYVNWAL MOELMUD, who lived four hundred years before the Christian era, to prove that marriage was held sacred among the ancient Britons.

"1. 'There are three causes of welcome progression: co-proximation, *alliance by marriage*, and defence.

"2. 'There are three happy progressions: bards announcing peace, a meeting in harvest time, and *a marriage*.

"3. 'There are three progressions for mutual support: the chief of the tribe, *a married person*, and he that is employed by the country and district.—*Triads of Progressions.*

"4. 'There are three kinds of *private* property belonging to every man, whether he be a foreigner or a Kimbrian (Briton): *a wife, children*, and moveable property.

"5. 'There are three kinds of *private* property belonging to every man, *which must not be shared with another;* nor be given in payment for a fine: *a wife, children*, and paraphernalia. The paraphernalia denote clothes, arms, and the implements of the privileged arts; for without these a man is deprived of his just station in society, and it is not right for the law to unman a citizen, or to prevent him from practising the arts.

"6. 'There are three persons whom every Kimbrian, being a landed proprietor, must keep and support: *a married wife*, an armed man if he do not bear arms himself, and a family tutor.

"7. 'There are three legal injuries to a man: to murder him, *to have illicit intercourse with his wife*, and to violate the protection he may have given.

"8. 'There are three removals which have no return: first, a woman *by marriage, for she quits the privilege of her family, and obtains that of her husband according to the* authority and will of the law. *She can no more assume the privilege of her family, neither will the law knowingly revoke what it has once determined.*

"9. 'There are three primary indispensables of a voter: that he be a free-born Briton without defect *in pedigree* and without meanness in dignity; that he be an efficient man, and that he be the head of a family, *having a wife* and *children by marriage*. Without these a man will not be recognised in law as the head of a family; and *with these* he will not decide against privilege and justice, but will vote conscientiously *on their account.*

[1] Rev. D. James, Almondbury, in his "Patriarchal Religion of Britain."

"10. 'There are three kinds of vassals who do not obtain the dignity and privilege of the free-born Briton, until the ninth in descent. The first is an *illegitimate child* that is legally denied by his father; or in another manner according to law, because he was not born in *honourable and organized wedlock;* or in another manner still, because *he was begotten in opposition to the law and the privilege of the country and the tribe.*

"11. 'There are three reasons for vassalage, as it respects *disorderly persons,* who are neither recognized by the law nor by the citizens. First, to prevent treachery by strangers and their confederates. Second, to prevent foreigners from obtaining the land of free-born Britons. And third, *to prevent celibacy by getting children promiscuously and illegally, through direct commerce with abandoned women.*'

"Such was the sacred light in which our British ancestors viewed the marriage-tie under Druidical sway. After their transition into Christianity, they still retained the same scriptural views, sanctified by the holier influence of the Gospel. They extended the privilege to the Clergy as well as the laity, in accordance with divine declaration, 'Marriage is honourable in *all.*' A remarkable proof of this may be had in the 'Genealogy of the British Saints,' a very ancient and valuable document. As the saints recorded therein were for the most part in holy orders, their hereditary canonization evidently implies marriage. We find also from a decree passed in a Synod, held by St. Patrick, Auxilius, and Iserninus, that the Irish Church allowed the Clergy to marry. In this council, held A.D. 432, it was resolved that 'priests' wives should be veiled.' St. Bernard says, that one family enjoyed the Archbishopric of Armagh for fifteen generations. In the year 961, an attempt was made by the Pope to impose on the Welsh Clergy a life of celibacy, which however was strenuously and effectually resisted. It seems that a similar trial was made in the reign of Henry II., for we learn that a Welsh priest of the name of Madog Hen Gwyllt wrote some Latin verses against the Pope on the occasion, in which he implies that he 'sinned criminally in wishing to put asunder what God had joined together,' that he was a 'thief,' a 'hypocrite,' had 'decreed wickedly,' and had 'taught contrary to the Scriptures.' He tells him further, that all such Clergy as coincided with his opinion, were 'transgressors of the law,' acting contrary to the example of 'Zacharias,' and the precepts of 'St. Paul,' and that whoever maintained 'this new error' was 'deserving of perdition.'[2] A bold defiance!

[2] See "The Church of England Independent of the Church of Rome in all Ages," p. 54. Painter, 342, Strand.

"Injunctions to the same effect seem to have been equally disregarded by the majority of the English Clergy, who urged in their own vindication, that Moses, and others among the most eminent of God's servants, were married men.[3]

"The ring formed a part of the matrimonial rite. Taliesin, in the sixth century, speaks of a 'Ringed Virgin.' If the etymology of Modrwy *(a ring)* be ammod aerwy *(the yoke of contract)*, the above expression would imply that the ring was given to the betrothed some time before the actual celebration of the marriage. This would be in accordance with the Catholic custom of those days. If, however, the word be composed of Bawd *(a thumb)* and aerwy *(a yoke)*, it would only mean that the ring was originally worn on the thumb. Or perhaps there is in it a reference to a practice which we know prevailed in some of the English Churches prior to the Reformation; this was, the man, at the time of marriage, placed a ring on the woman's *thumb*, saying, *in the name of the Father;* then on the second finger, saying, *and the Son;* then on the third finger, saying, *and the Holy Ghost;* then on the fourth finger, saying, *Amen.*"[4]

On the 2nd August, 1855, a minor Eisteddvod was held at Dinas Mowddwy, and Ab Ithel took a prominent part in it, though strictly speaking, not at that time a member of the bardic fraternity. He won here—so varied were his talents—the *cae bedw*, or birchen wreath, for the best love-lyric or poem to a lady (rhiangerdd), a prize first revived in modern times at this Eisteddvod, but formerly always competed for, the last instance being five hundred years ago, when Davydd ab Gwilym, the Welsh Petrarch or Moore, was victorious. Ab Ithel's heroine was the unfortunate and beautiful Lleucu Llwyd, *Anglice* Lucy Lloyd, of Pennal, Merioneth, A.D. 1390.[5] To show the popular interest in this Eisteddvod which

[3] Soame's Anglo-Saxon Church, p. 276.

[4] Origines Liturgicæ, vol. ii. p. 213.

[5] "She was beloved by Llywelyn Gôch ab Meurig Hên of Nannau, but against the wishes of her friends. When her lover had gone on a journey to South Wales, she was told by her father, as a means of weaning her affections from him, that he was married to another woman, upon hearing which, she fell down and immediately expired. Her lover, on his return home, composed a pathetic elegy on her, the original of which is preserved in manuscript, and a translation of it is printed in Jones's *Bardic Museum*."—Williams' *Biographical Dictionary*.

was appointed at short notice and under many disadvantages, we may mention that no fewer than 240 compositions were sent in for adjudication.[6] But the finest type of this truly national institution, at least as regards a modern revival, was the great Eisteddvod held three years afterwards at Llangollen, of which Ab Ithel was the chief promoter and manager, and which by its character and results has made important what was before disregarded, and permanent what was before irregular. Of this meeting we shall speak in due order.

In the same year, 1855, it again became necessary for Ab Ithel's health, to seek a change of residence, and this time the warmer climate of Lancashire was recommended. The rebuilding of his church also gave him a good opportunity of absence. He accordingly chose Middleton, near Manchester. Here he resided until 1857, without any clerical duty, and leading a studious life agreeably varied by friendly intercourse with several Welsh clergymen settled in England; his most frequent visitors being the Rev. R. W. Morgan, and the late Rev. Joseph Hughes, better known in Wales as Carn Ingli. We cannot pass over the name of the latter gentleman without paying this tribute to his memory: he was a Christian and a scholar; a man of singularly kind heart, gentle manners, and honest purposes; warmly attached to Wales, and never backward in supporting her national interests with voice, purse, and pen; yet as the pastor of an English parish, distinguished for charity, integrity, and zeal. He was a true Cymro, and what is better, a good man.[7]

Ab Ithel often took the Sunday duty at Thornham, near Middleton, to relieve a brother clergyman who suffered from ill-health in a greater degree than himself. These ministrations were a delight to him. He occa-

[6] For an account of the Dinas Eisteddvod, and the history of the Rhiangerdd, see *Cambrian Journal*, 1855, pp. 248 and 269.

[7] He died at Meltham, near Huddersfield, of which place he had for several years been the incumbent, the 8th November, 1863, aged 61, leaving a widow and one child, a daughter.

sionally visited Wales, both to look at his own parish, and to fulfil his office of Inspector of Schools. On the first occasion of his going to Llanymowddwy, he entered the valley by crossing the hills, and when he reached the top of Moel Vryn, he heard a bell ringing merrily, and found it to be the church-bell that had just been hung in its place. He has often alluded to the exquisite sensations of that moment when fresh from the plains of Lancashire, standing on the hill-top, he inhaled the pure breeze and listened to the bell which betokened his restored church, and spoke of holy worship and Sabbath peace.

In 1856, he graduated as a Bard of the Island of Britain, at a Congress of Bards held at Pont y Prydd, the Archdruid Myfyr Morganwg presiding. The report of this congress, as given in the *Cambrian Journal*, (vol. for 1856, page 201,) is exceedingly curious and quaint. The preamble runs as follows:—

"On the day of Alban Hevin last, (Summer Solstice, June 21st,) the period when the sun opens the gates of light to their furthest extremity, *as usual*, a Congress of the Bards of the Isle of Britain was held on the Maen Chwyf, or the Cradle of Ceridwen, in the Vale of Taff, in the chiefdom of Glamorgan and Gwent, under the presidency of the Archdruid Myfyr Morganwg, having with them their symbolical regalia which denote the profound knowledge contained in the mysteries (cyfrinion) of ancient and pure bardism."

It is evident that Ab Ithel had the benefit of admission to the bardic hierarchy under conditions absolutely archaic, and surrounded by mysteries more than Eleusinian!

In 1856, Ab Ithel produced for the Welsh MSS. Society, with English translations and notes, an edition of the Ancient Welsh Grammar of Edeyrn Davod Aur, or Edeyrn the Golden-Tongued, compiled in the thirteenth century; together with the Rules of Welsh Poetry compiled by Davydd Ddu Athraw, in the fourteenth century. The volume is inscribed to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in terms justly appreciative of his remarkable proficiency in the history, language, and literature of

the Cymry. The preface repeats the very curious bardic account of the origin and development of the old letters, from the /I\, the A Wen (awen) or Blessed A, which represents the form or figure of the Name of God melodiously uttered by Him at the creation of the world, being the rays of the rising sun at the equinoxes and the solstices, converging into a focus—"the eye of light."[8]

A grammar forming the basis of Dosparth Edeyrn Davod Aur, is said to have been compiled by Geraint Vardd Glas, Geraint the Blue Bard, in the tenth century. A MS. of that grammar was preserved at Raglan Castle, but no copy is now known to exist. Edeyrn compiled his grammar about the year 1270, by command of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, and Rhys Vychan and Morgan Vychan, princes of South Wales. It obtained the sanction of the courts of the lords, and the jury of the country, the *rhaith gwlad.* It was designed by Edeyrn to be a perpetual standard and code of doctrine of the letters, parts of speech, and metres of vocal song—"for as it is here laid down does Edeyrn declare it to the heart that loves, the reason that considers, the tongue that expresses, the memory that retains, and the nation that supports it."—*(Introduction.)*

The original text of this excellent work is given in Ab Ithel's edition, followed by a translation, which is divided into the main heads of Orthography, Parts of Speech, Syntax, and Prosody. Ab Ithel's own copious notes are interspersed with the translated text in a lesser type, and so arranged as to constitute Edeyrn a complete modern grammar of the Welsh. The editor has made large and discreet use of precedent grammatical writings, especially of those of Prof. Zeuss and Mr. T. Rowland; due acknowledgment being rendered in the preface to all these sources.

It is unquestionable that the Britons had the use of letters, not only before the Saxon era but before the

[8] This figure is always exhibited in the arrangement of the stones of the Gorsedd. The whole subject is fully treated in *Barddas,* and in the papers on Druidism by Ab Ithel.

Roman also. It has been supposed that these were Pelasgian: Cæsar expressly says *Græcis utuntur literis.* But what is known of the letters of the Druids and Bards as to form, number and powers? What evidence survives? Is the Bardic Alphabet as it is now presented, a fair reproduction of the ancient letters?

In Orthography, the reader will find nothing in Edeyrn, or in Davydd Ddu Athraw, respecting the old Alphabet. The Golden-Tongued mentions twenty-four letters as the number current at his epoch; and Davydd a century later has about the same. All the added details of the origin of letters and the formation of the alphabet, are taken from the *Iolo MSS.*—documents which despite the authority of Llywelyn Sion can hardly be considered sufficiently authentic and conclusive on this subject. The monkish and monumental alphabets figured by Ab Ithel, as collected from undoubted remains, are evidently debased forms of Roman letters; and the Alphabet of Nemnivus, in the Bodleian MSS. of the ninth century, is, as far as we perceive, a set of complex letters of a Runic type, still more fanciful than the Bardic Alphabet, and essentially *unlike it*, though Zeuss seems not to think so. This dissimilarity hardly supports the antiquity of the Bardic Alphabet, if it be true that Nemnivus wrote *his* in answer to a Saxon scholar who asserted that the Britons had no letters. But we are equally inclined to doubt the genuineness of the characters of Nemnivus as regards their assigned date. The Irish character is sufficiently exhibited in the oldest records of Erin, but nowhere do we find a character like the bardic on inscribed stones or in any ancient MSS. or transcripts. There is so far as we know only one trace extant of the *Coelbren y Beirdd.* It is the letters M. C. L. in bardic, found in an old house called *The Court*, upon an oak bedstead of Tudor character, in a room which had been closed for a period of time exceeding the memory of man.[9] These letters have been supposed to

[9] See *Cambrian Journal*, 1855, pp. 32 and 82. The Editor remarks, "In the face of this discovery we sincerely trust that the

refer to the date 1150, but as that seems inconsistent with the apparent age of the bedstead, it is more probable that they express the initials of a name, and thus *might* be an example of the alleged return of the Cymry to the use of the Coelbren in consequence of a prohibition by Henry V. of schools, books, and the materials of books to the Cymry; although under the Tudor dynasty no such prohibition survived. The whole value of the symbols turns upon the date at which they were inscribed, and the evidence on that point is too slight to support any theory.

Whence comes the Bardic Alphabet, and by whom was it first presented in its complete form of forty-four characters? What warrant is there for asserting that it was the alphabet of the Middle Age in Wales, to say nothing of pre-Saxon times? Why are the grammarians before Owen Pughe silent about it? How we should rejoice over the discovery of a veritable inscribed *peithynen*[1] duly dated and signed with the *ai cant* of the author! Could such a relic be fished up from Llyn Geirionydd, or unearthed from the foundations of Castell Harlech, what torque from the battle-field, or urn from the carnedd, could equal it in value!

But we fail to find any satisfactory answer to our questions in the statement of Iolo Morganwg.[2] The able

ghost of old Iolo will in future be allowed to rest in peace." But if these three letters be all, "Alas, poor ghost!"

[1] A wooden book consisting of a series of square bars turning freely in framework so as to present surfaces on which the angular letters might be conveniently cut.

[2] We do not forget the able essay of Taliesin Williams in favour of the Coelbren, which shows, first, the certainty that the bards of the fourteenth, and yet more of the fifteenth centuries, employed wooden billets to a limited extent and for special reasons; and next, the strong probability that they adopted *some* peculiar characters for those billets. But the Iolo alphabet *in formâ ipsâ* is not thereby proved, nor is any sufficient explanation given of the silence of grammarians both before and after the centuries named, in regard to a particular alphabet. Does not this, coupled with the absence of all reliquary evidence on wood or on paper, leave the question at least doubtful whether the alphabet now before us was the national alphabet of *any* age?

palœographist Mr. J. O. Westwood, after intimating that he cannot accept the explanation of Taliesin Williams as to the origin of the bardic alphabet, remarks that many of the peculiar letters of the British are the cursive Roman hand slightly modified, and that most of them almost identical with their British figure occur in the papyri of Ravenna.[3] Perhaps, however, Mr. Westwood here refers to the monumental rather than to the bardic letters, which he had not seen when the *Palœographia Sacra* was published, in which he examines the question.

The high rank of the Cymraeg as a language is well seen in the chapters of Orthography and Syntax in the Grammar of the Cymric Chrysostom. The independence and force of its primitives, the copiousness and explicability of its derivatives, the structure and accentuation of its syllables, its genders and degrees of comparison, the number of its pronouns and refinement of its verbs, its far extended system of numerals, its inflections and initial mutations designed equally for ease and strength of expression; all demonstrate both a very ancient origin and a very careful cultivation.

The section Prosody is a wonderful exposition of the laws and practice of Welsh verse, than which as regards the old metres none could be more elaborately artificial. Most of the quaintly compounded terms that move our laughter and admiration occur in this section; and we must praise the ingenuity with which the translator has found a classical or an English equivalent for the sesquipedalian voluminousness of the original expression. Let any one dare to question the rich resources of this ancient versification, and Edeyrn shall answer him, as he may choose, in the perfluent, odynic, autometric, or auroric stichopolyrhythms of Taliesin's metre; or overwhelm him with catenated chytisagogic systiches of a later date. What system of Greek or Latin verse could produce such a rule as the following, which is by no means the most difficult we could select:—

"The brachyosiridic consists of thirty-two syllables; that is

[3] Letter to Ab Ithel, 14th October, 1845.

to say, of two verses of sixteen syllables each, there being a recurrent word in each on the twelfth syllable, answering to the eighth. It harmonises doubly every four and eight syllables. The whole stanza has three rhymes besides the four recurrent rhymes, that is to say, the first rhyme terminates on the sixteenth syllable, the second on the twentieth syllable, and the third rhyme concludes the stanza. And be it known that the four recurrencies are homœorythm; as,

Gwennvun gwynvawr geinvwyn gynv*yl*
Gariad gwer*yl* giried gor*au*,
Gwirvodd gyrv*au* gorvydd gweurv*yl*
Goruc er*yl* gwiw ragor*au*."

The *consonancies* of the bards rejoice in the classification of cruciform, contrasted, hollow-jawed, dragging, and lost-headed consonancies. The dragging consonancies are three, smooth-dragging, dragging by connection, and dragging by double connection.

But the consonantial *ne plus ultra* seem to be the untractable cruciform consonancy, and the clawing consonancy.

There is in English a fair variety of epigrams, but we doubt whether any such specimen can be produced as the vetericine, long-legged, warrior's, or fisted systich. And most schoolmasters would be puzzled, we imagine, to find out the tongue which boasts of three parordic and promiscuous dipthongs; a rotundisparsison dipthong, a capricurvilentison dipthong, and a liquilentison or fortisparsison dipthong; accompanied by their congeners of lowlier title, the three wonderful dipthongs—a strange dipthong, a tailed dipthong, and a wandering dipthong.

However, our British bards of the Middle Ages owned to faults. A homœorythm systich is faulty when it is hoof-overtaking (carnymorddiwes), that is to say, when each of the two short verses is polysyllabic.

And the following are the names of the "common faults;" excess of rhymes, ugly sound, ape's breech, hoof-overtaking (formerly called shank-relaxing), too much alike, and rhyme-treading. May it not be said that some of these survive in our modern poets, from Tennyson down to Tupper!

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Castell Dinas Bran.—At the monthly meeting of the Archæological Institute, held on the 6th of December last, a paper was read by Mr. Tregellas, descriptive of the remarkable fortress called Castell Dinas Brân, near Llangollen, accompanied by a plan of the remaining buildings, carefully surveyed by himself during the previous year, together with views, elevations, &c., illustrative of the remarkably strong position of the fortress, and the constructive character of its perishing remains. Mr. Tregellas placed also before the meeting a map of the country around Llangollen, which was drawn on a large scale, and showed the importance of the site which nature and art had rendered almost impregnable, occupying, as it did, a bold position at the entrance of the picturesque valley of the Dee. The history of the castle, he observed, was very obscure, and the precise period of its construction uncertain; the north-east gateway, which was by far the portion best preserved, had been assigned to the time of Edward III. It was placed on a hill, about one thousand feet above the river at its foot. An earlier castle, on the same site, according to tradition, had been destroyed in the tenth century. The fortress, the remains of which still existed, had sustained a siege by Owen Glyndwr, early in the fifteenth century, Dinas Brân being at that time held by the Earl of Arundel. The period when it was abandoned was unknown. In the reign of Henry VIII. Leland decribed it as then in ruins, and as the resort of an eagle, which did sorely assault the intruder on its ærie. Mr. Tregellas, having described the buildings—of which a considerable portion on the south side had been so undermined that its fall appeared imminent unless some support be speedily given to it, which might be effected at a small expense, by underpinning the walls—stated the castle was built probably in the reign of Henry III., by one of the Welsh lords of Bromfield and Yal. The founder may have been Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor, who was buried at the adjacent abbey of Valle Crucis, founded by his father in 1200. Gryffydd sought refuge there with his English bride, who was a daughter of Lord Audley, the marriage having been viewed by the Welsh with great displeasure. After his death the guardianship of his young sons was granted by Edward I. to Earl Warren, and to Roger Mortimer. The heirs of Dinas Brân were soon after found drowned at Holt Bridge, and the Earl Warren obtained a grant of the lordship of Bromfield. The castle at present belonged to Colonel Biddulph, the possessor of Chirk Castle, which stood on a part of the ancient territory of Gryffydd, the descendant of the Princes of North Wales.

Welsh Centenarians.—In the Census Tables of 1861, the following districts in Wales are stated to have contained one or more persons living at the time when the returns were made, of the age of 100 years and upwards, viz.:—

	Male.	Female.
Aberdâr, Glamorganshire	0	1
Aberystruth, Monmouthshire	2	0
Brecknock	1	0
Devynoc, Brecknockshire	1	0
Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire	1	2
Holyhead, Anglesey	0	1
Holywell, Flintshire	0	1
Kenarth,[1] Cardiganshire	0	1
Llandeilofawr, Caermarthenshire	0	1
Llanelli, Brecknockshire	0	1
Llanfihangel, Monmouthshire	1	0
Llangyndeyrn, Caermarthenshire	0	1
Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire	0	1
Llanrwst, Denbighshire	0	1
Mold, Flintshire	0	1
Monmouth	0	1
Mynyddyslwyn, Monmouthshire	0	1
Newport, Monmouthshire	1	0
Pembroke	0	1
Slebech, Pembrokeshire	0	1
Swansea, Glamorganshire	1	2
Tregynon, Montgomeryshire	0	1
Wrexham, Denbighshire	1	0

The number of centenarians returned in each county, which corresponds in the aggregate with the total of the above details, is as follows, viz.:—

	Male.	Female.
Anglesey	0	1
Brecknockshire	2	1
Cardiganshire	0	1
Caermarthenshire	0	2
Caernarvonshire	0	0
Denbighshire	1	1
Flintshire	0	2
Glamorganshire	1	3
Merionethshire	0	0
Montgomeryshire	0	2
Monmouthshire	4	2
Pembrokeshire	1	4
Radnorshire	0	0
Total	9	19

The population of the Principality, including that of Monmouthshire (196,977), amounted in 1861 to 1,312,834 persons.

[1] The parish of Kenarth is in Caermarthenshire; but there are a few cottages on the Cardiganshire side of the river Teivy, nearly opposite the village, in one of which it is probable the centenarian resided.

EMINENT WELSHMEN.—A Biographical Dictionary of eminent natives of the Principality is being prepared for publication in the Welsh language, in which will be included an account of such persons as have distinguished themselves as artificers, authors, bards, legislators, orators, philosophers, saints, sailors, warriors, &c., &c. Among the contributors to the work, which is intended to be issued in ten shilling parts, will be numbered some of the leading historical writers of Wales. We wish the undertaking every success.

DREWSTEIGNTON CROMLECH.—This interesting relic of the ancient British Druids, situate on the Shilston estate, in the parish of Teignton-Drews, (a name which is supposed to signify "the Druids' Town on the Teign,") Devonshire, consisted of three upright supporting stones, each of which was about six feet and a half in height, with an incumbent stone twelve feet long, and nine feet wide, across the widest part. It is believed to have been the only perfect cromlech in the county of Devon; but in the spring of last year the ground which surrounded it, having been completely saturated by long continued rain, and rendered thereby more than usually soft, being of a light granite gravel, the supporting stones gave way during the furious blast of a violent hurricane, when the quoit in consequence thereof fell. Fortunately several correct drawings, with exact outlines, had been taken before it fell, by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, so that its restoration to its pristine form was not deemed to be impracticable. Accordingly in the first week of November, last year, the earth underneath and around the Cromlech was cleared away, the three upright stones fixed as near as possible in their former positions, and the incumbent or covering stone, estimated to weigh about sixteen tons, replaced in its original situation. The expense incurred in effecting its restoration was generously defrayed by the worthy Rector of the parish, to whom the sincere gratitude of every archæologist is pre-eminently due for this practical proof of genuine antiquarianism. It may be added that in clearing away the earth which was beneath the cromlech, previous to its restoration, no remains of any kind were discovered, nor did the ground appear to have been previously disturbed.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES A WELSHMAN.—The Roman Catholic Archbishop Hughes, of New York, is the son of Richard Hughes, a working collier at Penydaren Iron-works, Breconshire. A brother of Richard Hughes, who was a well-known Welsh poet, and was familiarly called Will. Hugh, Llanfair, died some twenty years ago at the Tredegar Iron-works. Richard Hughes, the father of the Archbishop, left Penydaren in 1825, and went to work at Dowlais, in the Brew-house Level, on the Big Coal. John Hughes, the Archbishop, when a boy, was a haulier, and was engaged in driving a horse, and bringing out the coal to daylight. In his boyhood he regularly attended the night school at Dowlais, being intended by his father for a preacher in connection with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, of which sect he was brought up a member. John was apt at learning, and his friends got him into Lady Huntingdon's

School at Trefeca, near Talgarth, Breconshire. The late Pope, Gregory XVI., wished to get a few young Welsh scholars to be sent to the Papist Preparatory School, (now the Nunnery,) at Bath; John, accompanied by a youth from Aberystwyth, (Aberystruth?) accordingly went thither to be trained for a Roman Catholic Priest. After completing his education at Bath, he was transferred to the College of the Propaganda Fidei, when he joined the Order of Jesuits at Rome. There he acquired honours and titles, and thence he proceeded to Pennsylvania and New York. Whilst in America he applied himself diligently in propagating the Roman Catholic Faith, and the Pope being duly apprised of the same, at one of the great congregationals at Rome, created John Hughes Archbishop. He has every prospect of receiving the title of Cardinal from Pio Nono, the present occupier of the Papal Chair of St. Peter, on the occasion of one of the earliest vacancies.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte and his Studies.—In a quiet and sombre-looking house in Westbourne Grove resides Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, the student and eminent linguist, who occupies his time almost exclusively with the grammars and dictionaries of every European language and idiom. His Highness has here amassed the finest collection of linguistic and dialectical works ever brought together. Some thousands of volumes are entirely in Welsh, whilst every known book relating to our county dialects graces the library. The collection on the slang and cant idioms of the various countries is most extraordinary, those books having reference to London slang and cant alone numbering more than two hundred. His Highness appears to be equally conversant with the vulgar dialect of the Laplander, the *argot* of the Parisian, or the *lingua Franca* of Trieste or Malta. The *Moniteur* very recently published an official report on the donations to the Imperial Library during the year 1861, and amongst the printed works we observe twenty-one volumes from Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the fruits of his studies on European linguistics. From the same report we learn that the Russian government has sent to the Library a complete collection of the documents relating to the emancipation of the serfs, in twenty-nine volumes. There have also been presented a very curious Map of the World, on vellum, by Jehan Cossin, a Dieppe pilot, dated 1570; a collection of the charts published under the direction of the British Admiralty in 1860; a copy of the splendid map of Gaul, under the pro-consulate of Cæsar, published by order of the Emperor; an Ethiopian manuscript, containing the Fetha-Nagast, or Ethiopian code.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN ELVED.

(AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.)

WERNERIAN SCHOOLS.

THE IMPORTANCE AND EXPEDIENCY OF ESTABLISHING MINERALOGICAL SCHOOLS IN WALES.

Read before the Liverpool Cymreigyddion Society, 3rd April, 1845.

By Mr. SOLOMON GIBSON.

No part of Her Majesty's dominions presents a more urgent claim for mineralogical schools than the Principality. Owing to the vast amount of industry and capital employed in her mines, she claims from the state the aid of science, to assist the untutored efforts of her people in extracting minerals, which are so important to the manufactures and commerce of this country. The subject, viewed as a science, forms the extensive study of mineralogy; and regarded as an art, presents us with the labour of the miner: in each of these the aid of many other arts and instruments is required. In consequence of which, all the states of Europe have founded schools of mineralogy, which was

first in modern times formed into a science by Werner, at Friburg, for the benefit of the mines of Saxony. The vast wealth drawn from these by the government led the circumjacent states to found similar institutes. Louis the Sixteenth in France founded the Royal School of Mines in 1783, and a professor of chemistry was appointed during the ministry of Necker. Under the ministry of Jovelanos a mineral school was founded in the Spanish province of Asturias, and the Austrians founded similar academies at Schemnitz, in Hungary, and at the mercurial mines of Idria and Bohemia; and also a grand mineralogical gallery at Vienna. A similar gallery was established by Leopold II. at Florence, in the Palazzo Pitti, for the mines of Tuscany. At Turin, a mineral school has been founded by the King of Sardinia, conducted by the Chevalier Napione, who translated the works of Werner into Italian. In this country the universities are advancing these institutes, by appointing professors of mineralogy and geology. The government have founded a geological gallery at the British Museum, and amateurs have formed a gallery of economical mineralogy in London. The Wernerian Natural History Society, at Edinburgh, was founded in 1808, and the Geological Society of London in 1811, and another subsequently in Cornwall, under royal patronage. The Russian government has extended these schools to Siberia, along the Ural and Altai mountains, and established a splendid gallery at St. Petersburgh, which exhibits the minerals of a zone geographic, extending over a surface of more than 3000 miles of that great empire. The emperor engaged the celebrated Humboldt to inspect the Siberian schools. That most distinguished of all the pupils of Werner had founded such schools in Prussia during his ministry of public works, after which he passed over to Siberia, wherein, examining the auriferous strata, he predicted that diamonds would be found in those mineralised rocks, which was soon verified. This art of predicting what minerals are under the surface is one of the grand

advantages resulting from the study of mineralogy as a science. It is an important fact, that minerals are constantly grouped in families, and bear an analogy or relation to one another. The knowledge of this truth is most valuable to the miner, and to the capitalist whose fortune is invested in mining speculations.

The absolute expediency of drawing the attention of the government to the necessity of founding mineral academies in Wales, requires that the subject should be commenced by this society, and it is to be hoped that the seraphic genius that passed from Friburg over Europe, to light the lamp of science on the Siberian mountains, will, under the auspices of the government, be led to render the same service to the miner of the Cambrian mountains—a part of Britain where volcanic forces have thrown up the strata in outcrops, to place minerals at the hand of the miner on the sides of rocks elevated into mountains, evidently designing Wales for mineral industry, as the lowlands of England are fitted for agriculture. Yet with these natural advantages there, the miner, by misdirected labour, frequently finds his ruin in industry. Instances of losses from working empirically are noticed by Mr. Murchison, author of the *Geological Atlas of Wales* and of the *Silurian System of Rocks*. In that celebrated work the author states, "At Tyn-y-coed I found a credulous farmer ruining himself in excavating a horizontal gallery in search of coal, an ignorant collier being his engineer. This case may serve as a striking example of the coal-boring mania in districts which cannot possibly contain that mineral: those who vainly speculate on it in the Silurian rocks are misled by the shale." Shale is not the only cause of these delusions; mineral veins are also found in the lower formations in denuded countries, which are of the same form as the metallic veins, some of which are *veins* of coal, but are distinguished from *beds* by an inclination more vertical. The beds or couches do not depart more than 20 degrees from the horizon, while the coal veins are from 70 to 90 degrees.

These errors in mining, so ruinous to capitalists, must exist until the miner is taught the relations of rocks in their chronometric order of position, from the primary to the modern or latest formations, and of their synchronous continuity in concentric zones, and their relations by affinity. The miner so instructed could tell by surveying the surface what strata formed the under beds.

Mineral chemistry is also of great consequence to the mining interest. A long period elapsed during the excavation of the copper mine at Mynyth Paris, in Anglesey, before the art was known of rendering solvent mineralised fluids solid, and consequently a great loss resulted before the value of the mineral waters which held copper in solution became known. Since that discovery the poor of large towns have found employment in collecting waste iron, which is conveyed to Anglesey, and is immersed in those fountains. The solvent, by the force of analytical affinity acting on the dormant affinity of the iron, separates the acid, which has a greater affinity for the copper; the iron, robbed of its cement, falls in dust to the bottom of the pit in ochreous earth. This oxidised ochre is exported to Liverpool and sold to druggists and painters as a colour much used in the arts. At the same place a mass of rubbish had accumulated from the time of the Romans. A premium per load was given to remove it; but now this sells at 25s. per ton, and is found to be a sulphuret amalgam.

The increasing importance of this subject renders the early history of it advantageous, as it shows the art is progressive in Wales, and ready to embrace all the advantages of science through the medium of a mineral institute.

The Welsh, though proceeding without the aid of science, by perseverance have done wonders. It has been ascertained, for statistical purposes, that the annual value of iron produced in this island is equal to eight millions sterling, and of this sum five millions are produced in Wales, an amount equal to the produce of the whole of continental Europe.

Having viewed mineralogy as a science, the second aspect it presents is that of an art extracting ores from the caverns of the earth. There the miner finds his way by taking his bearings with his mining compass, by the aid of the same magnetic needle as the mariner employs in finding his position on the ocean. The miner uses a system of mathematics which the ancient Cimbri and Phœnicians brought into Europe, which system is based on the method of shadows, in which the ratio of space is measured by a proportion given in time on the hororary circle. In the language of the miner, mineral beds are divided into the four quadrants of the miner's compass—the north veins decline 3 to 12 hours, the south 9 to 12, and the eastern 3 to 6 hours; the northern veins are of greater length than the southern, as if the electric had joined the force of gravity in projecting them; and have a vertical dip down the fissures of unstratified rocks, and in stratified are found in faults—the collaterals cross the main filon in angles of incidence.

Geometry subterranean is of essential value. Without this science it is impossible to excavate mines with art and economy, or safety to the lives of the labourers. She takes the levels or inclinations of the beds, and, with the compass in hand, the bearings of the mineral veins and beds, to determine their direction to the points of junction, and finds the three dimensions of cubic space, and leads to the occult points where two inclined sections must meet in a common angle—the position of each part, and the form of the profile and plan geometric, on a scale of proportions on paper; and the extent, in horizontal and vertical lines, for the most economical extraction of the ores, and for ventilation.

To comprehend the subterranean geometry as an exact engineer, the miner must be taught arithmetic, and the projection of plane geometry, with some necessary theorems and problems of the Elements of Euclid, and particularly trigonometry rectilineal, of which frequent use is made. The principles on which the miner works are the same as those of ordinary geometry.

In the school of Friburg, the sexagesimal tables of Pitiscus, and the Thesaurus of Rheticus, are used to compute the hours; but in France, for a general uniformity of their new metrical system, tables have been made on the decimal scale by the mathematicians Prony, Delambre, and Condorcet, which were used by the mining school charged with the completion of the geological maps of the Cadastre. Our government have extended the same plan of survey to this country in the Ordnance maps, and have intrusted the geologic topography of the maps to Sir H. De la Beche, and those of Ireland to Mr. Griffiths.

In geological mapping, Werner denoted genera by colours. These and the species were previously in characters used by chemists, a plan more defective. Geologic maps are drawn horizontally, and mineralogic on a vertical line; but the French use the method of descriptive geometry, combining vertical sections with horizontal. Humboldt, in 1804, formed a table of strata for the use of the mines of Mexico, in which he used a notation he named pasigraphic mapping, for the primitive, intermediary, and secondary rocks of America, as equivalent to those of Europe. This confirmed what the sagacity of Werner had predicted of synchronous zones. Cuvier eulogised this superb idea of Werner in his report to the Emperor on the state of the mining interest in France.

The annual loss of life in the Welsh mines attracted the attention of the Prussian traveller, Prince Puckler Muskau. These evils would vanish before the light diffused by a Wernerian school. The Davy lamp has placed the explosion of fire-damp under the triumphant dominion of art, by a wire gauze of 900 apertures to the square inch. Accident in blasting with gunpowder is now prevented in the Cornish mines by using a rammer of copper and tin. Electricity, the most powerful of blasting agents, is now confined to the Royal Sappers and Miners. A depôt of these, united to a mining school in Wales, would afford mutual instruction. The

Austrian mines have circular slip-ways, viz., without steps, of an inclined plane, winding round a newel by a curve of revolution of fifteen feet radius. By this fifty or one hundred men, with mules, horses, and asses, may descend together without that delay and those fatal accidents so common in this country by descending in buckets; and in five years the wages of the windlass-men amounts to the expense of a slip curveway. Stones falling from the roof of galleries can be prevented by a moveable shield, as used in the Thames Tunnel. The construction of this, and of the hydraulic machines, belongs to constructive architecture, which is included in the engineering of a Wernerian school.

Public neglect has prevented the martyrology of the mines from being recorded, yet the miner's mission is important. He has declared amazing revelations, and opened the great volume of the stone book to exhibit the records of our planet, and the giant races that form the wonders of geology, the hieroglyphics of the history of the earth. The hierophant of the mines draws from the arcana of nature those precious stones that glitter on the diadem of the Sovereign.

We have now reviewed the subject under two conditions—as a science, and as an art. The third forms the Philosophy of Minerals, comprising their classification. Many systems of classing have been formed, but all require galleries for large public collections. These interest also the numerous class of amateurs, of both sexes, who pursue the study as a branch of natural history. Werner admitted only two agents—fire and water; but as circumnavigators have since discovered thousands of coraline islands, and the vast formations from animal spoils, the mountains of statuary marble of oyster-shells in tropical regions, prove that animal chemistry forms a third agent.

I shall enumerate three systems of classification to form a compendium of the mineral philosophy of the earth. Werner, in his lectures, used models of the rocks to represent their order of position *in situ* of a tabular form,

from the old to the new. The Royal Dublin Society of Mineralogy purchased one of these models, made under the eye of Werner by his pupils Leske and Karsten, now called the Leskian cabinet. A professor of chemistry has been added, under royal patronage.

The collection is divided, in the mode of Werner, into five orders: the first, for the external characters; the second, for the arrangement of minerals into genera and species, according to their chemical proportions; the third is for the geological relations by position; the fourth has minerals placed in a geographical order; the fifth, the economical collection, in which the minerals are placed to show their uses in the arts, manufactures and commerce, forms a school for political economy and finance.

Werner adopted the usual practice of miners to distinguish minerals by their external characters, but Haüy used instruments to aid the senses—a steel to discover the physical properties of minerals, a goniometer to measure their crystalline angles, and a balance to weigh their specific gravity, with models of furnaces for the cupellation of metals in assaying; and the optical properties of minerals, of the polarized light, by the form of the surface, have been reduced to the law of numbers, as analysts have found expressions for the value of the curve in those rays that form polarized light in crystalline minerals.

The Museum of Natural History at Paris is arranged on the system of the mineralogy of the Abbe Haüy, on the chemical characters of minerals as developed by fire. Haüy has defined species in mineralogy, a "collection of bodies in which the integral molecules are of the same composition." According to his system, minerals have a limit geometric and a chemical limit—one in an invariable form in the integral molecule, the other in the composition of the same molecule. Haüy prefers the first of these to determine species, as the other presents heterogeneous *materiel* so often, that analysis represents imperfectly the chemical limits. Haüy invented an

electrotype for researches into the physical properties of minerals.

The pyrognostic mineralogy was first used by Tschernhausen for experiments on argillaceous earths, to discover the Chinese method of making china, which he effected by his burning lens formed as the mirror of Archimedes. The result was the founding of the Dresden manufactures of china and porcelain in Saxony.

The new instrument used by Andrew Swab, counsellor of the mines in Sweden, about 1733 applied the blow-pipe, which had been previously used by jewellers and enamellers. Every miner in Sweden carries one in his travels. Cronstedt made rapid progress in mineralogy by the use of this—he found the chemical composition of minerals, and Dr. Woolaston made great discoveries with it in this country. Berzelius, by the use of the blow-pipe, has been led to form a new system of classifying minerals by the chemistry of fire based on their electric properties. Oxygen is the zero of his scale to the most electro-positive, and his order of arrangement depends on the physical characters, and the electro-chemical on the doctrine of chemical proportions of numbers.

The alternate transition of rocks to soil by atmospheric decomposition of minerals into solvent acids by rain uniting these with a base, draws oxygen from the air by electro-positive action, to supply mineral food for plants, the diet of botanic vitality: during these changes antagonist qualities are developed by minerals, from sanity to noxious poison, as antidotes to disease. On these the art of Pharmacy depends. The same qualities appear in plants of a milder degree, in which a bond of unity exists from the mineral world to the vegetable, in a series of orders, with a corresponding order in plants, that bind mineralogy with the agricultural chemistry of Liebeg, by which a farmer, by the inspection of a geological map, can judge on what district fertility and sterility depends. For instance, the cerelia, or family of grains and grasses require an abundance of silica; other

orders of seeds want carbon or calcareous, &c. All the elements of plants are derived from minerals. In consequence, farming and mining, the two great interests of the Principality, would be united by the same academy.

English manufactures derive great benefit from the Welsh mines. It is from the purity of the galena of lead ore, purer in Wales than any other, that the Staffordshire pottery has maintained its superiority in foreign markets, as it produces a finer glazing, and makes more beautiful porcelain than any other. Wales is rich in fossiliferous marble. The carbonate shell marble of South Wales, and the encrinitic of North Wales, the serpentine of Rhos Kolin, is equal to the verd antique of Genoa.

It is not generally known that schools of metallurgic chemistry existed in Wales before the wars of Edward the Third. The College of the Pherillt, in Dinas Pharaon, on Mount Snowdon, was celebrated for a school of this order, that gave the British name of Celvyddau Pherillt to these arts, which they had digested into eminent books now lost. Another school of this order was founded in South Wales, a branch from Dinas Emrys.

In the previously enumerated drawings of plans, maps, and sections necessary for a miner, this embraces a portion of the objects contemplated by the School of Design, which the government has established at Somerset House. As the objects of design are various, these must be applied to the order of their classification, and, in addition to galleries for specimens of minerals, it will be requisite that the walls of such galleries be lined with the graphic sections of strata.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Brief Memoir of the Rev. John Davies, D.D., Rector of Mallwyd, Merionethshire, 1604–44, written by the late Rev. Rowland Williams, M.A., Canon of St. Asaph, and Rector of Ysceifiog, Flintshire.

The era of the Reformation was illustrated in the Principality, as well as in England, by the appearance of many remarkable men, eminent for talents, learning, and piety. In Wales, as in other parts of Great Britain, the human mind then awoke from the torpor of ages, and rejoiced like a giant to run a new course of intellectual improvement. Of those highly-gifted men, whose memory will ever be embalmed in the grateful recollection of Welshmen, no one was more distinguished for profound erudition, and the devotion of great attainments to the best interests of his country, than Dr. John Davies, of Mallwyd.

He was born in the parish of Llanferres, in the county of Denbigh. Common tradition represents him as the son of a weaver, while contemporary poets, to whom he was probably a liberal patron, describe him as descended from the native princes of Wales, and connected by blood, as he was afterwards by marriage, with some of the best families of the country. With every allowance for the proverbial adulation of poets, we cannot suppose that this description was altogether fictitious, since the origin and circumstances of his family must in those days have been generally known, and any gross deviation from the truth would have conveyed an insult rather than a compliment. The two accounts are, however, by no means incompatible with each other. His family may have fallen by the usual custom of gavel-kind from its former respectability, while the trade of a weaver, before the fabrics of Manchester and Yorkshire were imported into the Principality, would occupy a higher rank than is usually assigned to it by the fastidiousness of modern notions.

His birth must have taken place before the year 1570, but the precise date is unknown. According to common report he was educated at Ruthin School, under Parry, afterwards Bishop Parry. To this statement there are insuperable objections. Davies had entered the University of Oxford six years before the grammar school of Ruthin was founded (in 1595); and Parry, who then enjoyed a high dignity in the church, was never master of that seminary, to which so many eminent persons were afterwards indebted for their early classical attainments. Davies was originally a member of Jesus College, but afterwards removed to Lincoln College, and eventually proceeded to the degree of D.D.

He was brought into public notice, before he entered the University, by his connection with Bishop Morgan's translation of the Scriptures into the Welsh language. This tranlation was published in 1588. Previous to this event the Old Testament was a sealed book to the natives of the Principality. In this work, which required a rare union of learning and skill in the original languages of the Scriptures, as well as in the ancient British tongue, Dr. Morgan had very few associates. Among those whom he selected to assist him in this arduous undertaking, was Mr. John Davies, then a very young man; and the selection was honourable to both parties.

Though the publication of Dr. Morgan's translation of the Scriptures into the Welsh language constituted a most important era both in the literature and religion of Wales, his version was not free from the imperfections which attend a first, and often a hurried, attempt of this nature. The successive improvements in the earlier editions of the English Bible are generally known; and it is in no wise derogatory to the great merits of Bishop Morgan and his fellow-labourers, that several corrections were deemed necessary in a subsequent edition of the Welsh Bible. The lapse of thirty years had enabled the clergy to become more familiar with the learned languages, and to acquire greater proficiency in sacred criticism. Another translation, or at least a very ex-

tensive revision of the former one, was undertaken under the auspices of Bishop Parry; but the principal responsibility is commonly supposed to have been intrusted to Davies, on account of his Greek and Hebrew learning, and his established reputation as a most exact critic in his native language. The revised version was published in 1620, and in this as well as the preceding edition the translators availed themselves, with consummate skill, of that similarity of idiom which is so remarkable in the Hebrew and Welsh languages, and produced a work which, for general fidelity, and the idiomatic purity and nervous simplicity of its language, has never been surpassed, and which reflects immortal honour upon themselves and their country.

In the following year (1621) Davies published a grammar, under the title of *Antiquæ Linguæ Britannicæ nunc communiter dictæ Cambro-Britannicæ, a suis Cymræicæ vel Cambricæ, ab aliis Wallicæ Rudimenta.* This grammar, composed in Latin after the fashion of those days, exhibits his classical attainments to great advantage, and is particularly distinguished for the elegance of its style, and the skilfulness with which it expresses the peculiarities of the Welsh tongue in a language of very different structure. It has formed the ground work of all succeeding grammars of the Welsh language, and continues to this day a standard authority[1] to which our grammarians generally appeal. Foreigners were thus made acquainted with the genius and copiousness of a language which they had previously deemed barbarous and unworthy of regard, and led to honour the Cambro-British as a respectable descendant, and probably the purest specimen, of that venerable tongue which was

[1] Dr. Davies's work was esteemed by the late Professor Rees, who was thoroughly acquainted with the grammatical idiom of the Welsh language, to be the best that had been published on the subject, and he was of opinion that a good English translation of the entire original would have filled up a vacuum which was generally felt in his time to exist in that line, since Richards's version of it was much abbreviated, and consequently very incomplete.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

spoken by the earliest inhabitants of Europe. The author takes frequent opportunities to point out the great affinity between the Hebrew and the Welsh, not only in single words, but also in their syntax, their prosody, and idiom. A striking resemblance between several of our Welsh metres and those of Hebrew poetry is clearly shown. Even in these days, when philological researches have been undertaken with far greater advantages, and the kindred origin of Eastern and European tongues has been incontestably proved, it must be interesting to observe the quicksighted sagacity with which the Cambro-British divine penetrated through the darkness of antiquity, and, with very limited opportunities, anticipated to a certain extent the discoveries and conclusions of the present age.

These remarks apply also to the Welsh and Latin dictionary, folio, (*Dictionarium Britannico-Latinum*,) which he published in 1632, accompanied with another part entitled *Latino-Britannicum*. The character of this learned work is too well known, and too firmly established with every Welsh scholar, to render it necessary to add a single word in its favour. The preface, in Latin, is replete with very interesting information, and may be confidently recommended to those who are unacquainted with the Welsh language, and yet are desirous of learning the author's opinions concerning the origin of the Cambro-British tongue, and the rise and successive changes of other languages. Whatever reputation Welsh lexicographers and grammarians have obtained in after times, has been erected upon the foundation laid by our author, and they have generally succeeded or failed in their attempts, as they have adhered to, or departed from, the principles which he promulgated.

Other works, though of less magnitude than those which have been mentioned, were published by him at different periods of his life; and there can be no doubt that he contributed liberally to every undertaking which tended to the advancement of learning, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of his countrymen. In estimating the value of his exertions, it should not be forgotten that

they were made in an age of comparative darkness, when there were few readers in the Principality, and consequently little encouragement was offered to print books for their use.

His subsequent history, after quitting the University, may be comprised in a few words. We know from his own declaration that he resided at one period in South Wales, and it is expressly mentioned by a contemporary bard, in a poem addressed to himself, that he was a preacher; and we consequently infer that he held some office in the cathedral church of Llandaff. This is in some degree countenanced by other authorities, and is rendered more probable because his original patron, Dr. Morgan, was then bishop of that diocese. In 1604 he was presented to the rectory of Mallwyd, in the county of Merioneth, which he enjoyed with a prebend at St. Asaph, and other preferments. He resided during the remainder of his life at Mallwyd, with which his name is inseparably connected, and where his memory, after the lapse of two centuries, continues to be deservedly regarded with the highest veneration, on account of his private charities, and his liberalty towards objects of public utility. The rectory-house was erected by him, and the initials of his name may still be seen in the parlour. The poor of the parish are annually reminded of "the good Dr. Davies" by the produce of a benefaction which is distributed on St. Thomas's day. A neighbouring bridge, and the chancel and tower of the church, were built at his expense. His independence of spirit was manifested by removing, in defiance of Archbishop Laud, the communion table from the east end to the middle of the church, where it remains to this day.[2] He died on the 15th of May, 1644, and was buried on the

[2] About four years ago, when the chancel underwent a thorough renovation, the communion table being found to be most awkwardly and inconveniently placed in the middle of the church, was very properly removed by the present worthy rector of the parish to its original position at the east end.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

19th, in the chancel of Mallwyd Church,[3] where the following inscription was engraven upon his gravestone :—

Johannes Davies, S. T. D.,
Rector Ecclesiæ Parochialis de Mallwyd,
Obiit 15 die Maii,
et sepultus fuit 19, A.D. 1644, in virtutis
potius quam nominis memoria.

The preceding inscription has been lost for many years, and his remains lie undistinguished by any memorial. True it is that he has erected for himself imperishable monuments in those immortal works which his countrymen peruse, and will always continue to peruse, with unabated pleasure and instruction. It was, however, deemed but little creditable to their patriotism, that no public tribute of gratitude should have commemorated a person so distinguished for his virtues and high attainments. On this account, and with the view of holding him forth as an example to future generations, a subscription has been raised to erect a tablet to his memory, and thus tardily to pay a debt of two centuries.[4]

[The object of the subscription set on foot, as stated above by Mr. Williams, was subsequently carried into effect, mainly, it is said, through his active exertions in the matter. Mr. Soloman Gibson, of Liverpool, and brother to the renowned sculptor of Rome, was commissioned to execute the tablet, which is of beautiful white marble, according to a plan designed by himself in the Tudor Gothic style, and selected as the most appropriate by the Camden Society of Cambridge. It is erected at the west end of Mallwyd Church, and has engraven on it the following inscription :—

[3] Lewis, in his *Topographical Dictionary of Wales*, under Llanverras, states that Dr. John Davies "was buried there," that is, in the parish of Llanverras, which, like many other statements contained in that work, must be erroneous.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

[4] This memoir was written in 1844.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

H. S. E.
Johannes Davies, S. T. P.,
Verresiolani in agro
Dinovicensi natus,
Præpositus huic Ecclesiæ,
annos XXX.
Vir multarum literarum,
Religionis illibatæ strenuus
propugnator,
Caritate in patriam spectatissimus,
Quem duobus sui temporis Episcopis,
Morum integritas commendavit,
et in SS. script. Cambricæ vertendis,
Græca, Latina, Hebræa eruditio
Adjutorem perutilem utrique reddidit.
Idem linguæ et antiquitatis
Britannicæ,
Magnus et incorruptus investigator,
Fastos diu neglectos patefecit,
Ad antiqui Sermonis usum et scientiam,
Non uno opere viam posteris munivit.
Annum agens ultra LXX. Dec. A.D. N. M.DC.XLIV.
Cives ære collato
post ann. CC.
Ne cineribus et memoriæ,
viri egrecie de patria meriti
diutius abesset monumentum,
Honoris, pictatisque causa,
Tit. pon. cur.

A translation of the above epitaph by Dr. Davies's successor, the present Rector of Mallwyd :—

Here is buried
John Davies, D.D.,
Born at Llanferres,
in the County of Denbigh,
Rector of this Church for 30 years.
A man of varied literary acquirements,
An earnest defender of religion undefiled,
Remarkably distinguished for the love of his country,
The uprightness of his character recommended him
to two successive Bishops of his own time,
And his learning in Greek, in Latin, and in Hebrew,
rendered him to each a useful assistant
in the Welsh translation of the Holy Scriptures.

Also as an able and unbiassed explorer
of the language and antiquities of Britain,
He laid open her annals long neglected,
And in more than one work paved the way for posterity
to a scientific acquaintance with their ancient tongue.
He died upwards of 70 years old in the year of our Lord 1644.
His Countrymen having raised a subscription 200 years
afterwards,
that the ashes and memory of one who had deserved so well of
his country
might no longer be without a monument,
caused this memorial to be erected
in token of honour and affection.

Some of the MSS. which were left by Dr. Davies at his decease, are in the Bodleian Library, and in the British Museum, and his books are said to be in the possession of a Mr. Kenrick, who formerly resided at Wrexham, but afterwards removed to the city of Exeter.]

THE MURDER OF MR. G. MARCHANT, IN 1722.

(From a MS. in the Collection of JOSEPH JOSEPH, Esq., F.S.A., *Brecon.)*

A Full, True and particular ACCOUNT of the Behaviour, Confession and last Words of THOMAS ATHOE, late Mayor of Tenby in Pembrokeshire, and Thomas Athoe his Son, who were Executed on Fryday July 5, 1723, at St. Thomas's Watering in the County of Surrey, for a barbarous Murther by them committed, upon the Body of Mr. George Marchant their Kinsman, in Pembrokeshire, Anno, 1722.

The whole Faithfully Publish'd by Thomas Dyche, Chaplain to the King's Bench Prison. To which is added the Case of the Two Athoes concerning this barbarous Murther.

LONDON: Printed and Sold by John Applebee, a little below Bridewell-Bridge, in Black Fryers. (Price Two Pence.)

A FULL, TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE BEHAVIOUR, CONFESSION, AND LAST WORDS, ETC.

As Murther is the most heinous of all crimes, so this, in the Mouth of Rumour, is the most heinous with which the Ears of our Countrymen have been alarm'd almost, since the

Memory of Man, whether we consider the Inhumanity of the Fact from the nearness of the Relations who committed it, or from the Barbarity wherewith the Fact was committed. And, as the particulars relating to all unfortunate Persons, more especially Those who suffer Death, are the immediate enquiry of the Publick, I shall in the first Place, give some Account of the Circumstances and Families of these unhappy Sufferers.

Thomas Athoe, Senior, aged about 58 years as near as he could guess, was born at Carew in the County of Pembroke, and Principality of Wales, about three Miles from Mannerbeer, in the same County, which was the Place of his last Habitation, where he had rented upwards of One hundred Pounds per Ann. and lived in good Repute for the space of 24 Years. In the Years 1721, and part of 1722, he serv'd the Office of Mayor in the Corporation of Tenby: which Place is two Miles from Mannerbeer, and six from Pembroke, with which last it is join'd in the Priviledge of Electing one Burgess to serve in Parliament. His Family consisteth of a Wife and Five Children; whereof the Second was Thomas Athoe, born in the said Parish of Mannerbeer, (and, at this his untimely Death, wanted but one Day to reach the 24th Year of his Age.) He always liv'd with his Father, and had been brought up chiefly in the Business of Husbandry and Grazing; and in the Time of his Father's Mayoralty, he serv'd as Bailiff of Tenby, aforesaid.

George Marchant, the murder'd Person and Thomas Marchant his Brother, were the Sons of John Marchant, Husbandman, of the Parish of Mannerbeer before mention'd, and nephews to Thomas Athoe, Sen. being the Sons of his Sister, who married into the Family of the Marchants.

March 19, 1722. Thomas Athoe, Sen. and his Son, were Arraigned at Hereford Assizes, for the Murder of George Marchant, but a Verdict being brought in Special, their Case was referred to the Determination of that whole Bench; in order to which, they were brought up to London, put into the King's Bench Prison in Southwark, and after a Confinement of some Time therein, they were brought before the said Court of King Bench in Westminster Hall, on Saturday the 22d of June, 1723, and there receiving Sentence of Condemnation, were remanded back to the said Jayl.

The next Day I preach'd to them upon Rom. 12 19. "Dearly beloved, revenge not your selves, but rather give place unto Wrath: for it is written Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." From which Words I gave them to understand,

First, That malicious Revenge was a very heinous Sin against God, and a direct transgression of all those Commandments, which enjoins us to bear Injuries with Meekness and Patience; to love and pray for our Enemies, and to forgive Injuries to the Number of Seventy times Seven.

Secondly, That Revenge from a private Hand was an unsufferable Affront to the Laws of the Land, which were wisely contriv'd to protect the Innocent, and prevent any Man's forcing another to any unlawful Compliance or Satisfaction.

Thirdly, I shew'd; what an inexpressible Disadvantage this Method of Revenge was to those unhappy Persons who gave way to it, and indulged it.

And then I concluded with offering some Considerations proper to prevent the Dismal Effects of it.

The next Day, being the Festival of St. John the Baptist, I visited the Prisoners again, and press'd them Both very earnestly, to make an open and full Confession of the Crime whereof they stood convicted; First, for the Glory of God, whom they had offended in the highest degree; and secondly, As the only Step to qualify themselves for obtaining Pardon of that, and all their other Sins, before they quitted the Stage of this World, which to all Appearance was very speedily to be their Fate.

On the Sunday following, being June 30, the Text I chose to preach upon was, Acts 3. 19. Repent ye therefore, and be Converted, that your Sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the Presence of the Lord. From these Words I gave them to understand, that there was sufficient Encouragement for the worst of Sinners, during the time of their short Lives here, to come into the Terms of the Gospel, and be partakers of the Divine Eternal Mercy. That the Jews, to whom these Words were spoken, had been the Murderers of the Blessed Son of God, and were guilty of the blackest Impiety, that could ever be committed by the most profligate Sons of Men, except that one great unpardonable Sin of Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; And if They could be intitled to Mercy upon their Repentance, the most polluted and desperate Sinners might be welcome to Mercy, in the same Measure, and upon the same Terms and Conditions. Then I proceeded more fully to declare,

First, The Qualifications of that Repentance Conversion, which are required on our Part.

Secondly, The Nature of that Refreshing which is here proposed as a Reward, on God's part.

And then I concluded with some Inferences proper for the solemn and mournful Occasion.

In all my visitings of the Prisoners I found the Spirit of Devotion always upon them; they behaved themselves with that Temperance, Gravity and Seriousness, which became them, and employ'd their time very much in reading of such Books as were suitable to their melancholly Circumstances.

They express'd abundance of seeming Penitence, Praying earnestly in declaring that they were in Charity with all the World.

THE CASE OF THE TWO ATHOE'S.

Last Hereford Assizes, an Habeas Corpus was brought from Pembrokeshire, to try a Cause there for Murther, committed upon the Body of Mr. George Marchant by Thomas Athoe, Senior and Junior, (Father and Son) at Tenby, in the said County of Pembroke.

On the 23d Day of November, a Fair is kept at Tenby aforesaid, whither the two Athoe's went to sell some Cattle, and there met with the two Brothers, George and Thomas Marchant; upon some groundless Resentments which arose on the side of the Athoe's, hereafter mentioned. Upon the breaking up of the Fair, between the Hours of Ten and Eleven o'Clock at Night, the Athoe's very narrowly enquir'd of an Hostler at Tenby, which way the two Marchants went. In their Road Home, the two Marchants stopp'd at a Place call'd Holloway's-Water, where they were overtaken by the Athoe's, at the Bridge, as their Horses were drinking. The night being very dark, the Marchants could not distinguish the Athoe's by their Persons, but upon his speaking, knew Old Athoe by his Voice. The Marchants, to avoid the Mischief with which they were threaten'd by the Athoe's at the Fair, and to do all that in them lay to prevent a Quarrel, they concealed themselves as well as they could, behind the Bridge, but the splashing of their Horses discovered them. As soon as the Athoe's came up, they began the Attack, especially old Athoe, who would not be parted. In this violent Assault, Mr. George Marchant was knock'd off his Horse by young Athoe, received many Blows upon his Back, and young Athoe running up to him, seized him . . . . . crying out to his Father, That he had now done George Marchant's Business. The Surgeons depos'd that the effusion of Blood upon this Occasion was not to be describ'd; besides which, the very Bruises George Marchant had received from the Violence of the Blows given him were sufficient to have killed Seven Men.

Mr. Thomas Marchant, was likewise attacked after the same villanous manner in his . . . . , and tho' he somewhat re-

covered, it is feared he is Spoiled in those Parts. He was so very weak when he appear'd at the Tryal, against the Athoe's, that he could not stand and was through the kind indulgence of the Court permitted to give his Evidence sitting.

Mr. George Marchant was in the most grevious Anguish and Pain imaginable after the Assault, and expir'd in a few Hours.

The further to confirm the Barbarity of this Murder take the Evidence as follows, viz.

There was Evidence of express Malice against Thomas Athoe, Senior, there having been a Quarrel between the Son, and one of the Marchants, and young Athoe having been beat by Marchant, they *was* advis'd to bring their Action against him; but the old Man reply'd, no, he would not take the Law, but would pay him in his own Coin.

When the Father and Son came up to the two Marchants, young Athoe said, I owe thee a Pass, and now thou shalt have it, and so knock'd the Deceased off his Horse; one of the Marchants cry'd out save our Lives; the old Man cry'd, kill the Dogs, kill the Dogs; the last Words that the Deceased was heard to say, don't bite off my Nose. He had 22 Blows on his Back, three great Bruises on his Head, and two on his Breast, his Nose bit of, and there was such an effusion of Blood, that it flow'd two *Foot* in the Furrier. The Handkerchief about his Neck was drawn so Tight, that his Flesh cover'd it.

The Brother of the Deceas'd was pull'd by his . . . . . and squeez'd to that degree that if he had been held 3 Minutes longer, it must have kill'd him.

And in fine, all the Circumstances of this barbarous Murder, was proved by the clearest Evidence, as above, and at the Coroner's Inquest, and fully confirm'd, at their Publick Tryal.

The Athoes pretended that they had been injured by the Marchants, 1st. In their detaining an Estate from Them. 2dly. That they, the Marchants, had bought some Cattle out of their Hands, at Wiston-Fair, October, 28, 1721. 3dly. That the Marchants had oppos'd their Elections. And 4thly. That Mr. George Marchant, the Murthered Person, had married the Sweetheart of young Athoe.

Now admitting all these Pleas of the Athoes to be True, will they justify the crying Sin of Murther when the Almighty has declar'd, that "He that sheddeth Man's Blood by Man shall his Blood be shed."

Thus therefore, prompted by Jealousy, and Revenge, these Criminals committed this horrid Fact; for which they have deservedly suffered the Justice of the Law.

In the whole Course of the Proceedings against them, all the

Favours they desired were granted; notwithstanding which, the County of Pembrokeshire, upon what Grounds are unknown, took their Part, as not believing the Facts so bad, as they were proved to be upon the strongest Evidence.

Young Athoe was sent to Ireland, but those who sent him away, were assured it was their Interest to get him back again, (which they accordingly did by a wile,) to answer for the Blood he had so inhumanly spilt.

In their Motion for an Arrest of Judgment at the King's Bench Bar, the Question turn'd upon this Point of Law, Whether, they could be tried in a different County where the Fact was not committed? But an Act of Parliament was produc'd by the Court, That all Murthers and Robberies committed in, on, or about the Borders of Wales; should be tryable in any County in England, where the Criminals were taken. Young Athoe made some frivolous Excuses in behalf of his Father; but the Court proceeded to pass that just Sentence upon them, which they have undergone.

They buoyed up each other with hopes of Life, till the Rule of Court came down for their Execution. After this, they began to show some Signs of Prevarification for (I was assur'd at the Prison) the Testimonies of several Persons. They denied some Circumstances which they had before own'd; particularly, the Time of Mr. George Marchant's Decease, which was closely put to them, by a Divine, the very Morning of their Execution. Mr. Chapman the Turnkey, also assured me that on Thursday night they offer'd him a very considerable Reward to be permitted to make their Escape, but finding they could not tempt him to break his Trust, they earnestly desir'd him to attend them to the Place of Execution, and that he would take care their Bodies might not hang longer expos'd to Public View, than the Time the Law prescrib'd. When they were tied up by the Executioner, old Athoe cover'd his Face first, and after he was turned off, he bled very much at the Nose.

On Friday the 5th about Eleven of the Clock in the Morning, they were convey'd in a Cart to the Place of Execution: When they came to the fatal Tree, they behaved themselves in a very decent manner, embracing each other in the most tender affectionate manner; and, indeed, the Son's hiding his Face bedewed with Tears, in his Father's Bosom, was, notwithstanding the barbarous Action they had committed, a very moving Spectacle.

When our Devotions were finished, the Father declared,—That he was innocent of the Crime laid to his Charge, and that he had not lifted up his Hand against George Marchant, the Deceased. The Son declar'd,—That he had no premeditated

Malice against George Marchant, the deceased; but that being Assaulted, what he did was in his own Defence; that the Deceased having no Hair upon his Head to get hold of, the Damage he received must be by his Handkerchief, which was tied about his Neck, in two Knots, and he shew'd the Spectators, by pointing to his own Neck, in what manner he throtled him.

On Fryday, June 28, The Prisoners receiv'd the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with great Reverence, and Devotion; and early in the Morning before their Execution they did the same.

They beg'd of all good People to take warning by their Ignominious Death. They had some time allowed to their private Devotions, and then the Cart drew away, all the while crying, out, Lord have Mercy upon us, Christ have Mercy us.

There *was* two other Divines with me, to assist upon this Occasion.

They were brought from the Place of Execution to Two Hearses to the Faulcon-Inn in Southwark, in order, as was said, to be Buried in St. George's Church-Yard.

THOS. DYCHE.

July 5th, 1723.

☞ All Accounts hitherto publish'd in News Papers, or otherwise, of these Criminals, of the Fact by them committed, are false, and Spurious.

A PROPOSAL FOR CONVERTING THE MOUNTAINOUS PARTS OF WALES INTO DISTRICTS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF CLOTH.

A FRAGMENT.[1]

From loose papers, the property of THOMAS JOHNS, ESQU^RE., [*in*] *the handwriting of* WILLIAM MORRIS, LLANSILIN.

. . . . . serve to the erection of free schools for the education of their children, and no marvel if such sour imps prove sour branches to the commonwealth.

[1] This fragment appears to have been written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, since whose time the employment of manual labour in the process of manufacturing cloth, in England at least, has been to a great extent superseded, for teasing, carding, spinning, winding and

For which the great Circuit and Principality of Wales I know neither College nor Free School, neither any Bishop nor Prelate who with his authority or fatherly love offereth one prebend, and which is much less, do once move it by his goodly persuasion to the people, whereof they might [form] a number very comfortable to charge their Lands for that purpose, yet can the . . . . . Bishops and Prelates of Wales wink and be contented if the Queen's Highness be defrauded in her first-fruits and tenths, in that their Benefices be undervalued to a thousand marks by the year, whereof for my part I make less conscience, since the laws have granted the same, and established upon the crown, and if corn and cattle, and other things tithable are within these thirty years much increased in the country, and the country being populous, the ground better tilled, and the riches of men there much increased, and will more and more daily increase in that respect, the clergy there of all other countries may hear it, and like as by erecting of schools, and planting good discipline, it may make your children apt members to serve God and their country, even so by putting off idleness, yea encounter their thefts, for to idleness there is no place given in a commonwealth; and people by idleness learn to do evil. Idleness always condemneth the industry of good men, and grudgeth at the wealth of them that be well occupied, wisheth ever for a day to spoil them of their goods, and in that they cannot govern, they resist always true obedience, and accordingly Marcus Cato compareth a man's life to iron,

weaving, are now all done by machinery, and old rags, by means of a machine called "devil," are converted into what is called "mungo." This material is extensively mixed with the wool used in the manufacture of the fancy cloth which is worn by country gentlemen. The cloth thus adulterated with "mungo," the manufacturers, who of course are *educated and enlightened Englishmen*, sell as if it consisted entirely of wool, by which they are enabled to realize a larger profit. Within a mile of our present abode may be seen two of these machines constantly at work, through which many waggon loads of rags will pass in the course of the year, which will then be ready for the manufacturers.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

which the more it is occupied the brighter it is, and the longer it resteth the more it rusteth and suffereth.

Neither to the world's end will theft be exempted from Wales by hanging, or by slaughter of men, as daily experience doth well [show]. For a time it may do good, but yet when the famine and penury do approach and urge, the natural parent cannot behold his wife and infants perish before his eyes, for the hungry belly knows no laws, and poverty corrupteth manners, yea in good men, then there is no other kind of discipline so to be used for the reformation of such as be of ripe years [who] are snared in falls and thievish behaviour, and it is to be ministered according to the necessity of the causes, and the nature of the people.

And so Alexander Severus, in the beginning of his reign, applied himself to know the sundry wits, manners, effects, and studies of men in every country, and accordingly devised laws for them. Now it resteth to know what places of Wales and what sort of people are to be provided for, consequently what sort of discipline, order, or policy, is that which bring and induce a perfect reformation.

First, touching the places, the same are well known to be the higher parts of Denbighshire, the part of Merionethshire which bordereth upon Montgomeryshire and Denbighshire, the upper part of Montgomeryshire that bordereth upon Cardiganshire west, upon Radnorshire south, and that part of the same that bordereth upon Mowddwy in Merionethshire, and Chirkland in Denbighshire, the upper part of Radnorshire called Maelienydd, Cwmmwd Deuddwr, Gwrthrynion and upper . . . . . ., the upper part of Breconshire called Buallt, and a part of the same shire that bordereth upon the Black Mountain, that part of Glamorganshire called Gelligaer, Penrhys, &c. . . . . those parts of Carmarthenshire called Llanymddyfri, which specially do border upon the Black Mountain, Buallt, and the Bishop's Forest, that part of Pembrokeshire adjoining to Bwlch Gwynt in Cemaes, and that part of Cardiganshire

Uwch Aeron, all which places or parts, bordering upon the high mountains, from Black Mountain in Iâl north, to the other Black Mountain in Breconshire south, and the people, even as their dwellings are far and near distant from those mountains, so they exceed in stature and agility, sleight of wit and idleness, and consequently in poverty and thievery, and for the most part given to the prey. . . . . .

And secondly, for a present reformation, there is no other means to be devised but only to set these idle persons to work to clothing only, neither can that barren soil serve to any trade or science except for that, or for summering of cattle, or for minerals. And sure those mountains yield good pasturage [for] sheep, goodly rivers and brooks for fulling mills, sufficient fuel everywhere of wood and turf not far distant from good Towns and civil countries, for the utterance of their cloth.

And, to declare the truth, no people [are] gladder to gain. I think and judge that God and nature hath appointed the inhabitants of those parts to live by clothing only.

And for proof hereof, I remember the county of . . . . . which for the most part is barren, no mountain in Wales so ill in soil, no part of Wales worst for utterance, and no part of England richer, or any one country of that quality better occupied, and all by clothing. Contrariwise, I myself with many more have seen and viewed the poor dwellings and cottages of such as dwell in those mountains of Wales, or shires before remembered; understand their miseries; do well know their poverty and lament their calamities, as those who may be well compared to the grasshopper, which do live in the summer and perish in the winter.

Among whom the women and children are unoccupied, altogether idle, and unprofitable to themselves and their country, whereof, in very deed, springeth the original cause of most felonies, and will be the destruction of that country, if such be not employed in clothing, for wherein can a woman have better skill than in spinning and

carding, or what can a child better [do] than pick wool or wind yarn?

And to conclude, by clothing only the people of Wales are to be enriched and brought to civility, to the attaining to the perfection whereof, nothing wanteth, but a convenient stock of money to be distributed amongst the poor of every part of Wales before rehearsed, at the oversight of the honest and substantial practitioners there, and for the buying of wool weekly, and delivery thereof to such poor spinners and carders that now live idly and perish for famine.

The stock to be delivered by the discretion of the Lord President upon an yearly accompt of the Principal, with reasonable interest.

Seven Thousand Pounds will supply the necessity of this matter, without which impossible it is to attain the reformation of the discords specified: a very small sum in comparison of the great good and goodly signal hoped for thereby, for Aurelius Alexander was so magnificent and bountiful to his people, that he of the revenue of such countries or cities which were overthrown by earthquakes, or otherwise subverted, did give large sums of money to re-edifying the same, and many he eftsoone restored to their pristinate beauty and strength; divers he made more substantial. There was no Town of reputation in his time decayed; the havens of Italy and Sicily he caused not only to be cleansed and repaired, but also to be made of more force, and all upon his own charges.

I speak not of the sumptuous Hospitals edified by him on the river Tiber: it were therefore honourable for the Queen's Majesty to lend so much money to so good a use, and whereof should follow immortal fame to the world's end, and so much yearly commodity truly answered.

The greatest part of which sum is to be recovered in the country of Wales, for the allowance of certain old decays, for the setting of certain old respects, for confirmation of certain old charters and grants, and the establishing of Tenures in sundry parts. And notwithstanding

her Highness to lose no revenue, to omit any service or custom, or to be derogated of any prerogative now in use since the 22nd of Henry VII., by which noble Prince sundry Privileges and Grants were granted most graciously to the people of Wales.

Happy thereby were that poor country if this matter were insinuated into her Majesty's knowledge, happy were the Solicitors and honourable were the pretence whereof should proceed so much good universally, and detriment to none.

AB ITHEL.

Ab Ithel returned with his family to their valley home in 1857. Little occurred during that year that need be recorded. He worked hard for his church and parish, and he planned or commenced several new books and several patriotic undertakings. His correspondence also absorbed no small portion of his leisure hours, but no portion was less regretted or better bestowed. His early college friends, of whom perhaps Tegid[1] was the most eminent as the most dear, had passed from the field of letters or of life, but time, bestowing more than it took away, had developed for his mature mind that larger friendly intercourse which sympathy of pursuits can awaken, and admiration of character confirm. We may glance at the name of Mr. Silvan Evans who, regarding Ab Ithel as the acknowledged hierophant of the mysteries of bardic and druidic lore, consulted him in respect to their bearing on modern Welsh literature and orthography;[2] of Mr. W. W. E. Wynne whose love of letters

[1] The Rev. John Jones, M.A. (Ioan Tegid) Precentor of Christ Church, Oxford.

[2] Ab Ithel was often urged by Mr. S. Evans and others to undertake the reformation of the orthography, and the settlement of it upon some definite basis—but there was not time.

and of art adds lustre to his merit as a senator and country gentleman; of the lamented Archdeacon Williams, who perhaps of all Cymric champions fought with the keenest and brightest weapons, the coolest head and the stoutest heart; of Eben Vardd now too passed away, but ever memorable as the highest and purest poet of our modern Wales; of Sir Thomas Phillipps who combines enthusiasm for ancient records with critical acumen and sterling sense, and to whom Ab Ithel was indebted for support and advice always good and always cordially given; of Mr. Rees of Llandovery, whose esteemed *imprimatur* will recall a virtuous and able man while his title-pages endure; and briefly, of Nash, Borrow, Poste, Villemarqué, whose names need no comment; and of almost every foremost man in Welsh scholarship or British archæology.

In 1858 (April 14th) the Master of the Rolls offered to Ab Ithel the editorship of the Welsh records which it was proposed to embody in the series of historic materials of the Middle Age, published under the sanction of the Lords of the Treasury. This excellent series would obviously be incomplete without those interesting documents chiefly existing in MS., and hitherto imperfectly if at all published, which treat both of the early history of Britain and of the separate history of the Principality. The authenticity of the latter part of the chronicles in particular, and the numerous copies in MS. available for collation, rendered them too important to be omitted. The main difficulty lay in the choice of an editor fitly qualified to introduce the Cymric Clio to an unsympathising world. It was not easy to find a man learned and patient enough to unravel ancient language and corrupted text, and also so judicious that in reviving the faded colours of the Past he would not overlay them with the warm tint of fancy, and in dealing with political events would not allow the scholar to sink into the partisan. It was well known that Ab Ithel excelled in all the learned and mechanical duties of editorship, but it was imagined that he would not refrain from infusing

an ultra Welsh spirit into his work. He accepted the task, and lived to issue two volumes which, if fairly considered, are a substantial proof that he *could* vindicate his national literature without doing violence to truth or outraging critical proprieties. It was inevitable, however, that clamour and envy should be excited in some circles by the appearance of such books under such auspices. But the appeal from captious sciolists and truculent reviewers lies across the sea, and it has been heard and approved by the calm thinkers of Germany and France, in whose judgment prejudice and pride can find no place. Let this be the apology of Sir John Romilly as it was the consolation of Ab Ithel!

The *Brut y Tywysogion* or Chronicle of the Princes, and the *Annales Cambriæ*, were the volumes first intrusted to Ab Ithel. He worked upon them, during a part of 1858, and 1859, and published them in 1860. The Chronicle of the Princes is the production for the most part of Caradoc of Llancarvan who was contemporary with Geoffrey of Monmouth, and who perhaps received some assistance from that renowned troubler of our annals. He begins his history with Cadwalader where Geoffrey's British history concludes, and carries it down to 1157, a date within his own time. The register was thence continued by the abbots of Conway and Strata Florida, especially by the latter, until the year 1282, where it concludes, this being the year of the death of Llywelyn.

Very slight mention is made of the acts and fortunes of Llywelyn; the last entry concerning him is his marriage with Eleanor de Montfort in 1278. The record in the earlier portion is very fragmentary and brief; the dates and the method of computing dates, much confused. Its character for the most part is by no means inviting. Continual vistas of battling, burning, mutilating, slaying and pillaging, among the petty princes and lords of Wales in their internecine conflicts or in their patriotic struggles with the Norman Kings, flit ever before the eye, varied with that kaleidoscopic variety which is ever

the same. Interspersed with these are references to art, learning and manners, as well as some interesting personal records.

Yet it must be remembered that what is important in history is not so much the *quality* of the facts, as the facts themselves, and where these are at once new, copious and authentic, it is impossible that they can be without a high abstract value, or that they can have no relevance to other historic records, to elucidate, to confirm, or to refute. The authenticity of Caradoc's chronicle is almost as unquestionable as its genuineness—at least for the latter half of it. In so far as Geoffrey's influence may have prompted, or example misled Caradoc in the compilation, the work might be distrusted; but the Chronicle of the Princes is very different from the Chronicle of the Kings, and presents no such temptation to embellishment as in the case of Tysilio, while it possesses abundant internal evidence of the verisimilarity of its statements, and is supported by the testimony of both Anglo-Saxon and Cambrian writers.

Of transcripts of the *Brut y Tywysogion* there still exist many, and in Dr. Powell's time they were much more numerous. The best is the quarto volume in the Hengwrt library, which is also the oldest. Ab Ithel reports it as the most correct of all the manuscripts, and as written in the purest Dimetian dialect. The text which he adopted as the main one is, however, that contained in the Red Book of Hergest in Jesus College, Oxford, written in the beginning of the fourteenth century. He selected this because it is entire, and written throughout in the same Dimetian as the majority of existing copies. He collated it in a minute matter with the Hengwrt MS. above-named, and more generally with three other MSS.

A copy of the Chronicle of the Princes, professedly a transcript from the Book of Hergest, was inserted in the second volume of the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, together with a list of variorum readings. These have been collated by Ab Ithel with his text, but not used

in the body of his book because he had not access to the original MSS. Another copy called the Gwentian Chronicle also appeared in the *Myv. Arch.* vol. ii. Several detached portions of the Annals had been translated and printed in various works. The Chronicle of Caradoc, however, has been made most familiar to readers of history by the work of Dr. Powell, the basis of which was an English translation previously prepared by the learned Humphrey Llwyd (*temp.* Henry VIII.) who died before he could publish it. Dr. Powell annotated this version, added fresh matter from English historians, and published it in 1584. Mr. W. Wynne issued another edition in 1702, in which he incorporated Dr. Powell's addenda with the text, and moulded the language into continuous historical narrative. This edition is in 8vo., and is found in most libraries.

The *Brut y Tywysogion* of Ab Ithel is thus the only complete and perfect copy of this celebrated chronicle. It appears in the large 8vo. of the Record Commission, and has all the typographical beauty and marginal exuberance of a Government work. It comprises 48 pages of preface and 373 pages of text, half being the Welsh original and half the English translation, printed on opposite pages. In addition there are 40 pages of glossary and 70 of index. The text has been throughout assiduously read, and collated with the laborious accuracy characteristic of Ab Ithel. His translation is literally faithful, and reflects the style of the Welsh annalists without any attempt at elegance or modern forms of diction. The preface resumes the known sources of native British history which may have afforded materials for the *Brut*, and describes the various MSS. that contain that chronicle.

It distinguishes the work of the monk of Llancarvan from that of his continuators, and gives the scanty particulars of his life and writings, reported by Guttyn Owain, Pitsius, Giraldus, and others. The glossary, designed to assist the reader in testing the fidelity, or rather the consistency of the translation, sufficiently

though briefly answers that purpose, and is beside valuable for its exposition of prefixes and roots. As to the index, its value can be fairly appreciated by those who are familiar with the meagre state in which in this respect even the best books come from the press. It is so ample and well arranged that, setting sequency aside, it becomes a very readable summary of the subjects and names of the chronicle.

The *Annales Cambriæ* is a Latin chronicle of older date and therefore of higher value, than the *Brut y Tywysogion*. It relates to the affairs of Wales from A.D. 444 to 1288. The entries down to about 950 are very curt, and as in the Saxon Chronicle, are divided by numerous blank years marked only by the word "Annus." This portion like the corresponding one in the *Brut* is studded with the blazing stars, bloody rain, devastating worms, and other miracles and marvels seen by the superstition, and recorded by the faith, of the "Dark Ages." We must, however, except from this character the eclipses, of which three are recorded of the moon and five of the sun, the last in 1288 being described with circumstantiality. A comet also is recorded in 1188. It would be interesting to know how far these alleged events are confirmed by the registers of science. From the date A.D. 950 the records grow in length and in importance until the close. A comparison of the *Annales* with the *Brut* discloses some interesting points of resemblance and difference. The Welsh chronicle is in general much fuller than the Latin which has been one of its principal contributaries. But in the course of transcription some curious discrepancies have arisen.[3] It is useful

[3] One which we have not seen noticed anywhere, is the following:—The *Annales* A.D. 704, has

"Alchfrid rex Saxonum obiit.
Dormitatio Adomnan."

The *Brut* gives "Four years and seven hundred was the year of Christ, when Elfryt, King of the Saxons, died, *and was buried at Damnan.*"—A very evident blunder. The Saxon Chronicle fixes the death of Alfrid, King of the Northumbrians at Driffield in 705, but gives no date for the death of Adamnan, the celebrated Abbot of

to read the Anglo-Saxon chronicle with the two British ones.

The authorship of the *Annales Cambriæ* is not ascribed with precision to any name. Ab Ithel advances reasons tending to show that either Blegewryd, Archdeacon of Llandaff, or Geraint the Blue Bard, may have compiled the chronicle. It is almost certain that the author was an ecclesiastic and a genealogist of note, and that he was well acquainted with an older Irish chronicle (used by Tigernach) and with the chief family registers of South Wales.

The manuscripts from which this edition of the *Annales* is derived are three, the oldest being in the Harleian Collection, inserted in a MS. of Nennius. Its date is about the beginning of the eleventh century.

These MSS. underwent the able scrutiny of Mr. Petrie who published in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* a transcript of the *Annales* as far as A.D. 1066.

The edition of Ab Ithel is wisely conformed to the groundwork established in that volume, and is to be regarded simply as the completion of what was begun there.[4] Ab Ithel supplied a new preface, a copious index, and a glossary. He collated the three manuscripts throughout, and subjoined all the variations. The whole work extends only to 212 pages. The Latin text is of course left untranslated.

The appearance of the two Cambrian chronicles excited, as we have said, a deep feeling of critical hostility. The importance of the chronicles themselves could not be denied, but it was intolerable that a Welsh scholar who was also a Welsh *man* should write his name upon their title-page. It was intolerable that one should be chosen to edit his country's annals, who had passed his life in the study of her ancient documents, and whose faculties of research and powers of analysis had been warmed but not distorted by real self-denying patriotic love. An easy conventional creed affirms enthusiasm to

Iona, whose biography of the great Columba is one of the best of any age.

[4] Annales Cambriæ, page x., preface.

be folly, and asserts of a deep mind that it is only narrow. In the morality of modern criticism, to be always earnest in a life-long task is simply to be always bigoted and credulous, while to be sceptical and lukewarm is to be judicious and acute. All honour is denied to patriotism which is not the fashion of the hour or the profession of the multitude, and to learning which does not work in the groove-lines of commonplace.

The Latin chronicle in particular was made the object of an attack in which the rancour of Dennis pointed the sarcasm of Voltaire. We have before us an article of the *Saturday Review*[5] which may serve as a specimen. The article opens as follows:—

"Annales Cambriæ.—The document which has been recently published by the Record Commission under this title is so valuable and interesting, that we can only regret that it was not entrusted to more competent hands. Mr. Williams Ab Ithel—we do not quite understand what this gentleman's name is, for the title-pages of his various published works are at variance on this point, and we have not observed in the *Gazette* the publication of Her Majesty's permission to authenticate the change of patronymic[6]—has the merit of being an excellent Welsh scholar after the school of Iolo Morganwg and Owen Pughe. That is to say,—'I think there is no man speaks better Welsh;' and there is probably no man better acquainted with that confused mass of history, tradition, legend, and conjecture which is presented to modern readers under the name of Welsh history. In other words, he probably knows all that there is to be known of an extremely small subject, and is only prevented from treating that subject ably, by the want of knowledge of such things as are not embraced within its narrow limits. It used to be said of a late Cambrian dignitary, not unknown to fame, that he had earned what reputation he had by being a Welshman among scholars, and a scholar among Welshmen. Mr. Ab Ithel is neither, but merely a Welshman among Welshmen."

[5] February 15, 1862.

[6] Ab Ithel issued his earlier works under the name of John Williams only. (See *Cambrian Journal*, vol. 1862, p. 275, note.) There was no impropriety in his assumption of a disused patronymic, and he became known under it by habit and repute, at least in Wales. Under such circumstances it has been decided that the royal permission is not indispensable.

After this flattering exordium, which, demolishing at once Ab Ithel, Iolo Morganwg, Owen Pughe, Archdeacon Williams, and Welsh history in general, sufficiently indicates the kind of critique to be expected when any Welsh writer is the subject, the reviewer proceeds to "pick holes" in the edition before him. Unfortunately for Ab Ithel the character of the *Annales*, and the conditions under which he undertook the publication of it, exposed him to accusations more specious and profuse, though not less unjust, than those that awaited the *Brut;* while a certain careless brevity and even negligence in the glossary invited the attack of cavillers who were only too ready to put the worst construction upon every lapse, and to generalize molehills of inadvertency into mountains of error.

The reader is assured by the critic that Ab Ithel has done absolutely nothing for the *Annales* beyond the collation of the three copies upon which the text is based; that the foot notes, with barely an exception, refer only to the collation; that the valuable portion of the preface is taken generally *verbatim*, and always in substance, from the preface to the *Annales Cambriæ* published in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica;* and that to this Ab Ithel has added a little that is valuable, consisting of his own observations of the MSS., and a great deal that is valueless, consisting of his own conjectures. And it is complained that public money has been spent twice over in reproducing a book under these circumstances.

The answer to all this is not difficult. Ab Ithel did not choose the Annales *e proprio motu:* it was prescribed by the Master of the Rolls. He had no liberty to modify the arrangement of it, which was to accord with the general plan of the series.

It was not his fault that a portion of the Annals had been printed in the *Monumenta*, but he perfectly agreed with the wisdom of reprinting that portion in the octavo edition. In that edition he deemed it advisable not to deviate in any respect from the groundwork laid down in the *Monumenta*. His principal and particular duty

with the chronicle was to collate the three manuscripts containing it. The formation of a correct text was not merely an incidental, but a paramount object. The Lords of the Treasury in their minute of February 9, 1857, "expressed their approbation that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., *and that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings.*"

The book was not calculated so much to display the erudition, or to gratify the vanity, of the editor, as to illustrate his diligence, and prove his experience in manuscript records. In blaming Ab Ithel, therefore, for the poverty of his annotations, the reviewers merely bear witness to the closeness with which he has obeyed the instructions under which he worked. And in passing over the main business of the editorship with the remark that it is merely mechanical, in order to fasten upon the few inaccuracies—for an impartial judgment shows them to be indeed few—in the subsidiary portions of the work; their conduct is in the highest degree uncritical and unfair.

As regards the preface it is quite true that Ab Ithel made large use of Mr. Duffus Hardy's preface in the *Monumenta* in so far as it applied to the manuscripts in question; but in doing so he took what was obviously the best course. To make a verbal difference in the narration of matters of fact, for the mere sake of difference, would have been at least puerile. The editor showed good sense and good taste in availing himself of the existing preface, and in distinctly recording the obligation.

The additional particulars derived from his own inspection of the MSS. are acknowledged to be valuable. But all the rest of his preface—his opinions and conjectures—is condemned as valueless. As an instance the reviewers cite the question of the authorship of the *Annales*. Let us first state the case. It was incumbent

upon every editor under the Record Commission, to give in the preface a biographical account of his author so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value. Ab Ithel, therefore, was naturally led to write on this subject. Now it is probable by the internal evidence of MS. *A.* of the *Annales*, that *this* chronicle was compiled in the tenth century by some person whose name does not appear. The editor looking for names of literary eminence of that period, finds two—Blegewryd, Archdeacon of Llandaff, and Geraint, the Blue Bard; both brothers of Morgan, king of Glamorgan. He accordingly submits one of these as the possible author. But he adds,—"In bringing forward these two names, we do not mean to fix the compilation of the chronicle upon either of them; we have no sufficient evidence to warrant our doing so. Our intention is rather to point out from history that there were men, even in that illiterate age, who were fully equal to the task, and not unlikely to have produced a register similar to the *Annales Cambriæ*." Upon which the reviewers remark, after sneering at the "illustrious personages" mentioned,—"In other words, the argument which extends over three pages, just comes to this—that, assuming, or it being already proved, that the *Annales* were compiled in a certain age, 'there were men, even in that illiterate age, who were fully equal to the task of compiling them!'"

Surely this is a sorry perversion of the sense and language of the argument under review! Construed in no carping spirit that argument merely seeks to ascribe the authorship to one of two particular persons in a particular age; and conversely, to derive from the historiographical ability and from the career of those persons, an additional reason for fixing the compilation upon that age. But it suited the critics to distort the particular into the general, and thus to make the most of the phrase "there were men," which doubtless would have been better as "these men."

They next discover a *non-sequitur* in Ab Ithel's sur-

mise that the *Annales* was originally written in Welsh, and that its present form is only a translation, because many Welsh words and phrases appear in it as if left untranslated; and they say that all these facts prove is, that the *Annales* were compiled by a Welshman for the use of Welshmen. We do not see the *non-sequitur*, or the superiority of the *ex cathedra* view. The question, however, is a fair open one, which it is needless to discuss here.

Then follows a summary judgment as to the value of the information conveyed in the Annals. The editor had said that for corroborative evidence independent authorities exist, such as Gildas, Nennius, Bede, the Genealogies of the Saints, the Triads, and the works of the Bards. Of course the reviewers demur to such authority. They first of all conveniently put Nennius out of court, as of very doubtful date and authenticity. Gildas and Bede are allowed, probably because of their being no friends to the Cymry. The Triads, Genealogies, and Bards are dismissed unheard as being of too late a date, and Ab Ithel is censured for taking no pains "to distinguish between contemporary evidence and the pious frauds of mediæval, and possibly of modern antiquaries."

The whole of this is mere assertion, easy to make, and as easy in great part to refute.

The most vulnerable portion of the edition is doubtless the Glossary, not so much on account of the few real errors it contains, as because of its brevity and insufficiency which *seem* to give rise to many more. Mediæval Latin is not a very attractive study, and we apprehend that there is not much scholarship directed to it. Yet it is still less within the range of "general readers," and a glossary is therefore a very essential appendage to such a work as the *Annales Cambriæ*. But it must be a *good* one, and there is no excuse for omissions and meagre definitions in it.[7] This fault then, is rightly charged to Ab Ithel. But the sins of *commission*, and of super-

[7] Such as of Prædicator, Præcentor, Religiosus, &c.

fluity are of much less gravity in his case. The glossary of the *Annales* has been diligently raked and sifted for errors of this class, and the result is triumphantly paraded by the reviewers. In some words, such as *Villa*, *Bladum*, *Canonicus*, *Archdiaconus*, *Laicus*, *Thesaurarium*, *Hostium*, *Monachus*, &c., the editor has failed to give, in addition to the abstract or usual meaning, the meaning evidently suited to the passage he cites and to the age he treats of. But that is all. At the word *Hostium* we think we detect the source of the reviewer's correction. Ab Ithel had written simply *a door, entry, or passage*, as the meaning, and cited as an example, "Hostium Guili." Now, if this had been all, we doubt whether the rendering would have been disturbed. But Ab Ithel gives "*Aber* Gwyli" as a parallel passage from the *Brut y Tywysogion*, and the word *aber*, the use of which of course shows the editor's knowledge of *ostium* as the mouth of a river, may have suggested that emendation to the critic.

Again, it is said "*Manerium* in the passage cited by the editor, means not a manor, but a manor-house." This passage runs thus:—"A.D. 1287, Resus, filius Maredut . . . . . cepit castra de Lanamdevery de Dynewr, et de Carregkennen, et postea combussit villam de Sweynese et manerium de Osterlof, cum majori parte patriæ et villam de Lanpadarn-vaur et villam de Karmardyn usque ad portas." Doubtless the critic thought it impossible to burn a manor. But he will not deny that *patriæ* means country, and how does he account for the burning of *that?* Manerium is as much a manor as patriæ is a *country*, and both were ravaged and burnt in the narrative before us. Next, the following bit of sharp practice is worthy of the *Saturday Review*. The glossary gives "*Vespera*, the evening; vespers; *i. e.*, from about four o'clock to about seven, when compline began." It is surely plain enough that here are two correct definitions—first, *evening* in general; next, the service *vespers*, so called from occupying about the period of time described. But the ellipsis is an opportunity for the critic

who smartly demands, "Does the editor suppose that vespers mean a portion of time, or that the service so called went on for three hours?"

The word *Dispositio*, or rightly *Depositio*, omitted by Ab Ithel in his glossary, has undoubtedly been elsewhere understood by him as signifying ecclesiastical *deposition* in the two instances where it occurs in the text—"Depositio Danielis Bancorum;" and, "Depositio Cinnauc episcopi;" while as certainly it means simply *death*.[8] Such a lapse is of course made the most of; but it is one which it is much more easy for a critic to discover than for a writer to avoid. Said of any other than a bishop, the poetical signification *death* would be more obvious. Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan was, we believe, the first to adopt it, in the phrase *dies depositionis* (*sc.* vitæ). But said of a bishop, the ordinary rendering *deposition* is almost inevitable except by examining the context, or remembering the external facts. This the critic did, and Ab Ithel failed to do.

But it is not only in mediæval Latin that Ab Ithel is attacked. He is arraigned upon his own stronger ground, the Welsh, with, however, no very damaging results. The *Saturday Review* lays it down that "*Cantref* in Welsh means a district consisting, not of a hundred villages, but of a hundred homesteads." The definition of Ab Ithel runs thus:—"Cantref (cant tref), W. Cantred; a hundred of a shire; a district consisting originally of a hundred villages." Now, literally, *tref* or *tre* means indifferently a dwelling-place or homestead, and a hamlet or village. *Cantref* means a hundred such. The word *tref* originally indicated both an assemblage of persons and their dwellings, and an assemblage of persons in one patriarchal settlement. In the time of Howel Dda the

[8] The *Annales* gives the death of Daniel, properly Deiniol, A.D. 584,—Geoffrey of Monmouth less probably 544. There are difficulties in fixing all the dates of his career. But death, not deposition, is recorded above.—See Professor Rees' *Essay on the Welsh Saints*, page 258.

territorial area allotted by law to the tref was 256 acres, and to the cantref 25,600 acres, "neither more nor less."[9] In the same code the *maenawr*, manor or stone-marking, comprised four *tref*, just as a manor now often includes several hamlets.

As population thickened and towns arose, the *tref* was used to indicate *town*, while *cantref* was applied to larger districts without exact limitation to the number of villages or to the prescribed area. Cantref in this sense corresponds to the Swiss *Canton*, and to the English *Hundred*.[1]

Long before the days of the compilers of the *Annales Cambriæ*, *Cantrev* meant a district of the more extended kind. The passage cited by Ab Ithel runs:—"Rex tamen procerum suorum usus consilio, illud Cantref (cantrefmawr) secundum ei in diversis baronum terris divisum dedit."

The kingdom of Gwynedd after the great territorial division of Roderic, contained ten cantreds.[2] And in those most interesting documents containing the nego-

[9] "Eiriv erwi yn y Cantrev chwe cant a phum mil ar ugaint, nid mwy nid llai."—Owen Pughe's *Dictionary—sub voce Cantrev.*

[1] It is probable that the Saxons borrowed the system of dividing the land into hundreds from the Cymry who had pursued it since their first settlement in Britain. The 37th Triad records the submersion of Cantref-y-Gwaelod, the Lowland hundred in Cardigan Bay—(about A.D. 478). Barnes says on this subject—"If Alfred, or Ethelred, or Ina, or any other early king, whose code is come down to us, had formed England into hundreds, we may fairly believe that so great a work of government would have been made and set forth by his laws. It is not, however, to be found as an act of the laws of any of our Saxon kings, though the laws of Edgar and Ethelred speak strongly on the need of men being enrolled in some *freoburh*, whether hundred or tithing; though not as if frankpledge, or hundreds or tithings were new things, but as if they were already known institutions. I am not aware that these are found in Denmark, or in Friesland, or Germany, or among any Teutonic tribe from which our forefathers came forth, any such divisions as hundreds and tithings, or any traces or histories of their boroughship."—"If the Angles or Saxons brought to Britain the division of land into hundreds, as a well-known institution of their fatherland, it is a wonder that their fatherland neither retains the divisions themselves, nor any history of their abolition."—*Notes on Ancient Britain*, page 68.

[2] Description of Wales, by Sir John Price and Humphrey Llwyd.

tiations between Prince Llywelyn ap Gruffydd and his brother Davydd, and Peckham, the Archbishop of Canterbury; we read,—

"Cum Dominus David primo venisset ad Dominum Edwardum tunc Comitem Cestriæ, ac homagium sibi fecisset, idem Dominus Edwardus eidem Davidi duas Cantredas, videlicet de dyffryn-Clwyd et Cywonant cum omnibus suis pertinentiis dedit plenarie, et literas suas patentes super hoc fieri fecit, tandem etiam donationem eidem invocavit, postquam creatus est in Regem, et etiam illum Davidem in possessionem illarum Cantredarum induxit corporalem. Demum Domina Gwenlhian de Lacy mortua, *tres villas* quas in dictis Cantredis tenuit quoad vitam quæ ad ipsum Davidem spectabant ratione Donationis supradictæ Dominus Rex sibi abstulit minus justè contra tenorem Chartæ suæ."[3]

We commend the words "tres villas" to the Saturday Reviewers, for if we are to translate *villa* as *ville*, a town, agreeably to their correction of Ab Ithel in that word, their idea of *cantref* will have to be considerably enlarged; while if *villa* means *parish* or *village* in the above passage, Ab Ithel's definition is all the more justified.

Another hypercritical rectification of the Welsh editor's Welsh is found in the following:—

"Sul (in Welsh) does not mean 'the sun,' although *diu* sul (hod. dydd sul) means *Sun*day. The truth is, that Dydd Sul is simply a corruption of *Dies Solis*, just as *Dydd Llun* (Monday) is a corruption of *Dies Lunæ*. 'Sun' and 'Moon,' in Welsh, are *Haul* and Llœr, respectively."

The "truth" is *not* as this passage would have it. There is no doubt that the Welsh names of the days of the week, like several of the names of the months, were proximately borrowed from the Latin names which were derived from the planetary system, and first used in the reign of Severus. We know of no earlier mention of them in Welsh literature than in the *Gododin*, where they all appear in one passage.[4] In the same manner the

[3] Powell's History of Wales, ed. 1702, Appendix, page 371. The four cantreds in Arvon were the subject of long and earnest claim by Llywelyn, being his particular inheritance, as those of Dyffryn Clwyd and Cywonant were of David.

[4] Gododin (Ab Ithel) section 68,—the summary of the events of the seven days' fighting.

corresponding English names were borrowed from the Saxon.[5] And so far, if the critic finds corruption in the one case he must find it in the other. But although the use of such Welsh names for the week has been imitated from the Roman practice it does not follow that the words themselves are not Cymric. *Sul* and *Llun* are primitive Welsh words for *sun* and *moon*, meaning respectively, according to Owen Pughe, *su-ul*, that extends round, and *lly-un*, a form, image, or picture. However the use of them may be confined to the locutions *Sunday* and *Monday*, (*Llun*, however, helps to form *Llundain*) they are not corruptions of *Sol* and *Luna*, but cognate etymons.

Diu or *Dydd*, also, is not a corruption of *Dies* but cognate, as is *nos* with *nox*, *mis* with *mensis*, and *awr* with *hora*. So indeed, *Mawrth*, *Merchur*, *Iau*, *Gwener*, and *Sadwrn*, may all be shown to be derived from roots older than the Latin tongue, though entering into its structure.

The object, however, of the reviewers is to leave no stone unturned that may serve to fling at the Welsh language and at Welsh writers.

This is further seen in their treatment of the word *Dextralis*.

"Our readers will have already gathered from such samples of Mr. Ab Ithel's work as we have extracted for their benefit, that he is a patriotic Welshman. This will appear, further, from the following extracts:—

"'DEXTRALIS. Belonging to the right hand. "Dextrales Brittones," the Britons of South Wales, that portion of the principality being situated on the right hand of a person looking eastward, as the Bards and Druids did in the performance of their religious rites.'

"It is worthy of observation that *Britannia* in this document simply means Wales, and *Dextralis Britannia*, South Wales; or *Deheu-barth*, from *deheu*, 'the right hand.' Mr. Ab Ithel need

[5] The Saxon names with the exception perhaps of *Wednesday*, refer to divinities of nearly the same character as those which are represented in the classical names. There is no *verbal* affinity. It is probable that the Teutonic arrangement was copied from the Latin. But see Verstegan *passim*.

not, however, have gone to Druidism for the identification of the *South* with the *right* hand, as it is common in other countries. Witness the Hebrew *Jamein* and the Indian Deccan."

Now it may well be asked in reply, why should we go to the Hebrew or the Indian for what lies at home in the British language; why seek to throw a slur on an undoubted practice of the Druids and Bards, by appropriating it to other countries or other faiths?

The grudging spirit latent in such strictures is unmistakable; but far from losing, Welsh etymology and Welsh manners have much to gain from Hebrew and other Oriental analogies, and nothing to fear from writers whose best logic is irony, and best philosophy negation.[6]

Finally we have,—

"In the following passage the Editor's patriotism comes out, not merely in the department of etymology, but also in the evident delight with which he contemplates the picture presented to his mind's eye by his favourite Bard:—

"'GUERRA, WERRA. War.

'Solus Resus filius Grifut tenuit *gwerram* contra regem Angliæ.' 47.

"'It is remarkable that *gware* in Welsh is the word used for play. "A *gware* pelre â phen Saeson," and to play at hurling with Saxons' heads.'"—*Taliesin.*

Ab Ithel might have also cited the saying,—

[6] The following upon the derivation of *Cymry*, is from the *Saturday Review* of September 24, 1859, in an article upon Morgan's *British Kymry*, a book whose exaggerations in a great degree drew down upon it and the cause it advocated, the sharp reception it met. This note, however, exults in the derivation of the Celtic Cimbri from *robbers*, of which the Cymry if they will identify themselves with Cimbri, may have the benefit:—

"In the third volume of the recent version of *Herodotus* (London, 1859), p. 187, the translator has also made the inexcusable blunder of identifying *Cymry* (= *Combrogĕs*) with *Cimbri*. This is not the place for discussing the vexed question as to whether or not the Cimbri were Celts. The word *Cimbri*, however, seems cognate with *Cimberius*, an undoubtedly Gaulish name occurring in Cæsar; and both these names may well be derived from the Celtic root CIMB, which is found in the Old Irish *cimbid*, 'a captive,' (gl. vinctus), Zeuss G. C. 1064, *cimbidi* (gl. custodias), Book of Armagh 189 *b*. If so, *Cimbri* might be rendered by *captores;* or, in a bad sense, *latrones*, an interpretation which agrees with the gloss in Festus; '*Cimbri* lingua gallica latrones dicuntur.' See also Plutarch, Mar. II, and consider the distinctly Celtic names of two of the Cimbric leaders, Gaisorix, Boiorix."

"Chware Cymro digrifwch,
Chware Sais angeu,"[6]

without being in the smallest degree animated by the feeling so mischievously imputed to him.

In no part of his conduct or writings did he suffer his "patriotism" to qualify his loyalty as a subject, his doctrine as a teacher, or his Christian charity as a man.

The Review closes with this dictum,—

"Celtic history is a rich mine, but our public authorities so far as they have a voice in the matter, should take care to whom they intrust the working of it."

To which we would add—Criticism is an honourable profession, but our reading public, who have a very considerable voice in the matter, should take care to whom they intrust the guidance of their judgment and the cultivation of their taste.

We have devoted several pages to an analysis of one of the principal articles on Ab Ithel's *Annales Cambriæ*, because the criticism in it may be called representative or typical of the literary reception accorded to all books on Welsh subjects written with the national feeling and from the resources of the national learning.[7] And we have also been anxious to vindicate the book in question from some of the faults which may have been undeservedly associated with it in the minds of English men of letters. We might have imitated the reviewers' language of sarcasm and spleen, but we preferred to do our best in simple earnest to show that the inaccuracies and omissions of the *Annales*, reduced to their true dimensions, are far from being sufficient to justify the insulting verdict pronounced against it; and that in fact, the book and the man were prejudged. Let us now pass to another phase of Ab Ithel's experience in which the

[6] The Cymro's play is fun,
The Saxon's play is death.

[7] Even in regard to books by English authors or compilers, the same critical bias is paraded, *e. g.*, Murray's *Hand-Book to North Wales*, which was made the medium of spiteful allusion to Cambrian names, events and traditions, particularly of the North.

independence and sincerity of his character appeared in strong colours, and attracted much political and private attention to the nationality of Wales, of which he was the exponent and the defender.

In 1858 he was appointed chaplain to the High Sheriff of Merioneth, and preached two assize sermons at Dolgelly. These sermons were of a remarkable character, and must have fallen with startling pungency on the ears of Judge Crowder and the County authorities. The preacher saw his opportunity, and used it with all the hardihood and plain speech of the old time, when admonition and discipline were vital privileges of the Church, and when politics in their bearing on morals were deemed a fit subject for the Pulpit which judged and directed the motives and aims of men. Skilfully deducing his theme from an apposite text, and from the religious application suited to it, he showed how and when Christianity was introduced into Britain; how it superseded, or rather absorbed, the ancient Druidic cultus; how the infant Church acquired the support of the State; how, grown strong and deep, it reacted on the State and became the guide and inspirer of it; how it developed parishes and bishoprics, and fostered colleges and schools; how the Reformation, welcome in character to the Cymry, was yet in conduct and result hardly well adapted to their temperament; and how thus they embraced Dissent which gave them oratory worthy of their powerful language, and showed them enthusiasm able to touch their hearts and mould their lives. Then, exposing the later political action of the State upon the Welsh Church, by which this result has been extended and intensified, he inveighed with indignant fervour against the appointment of bishops unacquainted with the language of the country, and against the exclusion of Welsh from the National Schools. The following passages are examples of these notable utterances:—

"Another element which has paralyzed the very life of our Church, is the system of appointing bishops in sees in Wales, who are unacquainted with the language of the people. This,

indeed, is not of the essence of the Reformation; on the contrary, the 24th article declares, 'It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God, and the custom of the primitive church, to have public prayers in the church, or to minister the sacraments in a tongue not understanded of the people.' But since the accession of the House of Hanover, it has in practice been made a part of it, and the church has suffered in consequence, so much so, that episcopacy in the Principality is now but a name; nay, more, it is associated with deeds of tyranny and oppression, which it would be well were they clean forgotten. It is quite impossible that in this state of things we should make any progress towards perfection.

"It is easy to talk of our being all one people—as long as we are not of one tongue no laws on earth should step between us and our Creator. To have all the rites of religion administered to us in the language which we understand, is our birthright, and no earthly consideration whatever should induce us to part with it. Let us be prepared to sacrifice our temporalities, if by no other means we can secure and maintain it. This is a matter of life and death to the soul. 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' 'The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts,'—but, alas! 'If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me.' (1 Cor. xiv. 11.) We shall never go on unto perfection unless we hear the gospel in our own tongue, wherein we were born.

"I would mention also our national schools as what are called nurseries of religion, and handmaids to the church. These are forms which the circumstances of the times have matured. But in Wales religion is practically excluded from the national schools. It is impossible that young children should know the doctrines of Christ, unless they are taught them in their native tongue. They may indeed be able to repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, or the Ten Commandments, in a strange tongue. But what availeth it to them if they understand not what they say? They are barbarians to the master, and the master is a barbarian to them. The practice, moreover, flatly contradicts the theory of our Church. Her injunction is, 'Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him, so soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue.' According then to the practice followed in the national schools of Wales, no child will ever be fit for confirmation. But what crowns the absurdity is that the children are not only pretended to be prepared

for confirmation through the medium of a strange tongue, but are actually confirmed (if at all) in a language which they do not understand—both practices being equally opposed to the law of the church!

"Surely, dissenters have no occasion to complain of the admission of the Church Catechism into our schools. It is a dead letter—and not likely to have any distinctive effect upon their opinion and conduct, as the result inevitably shows on their leaving school. Were it not for the Sunday school, and the domestic hearth, our youths would be left with very little religious training. I do not wish to find fault with the mode adopted of teaching the arts and sciences through the medium of English, for these have to do with the things of this life, but what I would say is, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' (St. Matt. vi. 33.) Let religion be the groundwork of all our dealings. You must teach a child his Creed and Commandments, and how to pray the very first thing of all, and not wait until he can acquire a knowledge of his religious duties through the medium of an additional language."

That any considerable change in the policy of Government should be effected by eloquence however moving, or by logic however exact, can hardly be expected. *Stet pro ratione voluntas.* Yet we cannot believe that the efforts of Ab Ithel and of all advocates of civil and religious liberty, have been wholly in vain. Since he preached from the text, "Let us go on unto perfection," (Hebrews vi. 1,) the second of his assize sermons, something has been conceded to the Church in Wales,—some step of progress has been taken. A Bishop of Bangor has been chosen who speaks the language of his diocese, and sympathises with his clergy; and as a consequence, the abilities of the aspiring young men born of, and among the people, have been directed to the ministry under proper culture and encouragement, and the affections of the Cymry have in a large measure been restored to the venerable authority and doctrine of the Established Church. The same episcopal enlightenment discerned the merits of Ab Ithel, and so soon as the transfer of Llanymowddwy to the see of Bangor had been effected, raised him to a position more suitable to

his talents and more favourable to his health. This movement once made, a still higher preferment would in due time have rewarded him. But, alas! while the life of the nation is long, and can well wait for reform and the slow revolutions on the dial of progress, the life of the individual is brief, and the lapse of months and days too rapidly exhausts its small cycle. It was only in the closing year of his career, when the shadow of the great change was hovering over him, that he received the presentation to Llanenddwyn and Llanddwye. Up to that time, despite the silent claims of his life and conduct, and the zealous exertions of his friends, he had been neglected and kept back by the same political repression which neglected and kept back his Church—a repression which, we again say, inflicted deep injury on his health as well as on his fortunes. The theme may be a painful one, but in any faithful biography it cannot be passed over. We have before us an unpublished letter addressed on his behalf by an English friend to the Bishop of St. Asaph; and this, with the reply it elicited, will put accurately before the reader the subject in its two-fold bearing on Ab Ithel and on Wales:—

Smethwick, near Birmingham,
March 23rd, 1859.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

My Lord,—I venture to address your Lordship on behalf of a clergyman in your Diocese, my esteemed friend, an author well known in Wales for his erudition and honest love of his country and language. In naming the Rev. John Williams ab Ithel, M. A., of Llanymowddwy, I am not unaware that I recall to your Lordship's attention one who is, perhaps, unfortunately regarded with disfavour. But animated by the conviction that the true character and conduct of Ab Ithel have been misrepresented to your Lordship, and emboldened by the hope that I may be enabled to modify the adverse opinion you may have thus formed, I hesitate not to write these lines, and to solicit your Lordship's favourable response to the request I have to prefer.

Having during several years past devoted my attention, as an English student and traveller, to Welsh history and archaiology, and to Welsh manners and institutions, I have naturally been

led to form an acquaintance with a gentleman to whom the general voice of the Principality directed me for instruction on these heads. And I have been gratified to find in Mr. Williams not only a scholar of high attainments in the early lore of Britain, and a thinker of great power and acumen, but also a Christian and a gentleman possessing in no ordinary degree the qualities of simplicity, mildness, patience, benevolence, and truthfulness. And I am happy to add that here in England his reputation is becoming widely extended, and that the peculiar circumstances surrounding him are exciting in my fellow-countrymen a full measure of sympathy and respect. I need hardly refer to the abundant testimony of persons in Wales who are competent in all respects to assert the merits of Mr. Williams, and most desirous to join with me in memorializing your Lordship on his behalf.

I have of late had more than once the advantage of visiting Ab Ithel at Llanymowddwy, and I have been grieved to find that his health is declining, and that he is suffering under severe nervous depression. The cause of this is only too obvious.

Do not think, my Lord, that his literary or parochial duties in any degree constitute it. A mind like his needs aliment, not inaction, to refresh and sustain it. Neither to the important and arduous work in which he is engaged for the Government, nor to the many forms of active usefulness which his ministrations with his people assume, is the ill health I mention to be attributed.

The cause is two-fold—the insalubrity of his place of residence as affecting his constitution, and the ever-present conviction that his efforts to benefit Wales, and extend the influence of the Welsh Church upon the Welsh people, are weakened, if not frustrated, by the want of confidence and of appreciation on the part of his Diocesan. I can bear witness, my Lord, to the physical evils that weigh upon Ab Ithel's delicate constitution and sensitive temperament. Too great exposure to storms, the extremes of heat and cold, deficiency of direct sunlight during a portion of the year, excessive damp, and imperfect ventilation, are the evident and proximate causes of the ill health of Mr. Williams and of his amiable family. But I know also that his mental suffering is far more intense. Whatever may be the difference of his convictions from those of your Lordship in matters of moment to Wales,—the maintenance of her language, the development of her nationality, the support of her institutions; it must be conceded that they do in no measure mar his usefulness as a minister of Christ, and as a humble coadjutor of your Lordship in the general service of the Church. I would most respectfully submit to your Lordship that the condition of

Wales is *de facto* a condition concerning which there can be no dispute. Whatever may be said of the political desirability of discouraging the Welsh tongue, there can be no question that at least half a million of people do now worship in that tongue, and do cherish it, and the traditions and privileges connected with it, with feelings of almost religious fervour. This being so, it is surely reasonable that a clergyman possessing in so eminent a degree, the qualities and qualifications of a true Welsh pastor; possessing too the love and confidence of the native people, should be transferred to a position where such virtues and such talents may be exercised on a scale commensurate with their magnitude and with the spiritual needs of the country.

I abstain, my Lord, from obtruding arguments on the policy of the Government in regard to the Church in Wales. Suffer me to say only, and I hope without presumption, that I believe that the Almighty in His wisdom has impressed a distinct character upon Wales, and in His wisdom preserves that character; and that so long as the Welsh people devote their ancient and beautiful language to His glory, so long shall that language live and flourish.

I am firmly assured, my Lord, that you will nowhere find a clergyman who is more disposed to cherish this conviction, and yet obey and honour, in all lawful things, his Sovereign and his Bishop, than the clergyman whose claims I now humbly advocate. He has never, as far as I am aware, excited insubordination in the Church, or strengthened the hands of Dissent, or promulgated unsound doctrine, or failed in personal example. I believe that whatever he has said or done, has been said or done from the high and honourable impulses of his conscience directed alike by the love of country and the law of Christian duty. Notwithstanding this, how often is it alleged that Ab Ithel is systematically overlooked and discountenanced! But, my Lord, I must be slow to entertain such a view. I cannot, indeed, for a moment believe that a prelate of personal piety and eminent learning, and who has at heart the eternal interests of the Church of Christ, irrespective of language and geographical position, would deliberately neglect to promote the advancement of a clergyman of his diocese, distinguished for kindred gifts and kindred aspirations. I would far rather assume that some misconception of Ab Ithel's character has influenced your Lordship's mind, and that erroneous information has exhibited him in a false light.

I most respectfully ask you, my Lord, to banish a prejudice, which is so damaging to the fame and fortunes of a most estimable man, and so calculated to excite unjust comments upon

your Lordship's own conduct with regard to him. I entreat you, my Lord, for the sake of the people over whom you have the spiritual presidency—for the sake of the promotion of the true principles of the Church, and the weakening of Dissent—for the sake of his failing health and that of his dear family—for the sake, in fine, of common justice and Christian kindness—to interpose your authority to place John Williams ab Ithel, in a position which he may occupy for the greater good of his country and the greater honour of his Master. Oh! let it be no longer said, my Lord, either in England or Wales, that the Rector of Llanymowddwy is debarred from the just reward of his eminence—that the light of his learning is oppressed by obscurity, or the warmth of his patriotism marred by neglect, at a time when the Church needs the most active services of her ablest defenders, and when the cause of Wales demands the most disinterested affections of her sons.

Pardon me, my Lord, for trespassing so largely upon your time. I take to myself the entire responsibility of this address, and I humbly beg that you will consider Mr. Williams as in no way accountable for the expressions in it, of which he is totally ignorant.

If I have in any way written disrespectfully, your Lordship will impute the fault to my inexperience, or to the sincerity of my feelings in regard to Ab Ithel and to Wales. And I cherish the conviction that your Lordship will not refuse to take into early and favourable consideration, the plea I have thus poorly urged, and that you will so enjoy the pure gratification of promoting the health and happiness of one well worthy to enjoy those blessings, and of promoting also the highest spiritual welfare of the people that may be confided to his charge.

I have the honour to be,
Your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,
JAMES KENWARD.

The answer to this appeal ran as follows:—

St. Asaph, March 29, 1859.

SIR,—As I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I have no reason to doubt the motives which actuate you, and beg leave to assure you that no personal prejudice with regard to Mr. Williams has any influence over me.

But on the other hand I have a right to assume that a Bishop who spends his whole time and income in trying to benefit the Church in the Principality has some grounds for believing that others may be mistaken, as well as himself, and that he is not incapable of judging how her best spiritual interests may be pro-

moted in the distribution of that preferment of which God has made him the responsible steward.

I have the honor to be,
Your humble servant,
THOS. VOWLER ST. ASAPH.

James Kenward, Esq.

Comment is needless on this correspondence, but it may be asked how far a bishop who believed that the Church in the Principality was benefited, and her best spiritual interests promoted, by shutting out from preferment a man like Ab Ithel, could be said to be free from personal prejudice with regard to him? or else, how far such a belief could be justified by the facts—facts not unknown to his Lordship—that have been adduced in illustration of the ministerial character of Ab Ithel, and of the position of the Church in Wales?

THE TRAGICAL DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF LIR; OR, THE SECOND WOE OF IRISH STORY.[1]

Translated by EDWARD O'REILLY, Author of the *Irish Dictionary*.

THE migration of the Tuatha De Dananns from the battle of Tailtean; they having assembled from every direction in Ireland in which they had been, until they arrived at one place of assembly and convocation. And the chiefs and nobles of the Tuatha De Danann then said,—"It is better for us," said they, "to have a king over us, than to be dispersed and degraded throughout Ireland, serving under strange kings." There were amongst them some who were qualified to rule over them, of the race of the Tuatha De Dananns, to wit, Bogha the Ruddy, Ilbhreac of Easruadh, Lir, the necromancer, Fionnchadh Fionbhar, Meadha Siobhal, and Mionualach, the son of the Daghdha. Aengus, the son

[1] We are indebted for this interesting legend to the kindness of the present esteemed Rector of Llanymowddwy, the Rev. D. Silvan Evans.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

of the Daghdha, entertained no hope of enjoying the sovereignty. The Tuatha De Dananns entered into consultation, except the five equally noble personages who were candidates for the kingly rule, and they elected Bogha the Ruddy as their king. It was not the wish of Lir, neither did he consider it handsome, that the sovereignty should be conferred on Bogha the Ruddy. He therefore set out for home without taking the advice or leave of, or bidding farewell to, the assembly, for he imagined they would constitute himself their king. But notwithstanding Lir's departure, not less unanimous were they all in conferring the kingly dignity on Bogha the Ruddy; for not one of them thought in his heart that any other person could be found amongst them so qualified or deserving. "Let us," said they, "pursue Lir, massacre him, and lay waste his possessions, as he has refused to confer royalty on him whom we have elected." "We will not do so," said Bogha the Ruddy, "for the people of his province would protect him, and we will not, for this time, draw a civil war on our heads; for that man shall at length assent to my being king, and I am not the less a king that he refuses his assent." They were accordingly unfamiliar with each other, until Lir assented to acknowledge Bogha the Ruddy as king. In the meantime a great misfortune occurred to Lir, to wit, the death of his affectionate and faithful spouse, of three nights' sickness, which extremely grieved Lir, insomuch that he was inconsolably sorrowful after her, and her death was universally lamented throughout Ireland, and the report of her death reached the palace of the son of Daghdha, where were assembled the Tuatha De Dananns; and the king, Bogha the Ruddy, said, "that if it were the wish of Lir, that himself would enter into an alliance of friendship with him, and as his wife is no longer living, it is probable that I have the three richest treasures of the Tuatha De Dananns, to wit, the three chaste daughters who transcend in form and beauty all the females of the cardinal universe, namely, Aoibh, Aoife, and Ailbhe, the three daughters of Olioll of Aran,

i. e., my own three womb wards." The Tuatha De Danann said that that was true. A deputation was sent from Bogha the Ruddy to Lir, and told him that the son of the Daghdha would form an alliance with him if his lordship would consent thereto. With respect to Lir, he was highly pleased to form the proposed alliance, insomuch that he set out the next morning with fifty chariots in his retinue, and took the shortest way to arrive at the palace of Bogha the Ruddy, over Loch Dairbhreach. He was kindly welcomed by Bogha the Ruddy, and they were cheerful and joyous before them, insomuch that they were accommodated and entertained in the choicest manner with the novelty of every kind of food, and with the oldest liquors. And the three daughters of Olioll of Aran were seated beside each other in three guardian chairs, opposite the queen of the Tuatha De Dananns, for she was their foster-mother. Bogha the Ruddy addressed Lir, and offered him his choice of the three. "I know not which of them to choose, but prefer her who has precedence of seniority and nobility." "Well, then," said Bogha the Ruddy, "that is Aoibh, and I will give her unto thee." And they were united together, and clung together by the ceremony of interchanging hands and going to bed with each other. Lir remained with Bogha the Ruddy during one month and a fortnight, until he took home with him his spouse. Afterwards they were spending their time together, until Aoibh, the daughter of Olioll, became heavily pregnant, and when the time of her delivery arrived, she bore twins of that birth, namely, a son and daughter. The son's name was Conn, and the daughter's Fionnghuala, and charming were the forms and aspects of these two royal children. At another birth she bore twins also, who were two sons, namely, Fiachra and Aodh, and she herself expired after having brought them forth, which mightily grieved Lir, and were it not for the intense love he bore his four children he would not survive her, through his excessive love for her. The news of her death reaches the palace of Bogha the Ruddy, insomuch

that three loud shrieks of grief were heard bewailing their beloved ward; and Bogha the Ruddy himself exclaimed, "although I greatly regret her death on her own account, still it grieves me more for the sake of Lir and his children, for I am thankful of his alliance, and our friendship shall not part from each other thus; for I will give her sister to him, namely, Aoife, the daughter of Olioll of Aran." He went afterwards to give her to him for two reasons: the first reason, his great attachment to him; the second, because she was the childrens' aunt. He brought her home with him, and was deeply enamoured of her, and beloved was Aoife in the place of her sister. Whosoever saw or heard the children of Lir could not avoid giving them their hearts' love. Bogha the Ruddy himself used often to go to see them to the mansion of Lir, and his soul was deeply impressed with their love; and he oftentimes brought them to his own palace, and kept them there a long time, and he used to allow them again to return to their father's mansion. It was customary with the Tuatha De Dananns to be festively entertained at both mansions with merriment and hilarity. When it happened that they were feasting at Lir's abode, his children were the joy and delight of all the company, through the goodness of their dispositions, namely, Fionnghuala and Conn, Aodh and Fiachra; and it was customary with them to go sometimes to sleep in their father's bed, so that Lir used to rise early in the morning and lie amongst them. But burning jealousy and inveterate rancour seized the heart of Aoife on that account, insomuch that she hated them with mortal spite and aversion, although they were the children of Lir, and of her own sister. She feigned herself dangerously ill, insomuch that she lay confined to her bed in a consumptive sickly posture during one year, and her whole thoughts were employed during that period in devising treachery and assassination against them. She ordered horses to be harnessed to her chariot, and she goes into it with the four children of Lir, and drives on to the palace of Bogha the Ruddy, pretending to leave

the children under his protection; but Fionnghuala was averse to go one way with her, for she suspected her to be resolved to murder or assassinate them, or to visit them with some other evil, for it appeared to her that she was determined to treat them with treachery or murder. They soon felt the effects of her impatient desire of vengence, which she was resolved to wreak on them, and the four went along with her to the abode of Fionnacha. Aoife said to her domestics, "kill and strangle these four children of Lir, for Lir has withdrawn his love from me on their account, and I will give you whatsoever you will require of me." But they with one accord exclaimed, "wicked is the deed thou hast resolved upon, and it will injure thee to perpetrate it, and we shall never become thy accomplices therein." And as they condescended not to perpetrate that foul deed, she herself brought out a sword to slay and behead them, until she was prevented therefrom by a feebleness of power and weakness of mind. They from thence proceed onward towards the strand of Loch Dairbhreach, and there she orders the horses to be taken from her chariot, and requests of the children to go bathe into the lake, as she was unwilling to slay them by weapons, and she strikes them with a phial of necromantic enchantment, so that she transformed them into four beautifully white swans, and then chanted the following lay:—

Aoife.—Out with you children of Lir!
I have deprived you of your happiness;
To your friends a doleful tale;
Be your pride reduced to dwell with birds.

The children of Lir reply,—

Thou necromancer, we have respected thy name.
Of thy ill will we were certain.
We, although placed upon the wave,
From point to point shall wander.

We surely will obtain relief,
We shall enjoy popularity and happiness,
And although we have rushed on the wave,
Our thoughts shall issue early from it.

After having chanted this lay, and being so transformed on the lake, they all together turned their faces towards her and said, "wicked is the deed thou hast perpetrated, oh! Aoife (they said), and it is cruel of thee to effect it, namely, to ruin us without cause. And it shall not go unrevenged with thee, for thy power is not greater to ruin us, than is the power of our friends to be avenged of thee. And appoint a term and termination to the transformation thou hast caused in us." "I will," said Aoife, "and that request will not serve you; and I appoint your condition to be at the mercy of the woman from the south, and the man from the north, namely, Laignean, son of Colman, son of Coffey, to wit, the son of the king of Connaught, and Deoch, the daughter of Aodh the Debonair, king of Munster; and it shall not be possible for any of the human race to restore you to your former shapes. As you have requested a termination to be put to the period of your metamorphosis, ye shall be, however, three hundred and thirty years on the lake of Dairbhreach, and three hundred years on the current of the Moyle, between Erin and Alba, and three hundred years on the ocean westward of Irrus Domhnan, in the gleaming isle of Breannain, westward, and these shall be your progress and procedure." After saying so she was filled with regret, insomuch that she said, "as I cannot relieve you any other way, enjoy your speech, and I endow you with the power of such charming melody as would cast the wounded into pleasing slumbers, and even women in the throes of childbirth, insomuch that no such melody shall be heard throughout the whole range of the cardinal universe. Bear well your condition, and be not grieved to be in the form of birds." And she then sung the following lay:—

Away from me, O children of Lir!
With shining aspects, and inarticulate melodious Irish tones.
May it not be the deed of tender youths,
To have you driven by the rough winds.

Out with you to assail the Moyle;
You ought to obey my commands;

May Laignean and Deoch preserve you;
Long seems the time to one in pain.

Thirty and nine hundred years on oceans' waves
For you to be—'tis I have caused it thro' guile,
Until you shall be in the gleaming isle,
On the north side of Erin roseate.

The heart of Lir is seized with death's sorrows,
Tho' great was his joy on beholding you.
The brave hero's sighs I much regret;
'Tis I have caused them thro' malice.

Having sung that lay her steeds were yoked, and (she) proceeded onward to the palace of Bogha Dearg, and Bogha kindly welcomed her, and asked her why she brought not the children of Lir with her. "I will tell thee the reason why," said Aoife; "Lir hates thee, and he would not allow them to accompany me, and he would be afraid to intrust them with thee, for he does not deem thee his friend." "I am amazed at that," said Bogha the Ruddy, "for I prefer his children to my own." And it occurred to the mind of Bogha the Ruddy that the daughter treated them with guile, and Bogha instantly sent a deputation to the mansion in which Lir abode in the north, to the residence of Fionnacha, so that Lir asked the messengers why they came. "We came to know how your children are," said they. "Have they not gone to your residence with Aoife?" said Lir. "No," said the messengers, "and she said that she did not allow them to accompany her." On Lir's hearing that, his colour and form changed, and he exchanged beauty for deformity, a goodly form for a bad, for he understood that Aoife slew or enchanted them, so that he ordered his horses to be yoked at the early dawn of the morning following, and posted onward in the way westward, to the shore of Loch Dairbhreach, and beheld the children of Lir floating on the lake, and the children of Lir beheld them, (*i. e.*, beheld Lir and his attendants,) so that Fionnghuala sang the following lay:—

Towards me approach the chevaliers of steeds,
Whom I behold near the lake Dairbhreach.

Let us draw near the east point of the haven;
Oh! Aodh Fiachra and Conn ever comely.

Not a destructive host are the chevaliers,
But Lir and his household;
My heart in my breast did welcome them,
Tho' far from me are these folk coming westward.
Towards us the men's faces are,
The cavalry which is seen to approach me.

After (her) having chanted that lay, Lir paid particular attention to the swans, when he heard them chant in a human voice. "Understand," said Fionnghuala, "that we are thy children, ruined by our mother's sister, through the rancour of jealousy." "Well then," said Lir, "can you be relieved or restored to your own forms?" "We cannot," said they, "for all the men living, nor all the power on earth, could not relieve or comfort us, until there will jointly reign the man from the north, and the woman from the south, *i. e.*, Lairgnean, son of Colman, son of Cobthach, and Deoch, daughter of Aoidh the beautiful, in the era of the Redeemer, namely, in the time of Patrick's mission to Ireland." Lir and his household having heard all that, shrieked with the loud shouts of sorrow, and said to the swans, "do you wish to come to us, as you enjoy your reason?" "Alas!" said Fionnghuala, "it is not in our power to intrust ourselves with any human being, but we have our own speech, and we can chant over sweet and charming melody when we please, and do you now remain a while and we shall chant it for you." Lir and his company remained that night on the verge of the lake Dairbhreach, and composed the following lay on the next morning, when departing from the lake:—

'Tis time to rise from this couch,
I sleep not although I am laid down,
To part with you my beloved,
'Tis that which afflicts my heart.

Bad is the fortune brought on you,
By the daughter of Olioll of Aran.
Had we known its consequences,
Grievous to me were the counsel.

Oh! Fionnghuala and Aodh,
Oh! Fiachra and Conn comely,
From the verge of the haven in which you are,
To depart from you I think it not time.

With regard to Lir, he proceeded to the mansion of Bogha the Ruddy, opposite lake Dairbhreach, and he was kindly welcomed there, and Bogha the Ruddy rebuked him for not bringing his children with him. "Sad is the case," said Lir; "it is not my fault not to bring them to you, but Aoife's yonder, *i. e.*, thy ward and their aunt having transformed them into the shape of four swans, on lake Dairbhreach, in presence of the men of Ireland, and they enjoy their reason and human voice." On Bogha Dearg's hearing that, he starts with convulsive writhings, and goes to Aoife and rebukes her, and sang the following lay:—

Evil is the deceit which thou hast devised,
To me it is excruciating anguish;
On thee it will surely be retaliated,
Tho' to me a painful reluctance.

Evil the deed which thou didst perpetrate;
Alas! 'tis rueful that thou didst it;
Oh! youthful daughter of Olioll,
To have ruined my four youths comely.

The four which I say
Were brought from me sound and hale;
But thou didst deal with them perfidiously,
And on them hast vented thy spleen.

'Twas then that Bogha the Ruddy said, "that treachery which thou didst exercise on the children of Lir shall be more injurious to thee than to them, for they shall obtain relief in the end of the world, and they shall ascend to heaven at length." Bogha the Ruddy asked of Aoife "into what form, of all others, she would think worst of being transformed?" "Into the form of an aerial demon," said Aoife. "Indeed then thou shalt be transformed thereto," said Bogha the Ruddy, and so she was, for he struck her with a wand of sorcery which was in his hand, so that he changed her into an aerial demon, and sent her fluttering through the wide expanse of space,

and she is so yet, and shall be for ever destroying men and cattle. But with regard to the Tuatha De Dananns and Bogha the Ruddy, they proceed to the verge of lake Dairbhreach, and erected a royal booth there. The race of the Spanish Milesius, convened from every direction in which they were, until they surrounded the lake, and there never was heard either the music of harp or organ so delightfully soothing and melodious as that music which was chanted by the swans for them, for that music would cast into profound slumbers wounded men, and women in travail, lazars and feverish, diseased and infirm persons throughout the world, so charmingly sweet was the melody chanted by the swans for the men of Erin each night, and they used to confer and commune with their friends and relations. Pleasant and cheerful was each person who heard that music, for diseases and maladies forsook those that heard it. In the mean time the said two royal pavilions environed the lake Dairbhreach, *i. e.*, those of the Milesians and Tuatha De Dananns, and remained there three hundred and thirty years. It was then Fionnghuala said to the children of Lir, "do you not know dear youths (said she) that your term here is now expired, with the exception of a single night?" The youths are seized with grief and sorrow on that account, for they considered themselves as happy as if they were in their human forms, to be on the lake speaking to their friends and their loving selves, compared with going on the raging terrific main. They set out at the early dawn of the next morning, and bid farewell to their father and companions, and Fionnghuala sang the following lay:—

Farewell to thee, Oh! Bogha the Ruddy,
Thou to whom each artificer submitted;
To thee O man! and to our father,
To Lir, pacific Fionnacha.

The time is come, 'tis time—we understand
To part, as we cannot conjointly rule
Until eternity comes. Oh! cheerful folk,
We shall not come to you on a visit.

We shall be from this henceforth during our lives;
Oh! friends, whom we leave after us,
Hearing no human voice near,
But the roaring voice of the azure Moyle.

We there shall go to suffer pain,
During the term of three hundred right years;
The foreknowledge of it heightens the pain,
For we shall be consigned to the gleaming isle of Brenan.

We shall be three hundred years without fail,
Westward at the isthmus of Iris Domhnan;
The four lamentable children of Lir,
Each night deprived of them.

We shall go at the end of three hundred years,
(And that surely is no lie,
A knowledge which we regret to enjoy,)
To the westward of Iris Domhnan.

Our protecting havens shall be
The briny billows, bitter and ruthless;
From lake to lake—piteous the plight;
'Till the joint reign of Deoch and Lairgnean.

Oh! three brothers of ruddy hue,
Let us arise from lake Dairbhreach.
Oh! sad folk who afflict me,
Far distant is our farewell.

After having sung these stanzas, they proceed onward in their light sped flight till they arrive at the red bitter current of the Moyle, between Erin and Alba. Sad and sorrowful were the men of Erin for that, and they universally proclaimed that no swan should be killed nor chased on sea or land, if it were in their power so to do. Notwithstanding the children of Lir were piteously sad for being on the current of the Moyle, when they saw the confines of the haven, and the great and exorbitant abyss around them, exposed to cold and hardship; and they regarded not all the evils and rigours which they had suffered before until they parted from Erin and their friends. Having been then placed on the stream of the Moyle, Fionnghuala said, "my beloved youths," said she, "it is senseless of us not to appoint some place of meeting, for I am certain we shall be dispersed from each other on the current of the Moyle." "Let us,"

said they, "determine on the Rock of Ranns."[2] In the meantime night approached. The wind rose and the billows swelled in their rage, and howled with tremendous roars, insomuch that the ocean heaved in impetuously sweeping rough surges, and the fury of the four elements was kindled into flaming ire, so that the children of Lir were scattered on the expansive field of the great ocean, so that they knew not which way they were driving from each other, until a calm ensued after the dreadful hurricane, so that Fionnghuala found herself alone on the current of the Moyle, and was sadly bewailing her separation from her brothers, and then sung in mournful strains the following lay:—

In my condition woful it is to live,
My wings freezing by my side;
No wonder if my heart would burst,
With grief in my breast after Aodh.

Three hundred years on lake Dairbhreach we shall be,[3]
Deprived of human form;
Doleful to me and unexampled,
Is a night on the current of the Moyle.

Beloved the three, oh! beloved are the three,
Who used to sleep under my down's inclosure;
If they should appear among the dead,
Never among the living should their sister be remembered.

After Fiachra and Aodh,
And comely Conn not knowing where they are.
Piteous is my waiting for each ill,
To-night woe to such as are in my condition.

As to Fionnghuala she was that night on the Rock of Ranns, until the dawn of the following morning, and began to view the ocean in every direction, until she descried Conn, wet feathered and heavy headed, approaching her, and her heart greatly welcomes him. Fiachra comes in like manner, insomuch that in speech they were unintelligibly inarticulate through excessive cold, so that Fionnghuala put them under her wings. Not long afterwards were they in that place, when they

[2] *Ranns,—i. e.*, divisions, parts, also verses. [3] Have been?

saw Aodh coming towards them, and her (Fionnghuala's) heart greatly rejoiced before him, and she placed Aodh under the down of her breast, and Fiachra under her right wing, and Conn under her left wing, and fixed her feathers over them with her beak, and said to them, "Oh! youths," said she, "though grievous and severe to you seems this short time, many afflictions of the kind you have to suffer hereafter;" and then she sang the following lay:—

Ill is the pilgrimage on which we came
To lake Dairbhreach, of beauteous tints;
Changed into strange forms
By the daughter of Olioll of Aran.

The children of Lir spent a long time on the current of the Moyle, until one night arrived, the like of which they never before experienced with respect to its venom, frost and snow, cold and rough wind, so that Fionnghuala expressed the following mournful royal lay:—

Sad life this is—oh! how cold is this winter;
How intense this frost; how rigorous the wind;
With my three brothers there whom I have parted,
Chill is my state on the current of this ocean.

Our step-mother has put us four
This night in this sad plight; oh! woful life.
Lie under my wings after the mighty tossings of the sea,
Oh! Conn and comely Fiachra.

Night immediately approached, and they were so excessively cold, that each of them lay in his own bed, so that their wings and their feet, and the down of their breasts stuck to the rock on which they lay, and could not move from their places until they made strong efforts to free themselves, and left after them the skin of their feet, the feathers of their wings, and the down of their breasts, on the rock. "Sad is your plight O children of Lir!" said Fionnghuala. "Ill is our doom this night, for we cannot bear the brine to enter into our wounds; but, however, it is one of our incantations[4] to be stript

[4] *I. e.*, one of the enchantments laid upon us.

of them, (our feathers,) for if we were not, we would die for want of performing our incantations." And then she sang the following lay :—

Sad, sad, we are this night,
Stript of the down of our breasts;
Severe it is to our smooth soles,
To pace upon the hard craggy rocks.

Bad was our step-mother towards us,
Who exercised sorcery on us,
Sending us out on ocean's expanse,
In the shape of swans, wonderful.

One daughter and three sons,
Who haunt the caverns of rocks,
To be perched on the hard unmoving rocks,
Is to us a lamentable catastrophe.

In the meantime, while they launched into the current of the Moyle, (although great was their reluctance to do so, on account of the brine entering their wounds,) and they used to take long rounds each day by the eastern side of the haven, until the top feathers of their wings, and the down of their breasts, were grown, and the wounds of their feet were healed, and they used to float each day throughout the haven, and used to come again at night on the current, for it was their resting place. One day, however, taking the course by the eastern coast of Erin, from the sea, they beheld cavalry, fleet, beautiful and wondrous, mounted on white steeds, contiguous to the right side of the coast, and were viewing the way. "Do you, my dear brothers," said Fionnghuala, "perceive that cavalry yonder?" "We do not," said they. "They are some of the bands of the Tuatha De Dananns," said she, "and let us draw near the coast to meet the cavalry;" *i. e.*, towards the mouth of the river Bann, in the north. They accordingly arrived until the cavalry saw them, and waited for them till they conversed together; and the persons that were there were Aodh the joyous, and Fergus the philosophic, and the two sons of Bogha the Ruddy, with one third of the number of the Tuatha De Dananns in their train. And

the children of Lir inquired how the Tuatha De Dananns were, and Bogha the Ruddy, and Lir, and Adhbhortach, and all their tribe. "They are," said they, "in the mansion of Fionnacha, in the house of your father, and the chiefs of the Tuatha De Dananns with them at banquet; and they are joyful and merry, and are without any want, except you, and they know not what became of you since you have left lake Dairbhreach."

"Oh! how different is the life we lead," said Fionnghuala, "for great are the evils and anxiety which we have endured along the ocean." And she chanted the following lay:—

Delightful this night are the household of Lir;
Of various kinds are their food and wines;
Although to-night cold is the bed
Of the pure progeny of a king.

Our armorial crests of chieftainry are
The covering of our bodies with tender down;
Oft we were invested with satin garments,
And were oft regaled with delicious mead.

This day our food and refection are
Brown, bright and bitter brine;
Tho' oft regaled with the game of the wood,
And exquisite liquors in convex cups of four bars.

This night our bare bed is
Monuments fixed over the mighty waves;
Tho' oft we were suppled with
A bed of soft down of birds.

Our riding steeds severally are,
The current of the Moyle of mighty war;[5]
Tho' oft swift moving chariots were prepared,
And drove us to royal palaces.

Sad that I am of my form deprived,
Perched on the current of the Moyle;
Woful shall I be in gleaming Irisgluaire,
Northward of Erin delightful.

It is what deranged me quite,
My alternate movements on the Moyle,
To which before I was never accustomed,
And that the sun I see not once a month.

[5] *Query*, wave.

The bed of Fiachra, the dwelling place of Conn,
Are to lie under the wings of my two sides;
The down of my womb constantly is
A bed to Aodh, in preference to all.

Mananan's instruction luminous;
The converse of Bogha Dearg on a delightful mount;
The voice of Aengus—his honeyed kiss;
The conversation of the son of Og by his side.

Immediately after the cavalry departed, and proceeded towards the mansion of Fionnacha, and they related to the household, and all others who were there, their conversation with the swans, and all the words that they interchanged with each other. "We cannot succour them," said Lir, "but however we rejoice that they are alive, for they will be relieved at the end of the world." But with respect to the children of Lir, they returned to their own destination, *i. e.*, to the current of the Moyle, until they spent their term there, to wit, three hundred years. It was then Fionnghuala said, "O my dearly beloved brothers, we are this night three hundred years on the current of the Moyle, and it is time for us to leave it." In the meantime the children of Lir left the current of the Moyle, until they reached the western isthmus of Irrus Domhnain. They were there a long while, enduring hardships and difficulties, until a generous young hero of the kings of the soil happened to meet them, *i. e.*, Aibhric was his name. And he used to discourse with them very often, and melodious seemed to him their musical strains and voice (to him), who was the chieftain who healed the various wounds inflicted on them in their peregrinations, and Mochaomog finally relieved them. However, the children of Lir experienced that night, in such manner, as they never did any night before, through the intenseness of its cold, for the river and wood were congealed into one sheet of ice, insomuch that they could not move, and they were poignantly complaining and bewailing, so that Fionnghuala composed the following lay:—

Piteous the screams of the swans this night,
Piteous their tears and their thirst;

Without the waters of the fresh pond under their breasts,
Their bodies are short lived from thirst.

Without thin, fluent, mighty water,
Without marine billows by our side,
The salmon abounding ocean is congealed,
Converted into one lucid icy plain.

If I were Oibhrice, from the pool
I would break the ice over the wave,
That the swans of white skin would not be
Without a drop for the want of a spring.

Oh! king who dwellest in heaven and amidst us,
And who relieved the six hosts,
Come and relieve the birds;
Pursue the mighty till they are objects of pity,

"My youths," said Fionnghuala, "believe in the true and all powerful God, and you shall obtain relief." "We believe" said they. "I believe also," said Fionnghuala. "Chant now your strains," said she, "to laud the king of heaven and earth." And they then chanted their melodious notes, and sang the psalms and hymns of the canonical hours in the church each day, till they obtained aid and comfort from God, insomuch that they neither felt rain nor cold during three hundred years which they spent at the isthmus of Irrus Domhnan, westward, as it was predicted of them. "Oh! my brothers," said Fionnghuala, "do you wish to go to the mansion of Fionnacha, where resides Lir and his household?" "We deem it time to go" said they, and they proceed onward on their flight, until they arrive at the mansion of Fionnacha, and there they found nothing but a wilderness of wild nettles, and a roofless palace of livid hue, without a tribe or household. They were then seized with gloomy sorrow and pensive pusillanimity, when they saw their home where they were nurtured in that state, without an inhabitant, or even smoke, and they repair to an eminence over the town, and there they screamed four shrieks, plaintive, heavily pensive, and sympathetically compassionate, wailing their friends and associates, so that Fionnghuala composed the following lay:—

Dear to me is this villa,
Without house or inhabitant;
For the state (in which) this villa has appeared to me,
My heart is afflicted with grief.

Without nosegays in our hands,
And without regard to bowers,
Prickly burrs are now growing,
In the halls where festive bands and bards resorted.

I wonder at the condition of the town,
Without house, shelter, or protection;
This place as I behold it this night,
Alas! my heart it grieves.

Without goblet, or cup, or banquet,
Without festivity, hosts, or chiefs,
Without bands of females in the abode,
Alas! my sad sigh and strong moan.

Where is Bogha Dearg, or Lir,
Or Ilbhreac, who was a hero in battle?
Where is Mananan, who used to swim the main?
Where is the household of goodly bands?

No merriment I hear in his mansion,
Where travellers did resort;
In the mansion of Lir who refused none,
Neither did he ever ask a favour of one.

There lives not the lord of the house;
My ruin, my woe, and my affliction;
Where oft resorted men of science;
There sparkling wines were poured forth.

This place where we beheld
Music, tilts, and assemblies;
Alas! doleful the exchange is,
Being this night solitary.

The magnitude of the ills which we sustained,
On ocean's waves dispersed,
Such doleful plight we never heard,
Any human being to have experienced.

When I behold this ruinous pile
It acutely burns me,
Without houses of heroes there,
But desolate wrecks of a hurricane.

Together with delicious, refreshing mead,
We invested were with shining garments,

Darlings of my soul were the fair arms,
Which once entwined me in one couch.

This town in which we saw females
Bedecked with graceful charms;
Abroad at the mansion of Luachra aged,
Oh! Conn and comely Fiachra.

From this we took our departure,
As it were a morning of radiance,
As persons of lightsome aspect,
With Aoife on a great journey,

In quest of our people.
To find them before us we expected;
Out in gaiety magnificent,
We set in the pursuit.

Seldom was this town
Without horsemen, bards and hounds;
One who would know us lives not
Here, a thing most wonderful.

Strong blazed my breast,
That without dwelling or bed,
Is this once joyous town;
Sad, how this place is,[6] my beloved.

The children of Lir having been long bewailing and bemoaning in that place, sped the next morning in their flight, until they arrived at the point of Irrus Domhnan, where they were before, and there they used to chant truly and wonderfully melodious, for the king of heaven and earth, without ceasing, both day and night; and they used to sing the canonical hymns of the church each day, and used to make excursions each day to the groves, and to the fine-sided most honourable house of Taebh Dhuin, and to Achall; and though remote were these excursions, they used to return to Irrus Domhnan, westward on the ocean, and there chanted their melodious strains every night, and they were so until much faith and piety prevailed, and until Erin was filled with saints, and until Patrick, the son of Calphurnius came to Erin, and Mochaomog came to the isle in which they were, *i. e.*, to the isle of Gluaire Breannain, and the

[6] *I. e.*, sad, what a plight this place is in.

children of Lir perceived not his coming, until they heard the sound of the matin bells. It was then that the children of Lir exclaimed out of their repose and sleep, having heard that extraordinary sound, so that Fionnghuala said, "my dear youths, what sound is this that we have heard?" "We know not," said they, "if it be not the voice of some animal." "No," said Fionnghuala, "and I know what sound it is, it is the chime of a bell of the clerk Mochaomog, in the radiant isle of Breannain, and it is he will liberate you from enchantment, together with the aid of heaven." And Fionnghuala chanted the lay:—

Hearken to the voice of the clergyman,
Ply your pinions, and soar aloft,
Render thanks to God for his coming,
And laud him for hearing his voice.

You ought to be according to him,
'Tis he will free you from pain;
From you shall part rocks and stones,
And also from you shall part the rough waters.

I advise you, therefore,
Embrace just and certain faith;
Ye four children of Lir,
Listen to the bell of the clerk.

Believe in that king who formed the sun;
'Twas he that brought you from great pain;
Outspread your wings from your breasts,
And chant never ceasing melody.

The melody which we will chant generously
To-night at matin hour
For thee, oh! victorious king of clans,
May'st thou take us under thy protection.

This night short are our lives,
The severest separation which we must suffer,
Both you and I, oh! children of Lir;
Come now and listen.

On hearing these words they advanced towards each other, where Fionnghuala was, and they commenced performing their devotions of the canonical hours, and finished them. "Let us chant our music," said Fionn-

ghuala. They did so, insomuch that Machaomog arose with the early dawn of morning and repaired to the verge of the lake on which the birds were, and the lake was called the lake of birds thenceforth. Mochaomog perceived them and said, "I render thanks to God that I have met you, for it is for your sakes that I have repaired to this island, in preference to all the other islands in Erin; and come to me, and repose your confidence in me, and believe in me, for it is here that God your Lord decreed that you should spend the latter part of your days." After that Fionnghuala came where the holy clerk was, and reposed her entire confidence in him, and the rest did the same in like manner, so that Mochaomog ordered two artists[7] to make two silver chains; and having made them, he placed one between Fionnghuala and Aodh, and the other chain between Conn and Fiachra, aud they were continually joyous and cheerful in breast and mind, and felt no anxiety nor solicitude, and at the celebration of mass by him they perched on the four corners of the altar, responding to the mass, insomuch that the rumour of these birds spread throughout Ireland, and became renowned therein, insomuch that many repaired on a pilgrimage through curiosity and devotion for Mochaomog, on account of the birds, to the gleaming isle of Breannain, and it was through the curiosity of hearing and seeing these birds that many of them repaired there. At that time the sovereignty of Connaught was enjoyed by Lairgnean, son of Colman, son of Coffey, and his spouse was Deoch, daughter of Aodh Alla, king of Munster. At that time that vain and ferocious woman heard of the renown and celebrity of these birds. She swells elated with pride and injustice, and coveted the birds with all her heart, insomuch that she requested of Lairgnean to procure her the birds, and Lairgnean was unwilling to insult the holy clerk respecting the birds. When Deoch heard him express these words, she swore by her royal word that she would not

[7] Artificers.

live another night with Lairgnean if he would not procure her the birds; and she went onward, and was not overtaken till she arrived at Killaloo, in Munster, and she was persuaded to return, by a promise of procuring the birds for her voluntarily or by force. As to Lairgnean, he sent an embassy to Mochaomog, requesting him to give him the birds, but the messengers were refused by Mochaomog. Lairgnean was angry for that refusal, insomuch that himself and great multitudes with him repaired to the residence of Mochaomog. "Is what the messenger told me true respecting thee?" said he to Mochaomog. "It is indeed," said the saint. "Well then" said Lairgnean, "I will take away the birds by force." "I leave it to God to be avenged of thee," said Mochaomog. It was then that Lairgnean moved towards the birds, and drew them to him, *i. e.*, two birds in each hand, and repaired to the mansion in which Deoch was, and presented them to her. And no sooner did he lay them down than their enchanted forms forsook them, and the sons of Lir were become three decayed, decrepit, withered, hoary-headed ancients; and the daughter became a little fleshless, bloodless, old hag; and on Lairgnean's beholding these wondrous things, he was seized with shame and compunction, insomuch that he departed from his home. And Mochaomog, having followed the birds, he cursed Lairgnean and his spouse; and it was then that Fionnghuala said to Mochaomog, "although it grieves thee, oh! holy clerk, to part us, we are more grieved than thou for parting with thee, and I beseech thee, come soon to baptize us, for our term in this life is now nearly expired;" and she then sang the lay,—

Come to baptize us, oh! clerk,
Invest thyself and arise,
Purify us from all sinful stains,
Our loved portion, oh! dear Mochaomog.

Inter us, oh! saint, in thy friendly burial ground,
But, previously, come and baptize us;
Cover us properly with the clay,
And let our soles be placed against the altar.

Mochaomog was filled with grief and sorrow after hearing these words, and he chanted the following lay:—

Oh! Lairgnean, may my curse attend thee,
Poignantly thou didst afflict my body;
May God torture thy body hale,
As thou hast pained my body.

My four pet birds
As thou hast destroyed, oh! Lairgnean,
May God destroy thyself,
Together with thy spouse.

After that lay Mochaomog arose and baptized them. After that the children of Lir were seized with great grief and gloom previous to their death. And they requested their graves to be dug up in one place, and at the foot of the altar of Mochaomog, so that Fionnghuala chanted the following lay with great joylessness and sadness:—

Oh! Aodh, believe in God,
We shall no longer be in the shape of birds;
Oh! Mochaomog, of pure aspect,
Redden for us a hard bed of clay.

Then the sons said to Fionnghuala, "our end is at hand, oh! beloved sister;" and Fionnghuala replied, "it is;" and they composed the following lay:—

Oh! Fionnghuala, our end is at hand.
Under the down of swans we were of various hues.
On our going into the shape of men
The children of Lir, magical, of Fionnacha.

They, to-night, of regal root,
And not short is their remembrance;
Thirty on nine hundred years
In the shape of four fair swans.

After that lay Fionnghuala ordered the sons to be interred at each side of her, and composed the lay,—

So I order the grave,
Fiachra and Conn by my side;
In my breast, between my two hands,
Oh! spotless clerk, place Aodh.

If thou didst but know his generosity,
His glowing bloom and slender brows,
Oh! co-equal God who dwellest in heaven,
Favourable would thy judgment be to Aodh.

We are the four children of Lir;
We will be in heaven; 'tis no false judgment;
And if even we ourselves be not admitted there,
That thou may'st be, oh! Aodh.

I am Fionnghuala, daughter of Lir,
Inside the mouth of the harbour,
In shape of birds transformed;
A curse on the mouth that so pronounced.

The woman who wrought in us this change;
It is the will of my Lord,
All that she gained by her perfidy,
Is shortness of life, pain, and hell.

Mochaomog,—

After my four wards,
Without a companion or associate,
As I am to-night—piteous the plight,
My curse on thee oh! Lairgnean.

After that the four children of Lir were interred in one grave, and their souls went to heaven, through the prayers of the holy clerk, Mochaomog. Not long after till Lairgnean and his spouse died unprepared, through the imprecation of Mochaomog, and the curse of God, in retribution of the deed they performed on them.

That is the story of the tragical fate of the children of Lir to this.[8]

The children of Lir in the shape of birds.
A curse on the mouth that so pronounced
Conn, Fiachra, Fionnghuala and Aodh.
There for you is the second woe.

[8] *I. e.*, thus far, down to this.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RHYS AB MADOC AND IESTYN AB GWRGANT.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—Can any of your readers who are acquainted with the pedigrees of the old Glamorganshire families, state what relationship existed between Rhys ab Madoc ab David, Prince of Glamorgan in the twelfth century, and Iestyn ab Gwrgant, King of Glamorgan, A.D. 1091? Iestyn bore for arms—*Gules*, three chevronels in pale *argent*. What were the arms of Rhys?—I remain, &c.,

F. R. D.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—I was about to write to you on the following subject, which I had meant to do for some time, when I happened to see in "Alban Eilir," 1863, p. 70, the following apparent confirmation of the view of the matter taken in the extract I will append to this. Your correspondent "Llyfniensis" remarks, "There are strong grounds for maintaining that the Belgic dialect of the midland districts, as it existed previous to that event, (the Heptarchy), was a distinct and important branch of the Celtic."

Now, what I have had on my mind to write to you for the last year or two was this, namely, that some ten or twelve years or more ago, I saw a paragraph in the *Times* newspaper, in which it was stated that the native inhabitants of midland Northamptonshire, were, as a rule, dark-haired, and were believed to be of ancient British origin. I have always regretted that I did not cut the passage out, and should be very glad if any of your correspondents could refer me to it, or the source from which it was taken.

Recently I have noticed the following in the *Yorkshire Gazette*, and shall be glad if you will insert it as bearing upon the question, the original colour "*crop*ping out."—I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

AP MORRIS.

DARK HAIR AND FAIR HAIR.—In the new number—the second—of *The Anthropological Review, and Journal of the Anthropological Society of London*, there is a very interesting paper, by Dr. John Beddoe, which seems to show that the preference which English poets and English painters have always manifested for fair hair rather than for dark is not shared by the mass of the English people, and that fair hair is consequently becoming every day less prevalent in England. The increase of dark hair in this country was first noticed by Mrs. Somerville, who, in her book on *Physical Geography*, mentions her strong impression that, at the time she was writing that book, fair hair was much less common among her countrymen and countrywomen than she remembered it to have been in her youth. Since then, at various times, many other persons have expressed a similar opinion, and now, in the article

referred to, Dr. John Beddoe publishes facts which seem to prove pretty conclusively that such witnesses have not been mistaken with respect to this matter. In the paper in question, Dr. Beddoe gives particulars respecting the colour of the hair and the social condition of 737 women who have come under his observation in his capacity of Physician to the Bristol Royal Infirmary. Of these 737 women the hair of 22 was "red," that of 95 was "fair," that of 240 was "brown," that of 336 was "dark brown," and that of 33 was "black." Reckoning both the "red," the "fair," and the "brown" as "fair," and only the "dark brown" and the "black" as "dark," the respective totals were thus nearly equal, being 367 "fair," and 369 "dark." Of the 367 fair-haired women, however, 32 per cent. were single, while of the 369 dark-haired women only 21.5 per cent. were single. It would thus appear that a greater proportion of fair-haired women than of dark-haired women "live and die unmarried and without offspring," and so that the increasing prevalence of dark hair among us is due to what—slightly varying the phrase which Dr. Darwin has rendered so familiar—Dr. Beddoe calls "conjugal selection." It should be noted, too, that Dr. Beddoe's figures establish not only that, speaking generally, a dark-haired woman has (at least in the *West of England*) a much better chance of getting married than a fair-haired woman has—the proportion of fair-haired women who fail to find husbands being to that of dark-haired women who similarly fail as three to two—but also that, among dark-haired women themselves, the chances of marriage are in proportion to the degree of the darkness of the hair. Thus, of the women with dark brown hair who came under his observation, 22 per cent. were single, while of the women with black hair only 18 per cent. were so. Dr. Beddoe adds some reasons for supposing that dark hair has been on the increase in this country from as far back as the Norman conquest.

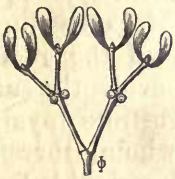
MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

The Poet Cowper of Welsh Extraction.—In his letter dated March 25, 1791, which was addressed to Lady Hesketh, Cowper says,—"I have Welsh blood in me if the pedigree of the Donnes says true."

A New Welsh Baronet.—From an announcement made in the *London Gazette* of Friday, January 9, 1863, dated Whitehall, the same day, Her Majesty the Queen, it appears, has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto the under-mentioned Welsh gentleman and the heir male of his body lawfully begotten, viz.,—Thomas Davies Lloyd, Esq., of Bronwydd, in the county of Cardigan, and of Cilrhiwau, in the county of Pembroke.

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN  ARTHAN.

(WINTER SOLSTICE.)

THE CASE OF TENBY *v.* NARBERTH, TOUCHING A MARKET ESTABLISHED IN THE LATTER DURING THE COMMONWEALTH.

The following documents will illustrate a very active principle in human nature,—"Let him take who can, and him keep who may." During the great struggle of the seventeenth century, few (if any) towns exhibited greater loyalty to the cause of Charles the First than Tenby. It was, moreover, an ancient municipal borough, and had aggregated to itself in feeling, and in fact, a right to be considered the centre of a large district into which the riches of the circuit were to be poured, and to which the residents of the surrounding country ought to peregrinate.

The little village of Narberth, some eight or ten miles off, originating in the retainers of the Norman lord of its castle and manor, gradually grew into a centre convenient to another large district; and, as "buying and selling" then was no doubt found very convenient, a rivalry not unnaturally sprang up between the two centres of Tenby and Narberth, and the Civil War made the fulcrum on

which the levers of Cavaliers and Roundheads brought the power of each party into play, as it coincided with the interests of either locality.

During the struggle, Tenby was eminently loyal. Narberth, on the contrary, had fallen into the hands of one of those gallant captains who sided with the Cromwellian and successful party. He is curtly described as "one Captain Richard Castle;" and he, wishing doubtless to make the best of his newly acquired estate in South Wales,[1] established a Market "during the late troubles," the which sorely afflicted the good town and burgesses of Tenby, who were evidently suffering from the two-fold misfortune of prostrate loyalty and decayed commerce, and against whom, therefore, the operation of "free trade" told with a double force.

The following papers will very much speak for themselves; but the reading public is indebted for their production to the liberal kindness of the present excellent Mayor of Tenby, (George White, Esq.,) who, with Mr. Alderman Mason, opened these, and some other interesting documents for my perusal, at the Town Hall, last winter.

Though Captain Castle was for a time successful at Narberth, it will be seen that his market was, after great cost and litigation on the part of Tenby, eventually suppressed, by an order of His Majesty in Council, in the year 1676. But though so far receiving the reward of their loyalty, the case was changed in 1688, when Narberth resumed its position as a local centre, and received a Grant for a market and fairs from James the Second.

Documents of this class are very valuable, for they

[1] Fenton in his *Pembrokeshire*, p. 308, says, that Captain Castle resided at Narberth Castle in 1657–77, probably not in his own right, but as tenant to Slebech. But in the Ordinance of Parliament, dated 4th March, 1645, for the passing of Major-General Laugharne's estates to Horton's brigade, Captain Richard Castle is expressly named as one of the recipient officers; and coupling his residence with the fact of establishing a market, and fighting his right so to do at law, the natural inference would be that he was owner, and not merely "tenant of Narberth Castle" and manor.—G. G. F.

not only show the development of general interests, but exhibit the names and views of the active spirits of two centuries ago, and will enable those who choose to take the trouble, to give further information upon a period of the greatest interest to the topographical and historical reader. GEO. GRANT FRANCIS, F.S.A.

Cae Bailey, October, 1864.

I.

Endorsed,—A Copy of a Peticõn sent frõ y^e^ town to his Ma^ty^ concerning Narberth Markett An° (71).

To the Kings Most Excellent Ma^tie^ And the Right Hono^rble^ y^e^ Lords of his Ma^ties^ most Hono^ble^ Privy Councell,

The Humble Petition of the Major, Aldermen, Bayliffs, Burgesses & other Inhabitants of yo^r^ Ma^ties^ Town of Tenby in y^e^ County of Pembrocke

Most Humbly Sheweth

That whereas yo^r^ Ma^ties^ sayd Town of Tenby, hath always been, (& still is) accomodated with a Necessary & Convenient Port & Harbour, fitt & vsefull for y^e^ Reception of any ships in Danger in those parts & hath been Endued with many Considerable Priviledges by yo^r^ Ma^ties^ most Royall Predecessors, vntill in these late vsurped tymes The Inhabitants have been much prejudiced by y^e^ arbitrary power of one Capt Richard Castle, a Comander in those tymes, who hath of his own accord sett vp a Markett in an Inland village called Narberth, about five Miles from y^e^ sayd Towne, who though hee hath been Convicted thereof by a Jury of the same Hundred before S^r^ Symon Degg, Kn^t^, one of yo^r^ Ma^ties^ Justices of y^e^ Great Sessions, for that Circuit; yet he Continued the same, very Much to the Disadvantadge of the Inhabitants of y^e^ sayd Towne by Reason of y^t^ Markett, w^ch^ hath Caused Many of them to forsake y^e^ Towne through necessity & want & thereby will in tyme Make it incapable of Receiving any strangers through want of accomodacõn for them.

The premisses Considered yo^r^ Petitioners most humbly implore yo^r^ Ma^tie^ to take their Condicõn into yo^r^ Most serious Consideracõn, & be most graciously pleased to Grant such Order, as y^t^ new Erected Markett may be suppress forthwith, (it being sett vp by no Justifiable Authority) whereby yo^r^ Poor Petitioners may be Enabled to subsist and Mayntayne y^e^ Rights & Priviledges of yo^r^ Ma^ties^ sayd Town of Tenby with y^t^ Care & Governm^t^ as in former tymes.

And yo^r^ Petitioners as in Duty Bound shall ever Pray &c.

II.

Endorsed,—Coppie of An Order of Councell board to the Major Aldmen &c of Temby.

At the Court at Whitehall
the^{e} 24th of May 1672
Present
The Kings most Excellent Ma^{tie}

His Highness Prince Rupert	Earle of Craven
Lord Arch B^{p} of Canterbury	Earle of Arlington
Lord Keeper	Earle of Shaftesbury
Duke of Lauderdale	Visco^{t} Fauconberg
Duke of Ormond	Visco^{t} Halifax
Earle of Bridgewater	Lord Newport
Earle of Essex	Lord Clifford
Earle of Anglesey	M^{r} Mountague
Earle of Bathe	M^{r} Chancellor of the Dutchy
Earle of Carlisle	M^{r} of the Ordnance

Vpon Reading this day at the board the humble petition of the major Aldermen Bayliffs Burgesses & Inhabitants of the Towne of Tenby in the County of Pembroke, Setting forth That y^{e} said Towne is accõmodated with a necessary & Convenient Port and Harbour ffitt and vsefull for the Reception of any ships in Danger in those parts, And hath been Endued with many Considerable priviledges by his Ma^{ties} Royall predecessors, vntill one Richard Castle a Captain in the late times of vsurpacõn hath of his owne Accord sett up a markett in an Inland Village called Narberth, five miles from the said Towne, Who though hee hath beene Convicted thereof by a Jury of the same Hundred before S^{r} Simon Degg Kn^{t}, one of his Ma^{ties} Justices of the Great Sessions for that Circuit, yet he continues the same, very much to the disadvantage and Impoverishing of the Inhabitants of the said Towne, And praying Reliefe therein,

Ordered by his Ma^{ty} in Councell That it bee and hereby Itt is Referred to his Ma^{tyes} Attorney Generall to Consider the Peticon^{rs} Request and to Direct them the best way for Recovering their Antient Rights and Priviledges. E. W. WALKER.

III.

No Endorse.

At the Court at Whitehall the 14th of July 1676
By the Kings most Excellent Ma^{ty} and the Rt Hono^{ble} the Lords of his Ma^{tys} most Hono^{ble} Privy Councill.

Vpon reading this day at the Boord the humble Petition of the Mayor Aldermen Bayliffs Burgesses & Inhabitants of Temby in the County of Pembroke, Setting forth the undue Proceedings of one Captain Richard Castle in endeavouring to obteyne his

Ma^{tys} Letters Patents for a New Market to be held in a little Village called Narbeth within ffour Miles of Temby, which, if permitted to passe will tend to y^{e} utter ruine & impoverishment of the said Towne, which is accomodated with a necessary & convenient Port & Harbour fit & usefull for y^{e} Reception & Security of any Ships in danger in those parts, and hath been endued with many considerable Priviledges by his Ma^{tys} Royall Predecessors; and therefore Praying, That his Ma^{ty} would be graciously pleased not to graunt any Patent for a Market at y^{e} said Village, Or if any Warrant hath already passed for y^{e} same, that it might be stopped, and the whole Business heard at this Boord.

It was Ordered by his Ma^{ty} in Councill, That all Proceedings in any offices in order to y^{e} passing of a Graunt for a Market to be held at Narbeth aforesaid be stopped, untill after the first Councill day after Michaelmas next, Which time his Ma^{ty} doth hereby appoint for hearing y^{e} whole matter, Whereof Mr. John Barlow[2] is to have notice; and aswell the Pet^{rs} as the said Richard Castle. and all others concerned, are hereby required to give their attendance. JOHN: NICHOLAS.

IV.

No Endorse.

Vill de Com̃ Haverfordwest.

To the Kings most Excellent Ma^{ty} and To the Right Hono^{r}ble the Lords of his Ma^{ties} most Hono^{r}ble Privy Councell

Wee your Ma^{ties} most humble Subjects the Maior Justices of the Peace Com̃on Councell Sheriffs Bayliffes and Burgesses of your Ma^{ties} Towne and County of Haverfordwest within the County of Pembrooke doe hereby att the request of yo^{r} Ma^{ties} Borough and Port of Tenby in the said County of Pembrooke humbly certifie your Ma^{tie} and your most Hono^{r}ble Privy Councell,

That Tenby is an Ancient Mayor Towne and Endowed with many Priviledges by Charters from yo^{r} Ma^{ties} late Royall ffather and his Predecessors; That the Towne is situat on an Istmus in the Sea, strongly fortifyed with walles fower and Twenty ffoott High, and above Seaven foot broad; That there is also a Safe Peere for harbouring Ships of Three hundred Tunns & upwards; That yo^{r} Ma^{ties} Revenue there for rents fayres Tolls &c. Amounts to Thirty five pounds Eleaven shillings and four pence yearly; That the sayd Towne hath been Signally Loyall to yo^{r} Ma^{ties} late Royall father; was the first Towne besiedged in Wales, was

[2] The Barlow family held Narberth estates prior to their confiscation by Parliament, and may have retained some interest in them, or may have acted as attorney in the cause.—G. G. F.

twice besiedged and plundered, and very much impoverisht thereby; That Many inhabitants of the sayd Towne did serve yo^{r} Ma^{tie} in yo^{r} late Warres with the Dutch, and have been formerly employed in fishing. But that now, by reason some per- (L. S.) [in margin.]
sons in the late times of vsurpac̃on have erected a Markett in a little Village called Narberth, more in the Inland, and have since for theire private beneffitt, endeavoured to continue the same, Yo^{r} Ma^{ties} sayd Port and Towne of Tenby is very near already come to vtter Ruine, and desolac̃on; Theire houses fallen downe; The peere for preserving shiꝑing in danger to fall in decay, yo^{r} Ma^{ties} Revenue like to be lost, Noe Seamen there, for your Ma^{ties} Service, like to be bred. The adjacent Countrey will Ly in Much danger for want of defence from pirattes; vnless yo^{r} Majesty shall be graciously pleased to take it into yo^{r} princely Considerac̃on, to suppresse the sayd Markett of Narberth.

Wee Doe further certifie that noe writt of Ad quod dampnum did ever come to our notice or view. Given vnder our hands and Seale of office of mairolty the nineteenth day of September Anno Dñi 1676

Roger Davids Maior	John Proute	Tho: Cozens
	Thomas Leonard	Will Walter
Edward Hughes } Richard Wolford } Bayliffes	ffrancis Hinton	L. Bowen
	Roger Murton	W. Williams
	John Eynon	John Lewis
Row. Gwyther	Thomas Jenkins	Tho: Wilkin
Tho. Laugharne	Thomas Lycense	David Harriss
Roger Prichard	Robert Prust	Herbert Perrott
Henry Tate	Ri. Jones	Le: Barron
Wm Hawley	Diment Powell	Joh: Wittings
Maurice Eliott	Petter davids	William Browne
Marke Harries	Balthazer Wolford	J: Lloyde
James George	William Bateman	Jo: Bateman
Matthew Synnett	ffrancis Lloyd	Jacob Wolford
Thomas Belringer	John Ssynnett	Rice Jones
John Wolford	Will Bateman Jun^{r}	

V.

Endorsed,—The Certificate of the Towne and Burr̃ of Pembroke.
To the Kings most Excellent Ma^{tie} And to the Right Hono^{ble} the Lords of his Ma^{ties} most Hono^{ble} Privye Councell.

Wee Yo^{r} Ma^{ties} Subjects, The Mayor, Bayliffs & Burgesses, of yo^{r} Ma^{ties} Town of Pembrock in the Countye of Pembrock Doe with all Humilitye Certifie yo^{r} Highness & yo^{r} Ma^{ties} most Hon^{ble} Privy Councell, At the Request of the Mayor Bayliffs & Burgesses of yo^{r} Ma^{ties} Towne of Temby in the County of Pembrock.

That the said Towne of Tembie is an Antient Corporation endued with many Priviledges & immunityes granted by severall Charters, theyr last Charter ffrom his late Ma^tie^ King Charles the ffirst, The said Towne is fortified with a wall 24 ffoot high, seuen ffoot & a half broad. Likewise there is a Secure Peere, ffor reception of Shipping of Three Hundred Tunns. Yo^r^ Ma^tie^ doth receive for theyr Burgage Rent, Tolls of ffayers, & Marketts. ct. Thirty ffive Pounds Eleuen Shillings ffower pence p Ann̄. The said Towne was twice Besiegd, Being one of the ffirst Townes besiegd in wales ffor his Late Ma^tie^, And one of the last by reason (L. S.) [in margin.]
whereof being plundered, & often ffree Quartering the Souldierye, And the erecting of a markett in Narberth, a Little Village, which Market had its begining in the Rebellious times, The said Towne of Tembie is much Decayed, If the Markett att Narberth be not suppresst, that the neighbouring Countrey may keep the Marketts againe at Tembie, The Towne & Peere is like to come to vtter Ruine & Decay, which may be the cause of the loss of many of yo^r^ Subjects lives, & many Merchants Estates. And whereas wee haueing heard that a writt of ad qd̄ Damnum, Directed to the Shierieff of the Countye, & was returned, wee haueing noe notice thereof, neyther did wee euer see it. Narberth aforesd̄ being about seven miles Distant ffrom this Towne, but lyes neerer to Tembie, therefore Tembie hath the greatest Damage. Giuen vnd^r^ o^r^ Hands the 22^e^ of Sept 1676

William Cozens: Mayo^r^	John hamson	Morgan Powell
Richard Bosher } John gwyther } Baylives	richd hassilfred	Jo^n^ Owen
	John huhes	Nick Burrett
	Humpherey Andrew	Griffe Dawes
	William Davies	Mathew Bowen
James Willames	Rob: Chambers Col^r^	Walter Cuny
Nath^ll^ Whellings	Nic: Stokes Col^r^	Geo Powell
Henry Coultons	Ffran: Davies	Tho lloyd
Edmon Mason	John: Meyrick	Robart Mends
John Larrat	Ffran: Rogers	John Hinton
Thomas Dawkin	Lewis Gwyther	Rich^d^ Powell
Richard Cowly	Jo^n^ Courcy	William Rogers

VI.

Endorsed,—The Cert̄ of y^e^ Justices of y^e^ peace of y^e^ County of Pembr̄ for Temby.
Com̄ Pembr̄

To the Kings Most Excellent Majesty and to the Right Hono^rble^ the Lords of his Ma^ties^ Most Hono^rble^ Privy Councell

Wee, your Ma^ties^ most Humble Subjects Justices of the Peace of the sayd County of Pembrook, with other Gentlemen whose Names are herevnto subscribed, doe hereby at the Request of yo^r^ Ma^ties^ Burrough and Port of Tembie in the sayd County, Humbly Certify yo^r^ Majesty and yo^r^ Most Hono^rble^ Privy Councell.

[The body of this "Certificate" is similar to that of Haverfordwest, p. 229.]

Given vnd^r^ o^r^ Hands & Seales the Twentye Second day of Septemb^r^ 1676.

Jo: Canon[3]	J. Owen[7]	Griff^e^ Dawes[2]
Arthur Owen[4]	Herbert Perrott[8]	Tho: Bowen
Arthur Owen[4]	John Williams	John Prust[3]
Walter Cuny[5]	Essex Meyricke[9]	Tho Lloyd
W^m^ Williams	Rowland Laugharne[1]	Row: Mortymer
Devereux fferior[6]		

[3] Jo. Canon, of Kilgetty, Esq. His daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, married Edward Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esq., eldest son of Sir Erasmus Philipps, Bart., who died *vitâ patris*, April 15, 1694.—John Pavin Phillips.

[4] Of Orielton, sons of the first and second Baronets.—J. P. P.

[5] An ancestor of the Cunys of Golden.—J. P. P.

[6] Devereux and Essex came into use in Pembrokeshire as Christian names after the residence of the Earls of Essex at Lamphey. The subjoined pedigree is given, as showing the probable descent of Devereux Fferior.—J. P. P.

William Fferior, one of the Aldermen of Tenby, Gent., 1597. = Anne, d. John Powner, Alderman of Tenby, Gent.

William | John | Adam | Tomas | Ian | Iowan

[7] One of the sons of the house of Orielton.—J. P. P.

[8] Of Haroldston?—T. P. [8] Of Scotsborough?—J. P. P.

[9] Of Bush?—T. P. [1] Of St. Bride's.—J. P. P.

Rowland Laugharne, Major-General of the Counties of Cardigan, Caermarthen and Pembroke, in the service of the Parliament; subsequently one of the defenders of Pembroke Castle and Tenby for the King. = Ann, d. Sir Thomas Button, Knt., Glamorgan.

1685.

Rowland = Theodosia, d. Sir Christopher Wray, of Ashby, Lincolnshire.

Elizabeth = Hugh Bowen, of Upton Castle, Esq.

Rowland | Albinia | John | Philippa | Ann

[2] Of Hawkeswell?—T. P.

[3] Tradition says that the ancestor of this family, which has held a respectable position in Haverfordwest for two hundred years, came into Pembrokeshire with Cromwell's army.—J. P. P.

VII.

Endorsed,—Laughern Certificat from seuerall Justices of the County [of Carmarthen] Justices & Laugharne certificate

To the Kings Most Excellent Ma^tie And to the Right Hono^ble the Lords of his Ma^ties most Hono^ble Privy Councell

Wee yo^r Ma^ties Subjects, yo^r Justices of Peace in the County of Carm^rthen with the Portrieve of Laugharne, Doe with all Humilitye Certifie yo^r Highness and yo^r Ma^ties most Hon^ble Privy Councell Att the Request of the Mayor Bayliffs and Burgesses of yo^r Ma^ties Towne of Temby in the County of Pembrock

That the said Towne of Temby is an antient Corporation endued with many Privyledges & immunityes granted by seuerall Charters, their last Charter ffrom his late Ma^tie King Charles the ffirst, The said Towne is ffortified with a wall 24 ffoot high, seven ffoot & a half broad Likewise there is a secure Peere, ffor reception of Shipping of Three Hundred Tunns, Yo^r Ma^tie doth receiue ffor theyr Burgage Rent Tolls of ffayers & Marketts. ct. Thirty ffive Pound Eleuen Shillings ffower pence ℔ Ann. The said Towne was twice Besiegd, being one of the first Townes Besiegd in Wales for his late Ma^tie, And one of the last, By Reason whereof being Plundered, & often ffree Quartering y^e Souldierye, And the Erecting of a Markett in Narberth, a little village, which Markett had its begining in the Rebellious times, The said Towne of Temby is much Decayed, If the Markett att Narberth be not suppresst, that the Neighbouring Countrey may keepe the Marketts againe att Temby, The Towne and Peere is like to come to vtter Ruine & Decay, which may be the cause of the loss of many of yo^r Subjects Lives & many merchants Estates. Giuen vnd^r o^r Hands the 23 day of Sept^r 1676

T Vaughan	Sackville Crow[4]	W Russell
Za: Thomas	Rich̃: Blome[5]	W^m Bevan

[4] Some curious particulars of a Sir Sackville Crow, Baronet, are given in a small work entitled,—"Subtilty and Cruelty: or a Trve Relation of the *Horrible and unparalleld abuses and* intolerable Oppressions, exercised By Sir *Sackvile Crow* His Majesties Ambassador at *Constantinople*, and his Agents, In seizing upon the Persons and Estates of the *English* Nation resident there, and at *Smyrna*. Together with the barbarous and tyrannical intentions to doe the like upon their Persons and Estates in all other parts of the *Grand Signors* Dominions, Directly contrary to the Trust reposed in him by his Majesty, and his owne agreement with the Company of Merchants of *England* Trading into the *Levant* Seas, at whose charge he is there maintained. *London*, Printed by *R. Cotes*, 1646." The following pedigree of this family was compiled by the late James Pickering Ord, Esq.:—

VIII.

Endorsed,—Carm^rthen certificate.

To the Kings Most Excellent Ma^tie And to the Right Hono^ble the Lords of his Ma^ties Most Hono^ble Privy Councell

Wee yo^r Ma^ties Subjects, The Mayor, Shierieffs and Burgesses, of yo^r Ma^ties Towne and County Burrough of Carm^rthen Doe with all Humilitye Certifie yo^r Highness and yo^r Ma^ties most (L. S.) [in margin.]

Hono^ble Privy Councell, Att the Request of the Mayor Bayliffs and Burgesses of yo^r Ma^ties Towne of Temby in the County of Pembrock

[The body of this "Certificate" is similar to the foregoing.]

Giuen vnd^r o^r Hands & Seals of office of Mayroltye the 25^th^ day of Sept^r Anno dnij 1676

Thomas Griffith Maior	Martin Beynon	Wm Jones
	Joanathan Scurlocke	Daniel Jones
Cha: de Lanoy }	Anthony Morris	Theo: Bevan
John Ryder } Sheriffs	Samuell Hughes	Rees Jones
	Thomas Powell	J. Vaughan
Edm Harries	Bonaventer barrett	John Lloyd
Wal. ffrancklyne	John Callon	Robert Lewis
Ri: Jones	david Saise	Jonathan Oakley
John Reade	Walter Harrys	Edward Gower
John Hughes	Richard John	Tho: Llewsham
Thos Rogers	Griffith Haries	John Phillipps
George Thomas	William Jones	John Scurlocke
Robert Smart	Thomas frantkley	Thos Jones
George Lewis	William Jones	Thomas Beynon
George Edwards	henry John	Richard Leigh
John ffarmer	Thomas david	John Muygull

William Crow of —— died —— = Anne, daughter and coheir of John Sackville of Chiddingleigh, Sussex, died ——

Sir Sackville Crow, created a Baronet 1627, died —— = Mary, daughter of Sir Geo. Manners, died ——

Anne, daughter of Sir — Rouse, Bt., died 13 Dec. 1679 æt. 38. Buried at Laugharne.

Sir Sackville, 2nd Bt., died 21 June, 1706 æt. 69. Bur. at Laugharne. = Eliz. daughter of W. Herbert died 6 August 1696, æt. 56. Buried at Laugharne. = Sir Henry Vaughan of Derwidd

Sir John Crow, 3rd Bt., died 1 July, 1715, æt. 76. Buried at Laugharne.

Sackville Crow, died 15 Feb. 1700, æt. 28, v. p. and s. p. Buried at Laugharne.

Jane Crow, died 7 Oct. 1730, æt. 58, s. p. Buried at Laugharne. = Francis Cornwallis, of Abermarlais, died 19 August, 1728, æt. 35. Buried at Laugharne.

[5] Author of Blome's *Britannia*?—T. P.

IX.

Endorsed,—To M^r James Lloyd, Mayor of the Town of Tenby in Pembrokeshire, Southwales

These Hasten to Tenby By Brecon post in Llandovery bagg

CARBERY

Whitehall September y^e 23^d 1676

Mr. Mayor I have sent enclos'd an order of y^e Councill of the 20^th instant, occasioned by a ſre to move of my Co: Gr: Royd, w^ch his Ma^tie & Councill condiscended vnto, on my moc̃on in yo^r behalfe, for y^e defrm^t of your appearance & hearing vntill the 27^th of Oct: next, w^ch you are to observe accordingly, And to give timely knowledge therof to all other persons concerned.

I am

Your very Loveing ffriend

CARBERY.[6]

Lett Griffith Lloyd your Councell have speedy notice from you.

X.

At the Court at White Hall
September the 20^th 1676
Present
The Kings most excellent Maj^te.

Lord Chancelor	Viscount Newport
Duke of Lauderdale	B^pp of London
Earle of Ossory	Mr Sec^ry Coventry
Earle of Peterborow	Mr Sec^ry Williamson
Earle of Sunderland	Mr Montagu
Earle of Bathe	Mr Chancelor of y^e Exchеq^r
Earle of Craven	Master of the Ordnance
Earle of Carbery	
Viscount Fauconberg	

Whereas vpon the Petition read at the Boord the 14^th of July last past of the Mayor Aldermen Bayliffs Burgesses and Inhabitants of Tenby in the County of Pembroke, praying that his Maj^te would be graciously pleased not to grant any Patent for a market at a little Village called Narbeth within Four[7] miles of the said Towne of Tenby by reason y^e said Town would be

[6] The Earl of Carbery was Lord President of the Marches of Wales, a man of great weight in his day, and resident at Golden Grove, Caermarthenshire.—G. G. F.

[7] The statement that Narberth was only *four* miles from Tenby was a "fiction of law," I suppose, and intended to weigh with the Council. I imagine it would be difficult to make the distance much less than eight miles.—G. G. F.

therby vtterly ruyned, and is accomodated with a convenient Port and Harbour fit and vsefull for the reception & Security of any Shipps in danger in those Parts, and hath been endued with many considerable Priviledges by his Maj^tes^ Royall Predecessors, or if any warrant hath already passed for the Same that it might be stopped and the whole Busines heard at the Boord. It was thervpon Ordered by his Maj^te^ in Councell, That all Proceedings in any offices in order to the Passing of a Grant for a market to be held at Narberth aforesaid be stopped vntil after the first Councill day after Michaelmas next. But it being alleaged this day at the Boord, that seuerall materiall Witnesses could not attend at that tyme, It was thereupon Ordered by his Maj^te^ in Councill that the hearing of the Cause be put off, and is hereby put off and deferred Vntil the Twenty seaventh day of October next, And aswell the Petitioners as all other Persons concerned are to take notice hereof, and attend at that tyme accordingly.

ED. W. WALKER.

XI.

Endorsed,—For the Inhabitants of Tenby at the [Privy] Councell Board.

Reasons humbly Offered on the Behalfe of the Towne of Temby in the County of Pembroke for the Suppressing of a Markett Erected in the Late times of Rebellion in the Village of Narberth and that noe Patent should bee granted for a Markett there

1. That the Towne of Temby is an Antient Corporacon, and endowed with many priviledges by severall Charters, the ffirst from King Richard the Third The Second from Jasper Duke of Bedford, The third from King Edward the Sixth The fourth from Queene Elizabeth, and the last from King Charles the ffirst, And hath two Marketts Weekely, where Corne fflesh ffish and other Merchandizes are bought and sold

2. That the said Towne is Accomodated with a very convenient Secure Port or Haven, and a very faire Peere, able to receive many Vessells of two Hundred Tunns a peece and upwards, where they may bee free from all Weather to hurt them, And is the onely Secure Haven in that dangerous Bay, Betweene Millford, Carmarthen and Burrye, And that there are every Winter Severall Shipps (by God's blessing) by the benefitt of the said Rhoade and Peere, and by the help and assistance and Direcion, of the Seamen Pilotts and Mariners of the said Towne, yearly preserved, And that in Case the said Towne should

Affidavitts Walter Cuny Wm Williams Devereux fferrior and Certificate

growe into further Ruine and Decay, There will bee noe Accomodacõne, ffor Merchants and Strangers or Victualling for Shipping that shall sett in there.

3. That in the Late Warre with the Dutch, one Thomas Rogers, Alderman of the said Towne, and above fforty more from the said Towne, served his Ma^ty^ att Sea, But in Case the said Towne should grow into farther decay, (which undoubtedly it will doe, if the Markett be upheld at Narbeth) The said Towne will afford neither Pilotts nor Seamen, if his Ma^ty^ should have occasion for them, And the ffisherye will be there discouraged and lost, ffor which the said Towne hath heretofore been very famous and very eminent

haverford Certificate

4. That the Towne is ffortified with a Wall Twenty foure foote high, and Seaven foote and a halfe broad which Compasseth the Body of the said Towne, from one Sea Cliff to the other, And that within the said Towne, is a very Large Church with a high Tower and Spheere, which is a Noted Sea Mark, That the said Towne was one of the ffirst and one of the last Garrisond in Wales for his Late Ma^ty^, and was twice besieged, plundered and very much Impoverished thereby

The Affidavitts aforesaid and the Certificates

5. That the said Towne doth yearly pay unto his Ma^ty^ for Burgess Rents, Tolls of ffayres and Marketts &c. the sume of Thirty five pounds 11^s^: 4^d^: And are at great charge in keeping that Peere in repaire, and in maintaining their Poore, whoe are groune very numerous since the erecting of Narberth Markett, which if continued and upheld, The said Towne will bee utterly disabled to pay his Ma^ts^ Rents, to support their Peere, or to maintaine their Poore

Audit receipts and Certificates

6. And upon a Tryall at Law in an Action on the Case brought by the said Towne against Cap^t^ Castle and others that upheld the said Markett att Narberth, It was proved that the said Towne was Damnified Two thousand pound by reason[of] Narberth Markett which is within Six Miles of Temby

Affidavitts Wm Rosser Jasper Dauies

That in A quo Warranto prosecuted by Temby against Cap^t^ Castle and others that upheld the said Markett of Narberth, the defend^ts^ having pleaded the generall Issue, there was Judgment for the King, And the Defend^t^: Cap^t^ Castle fined one hundred pounds; But upon the said Defend^ts^ Submission and

Geo: Gluxty

promise not to Continue the said Markett any longer the ffine was either remitted or moderated to fortye Shillings or a less Sume, by Sr Simon Deyg, then one of the Justices of the Greate Sessions for the County of Pembrook; neverthelesse the said Markett hath ever since been continued by the same Defendt: and his Party, And now they make their applicacon to his Maty: for a Patent for a Markett there, haveing taken out an Ad quod Damnum, and Executed the same Clandestinely without giveing Notice to the towne of Temby, though required thereto which the peticoners on the behalfe of the Towne [of] Temby pray may not be granted by his Maty

Affidavitt James Lloyd Mayor

XII.

Endorsed,—These ffor Mr John Sayes or Mr Deaux Hamond to be left att Mrs Elizabeth Massells house att the Signe of the three Brushes in Miles Crooked Lane psent London [*sic*]

Mrs Massell is desired to hasten the Deliuy heerof accordinge to the said supscription

In Answer to what may be Alledged on Behalfe of Narberth markett

1. They may say it is Aboue nine miles Distant from Temby.

Wee say thay yt measured Did not measur his matie high Way yt is nearest & the vssuall Way; but went About, and it was measured by those of Narberth Wthout any Authority or giveinge Notice thereof to Temby

2. Thay may say thay haue a Certificat from yt Cuntry, yt Narberth is A Conveniant place for A markett

Wee Answer yt sume might not then Consider the preiudice Temby might haue, others might for thayr beniffitt or ye Interest of thayr frinds Doo it

It Canot bee Denied by those Whoe Cume in Witnesses for Narberth yt Temby since ye yeare 1642 is Asmuch Decayed & Impouerished as any Towne thay know in England or Walls; And it Leyes one A Nooke of the Land it beinge noe thorough farre Towne; or Road Way Through it Leadinge to any other place, And ye marketts at Temby Dependeth one yt pt of the Cuntry, Temby beinge in that hundred

3. They may obiect ye marketts at Temby is keept soe Late and Coall pitts in thayr Way, yt it is Dangerous Cuming to Temby

Wee Answer Temby Will Condisend yt thayr Marketts might open at 9 or 10 of the Clocke; and such as doth not sell before

3 should Remove their Corne or goods, that people may goe from markett in Convenient time; & there is none canne say they Ever knew any one, cuminge or goeinge to Temby marketts, missannge in any Coall pitts

4. Thay may say thay Would be Content to take any Day in the Weeak for thayr markett

Wee Answer one markett Day Will much Diminish and Lessen one of our markett Days in the Weeke if not y^e^ both y^e^ one beinge for Corne And other vendabls; the other for fflesh etc; Likewise the Deminishinge of the marketts Doth and Will much Dischurage ffishery, and bringinge vpe youth to y^t^ Imploym^t^; & Depopulate & Impouerish y^e^ Towne

Temby is so much Decayd & now Wearied in prosecuting this Busnis 7 or 8 yeares, y^t^ thay Humbly prays an End W^th^ searious Consideracõ may bee obtained; Whether it is best; that Narberth markett bee supprest & y^e^ Cuntry Left to those marketts as Was before; or y^t^ an Antient Towne bee Lefte to vtter Ruinge & Decay, W^tch^ suffered for its Loyaltie; Was an Ornamen^t^ to y^e^ County, saftie for shippinge, A Walled Towne, one of the greatest parish Churches in Walles, w^th^ A high Tower and speare, Beinge A noated sea marke; hauinge fiue bells; the tenor twenty seauen hundred

5. If they say they have a Lease from his ma^tie^ paying 10£ p̄ An ffor the Tolls etc.

Wee Answer, they might obtaine a Lease, as though theyr markett had been Lawfull; But it was vnLawfull Erected in the times of vsurpation, Cap^t^ Castle being then a man in great Power

6. That an Accõon of y^e^ Case brought by y^e^ Towne of Temby Against Cap^t^ Castle & others for vpholdinge y^e^ s^d^ markett at Narberth, vpon the triall & full Evidence on the behalf of Temby, there Was A verdi^t^ for the def^ts^

That on y^e^ s^d^ triall there Was by 2 Witnesses 2000£ Damages proued by Temby; neuerthelesse, there hauinge gott on seũall of the Inhabitants of Narberth, Lampiter, & Adioyninge p̄ishes into the s^d^ Jury, there Was such A verdi^t^ for the Def^t^; but y^e^ Court beinge satisfied y^t^ y^e^ verdi^t^ Was Ags^t^ Direct Evidence, stayd y^e^ Entringe of Judgm^t^; & ordred a new triall

7. If they Say it was a Garrison ffor the Parliment

Wee Answer it was at first a Garrison ffor his Late Ma^tie^ but being taken; were subdued

XIII.

At the Court at Whitehall
the 3d of November 1676
Present
The Kings most Excellent Maty

His Highnes Prince Rupert	Earle of Bathe
Lord Chancellor	Earle of Craven
Lord Treasurer	Earle of Carbery
Lord Privy Seale	Viscount Falconberg
Duke of Monmouth	Viscount Newport
Duke of Lauderdale	Lord Bp of London
Duke of Ormond	Lord Bp of Durham
Marques of Worcester	Lord Maynard
Marques of Dorchester	Mr Secry Coventry
Earle of Ogle	Mr Secry Williamson
Earle of Ossory	Mr Chancellor of ye Exchequr
Lord Chamberlain	Master of ye Ordnance
Earle of Northampton	Mr Speaker

Whereas the Mayor Aldermen Bayliffs Burgesses & Inhabitants of Temby in the County of Pembroke did by their Petition exhibited at the Boord the 14th of July last, represent ye earnest Sollicitations & Endeavours used by one Captain Castles to obteyne a Patent for a Market, which he did in ye late times of Usurpation of his owne accord, set up at a Village called Narberth about ffive Miles distant from Temby, and doth still continue to uphold the same; which if granted would tend to the Ruine & Impoverishmt: of the said Towne of Temby, wch is an ancient Corporacon endued with many considerable Priviledges by his Mats Royall Predecessors, and is accomodated with a necessary and convenient Port & Harbonr fit & useful for ye Reception & Security of any Ships in danger in those parts, And therefore Praying His Maty would be graciously pleased not to grant any such Patent, It was then Ordered, That all Proceedings in any Offices in order to ye passing of a Grant for a Market to be held at Narberth aforesaid, be stopped, untill the Busines should be heard at this Boord, And accordingly all Parties attending this day and being fully heard by their Councill learned, His Maty taking ye whole Matter into consideration, and that if ye Patent desired for holding a Markett at Narberth should passe, the same would tend to ye utter Impoverishment of ye ancient Corporation of Temby, Besides His Maty reteyning a gracious memory of the constant Loyalty of that Towne, and how much they suffered in the late times for their Fidelity to his Royall Father, And likewise considering ye Convenience and Usefulnes of ye Harbour there for Trade, and ye Reception and Security of Ships in time of Danger; And that divers able Sea-

men are there bred fit for his Ma^ts^ Service upon all occasions, Did this day Order And it is hereby Ordered accordingly That no Patent do passe under y^e^ Great Seal for granting the Priviledge of a Market to be held at the said Village of Narberth, And that the Inhabitants of that Place do not for y^e^ future presume to continue the Market, which they have there erected and set up without, and contrary to his Ma^ts^ Authority. Whereof all his Ma^ts^ Officers and all others concerned are to take notice and yeild Obedience hereunto.

But it being represented to his Ma^ty^ That the Towne of Temby do open their Markets at such unseasonable Hours, that those who resort thither with Comoditys, are forced to undersell them, or tarry so late, that in their return homewards, they are in hazard of their Lives by reason of y^e^ dangerous Passages in the dark among y^e^ Coal pits, Which Mischeif His Ma^ty^ desiring to have prevented out of his tender Care for y^e^ Security of his Subjects Hath thought fit, and doth hereby Order and command, That the Markets at Temby be opened for the future by Eleaven of the Clock in y^e^ morning at y^e^ latest; Whereof the said Corporation are to take notice, and to yeild due Obedience thereunto, as they tender his Ma^ts^ Displeasure.

JOHN NICHOLAS.

GLYNDWR.

A Prize[1] Poem by JOHN VAUGHAN LLOYD, Esq.,[2] Jesus College, Oxford.

INTRODUCTION.

LIST, gentle Stranger, to my song awhile—
A song of long-past days—of bloody years;
Years spent in warfare dire, and fierce turmoil!
I tell a Tale of gleaming helms and spears—
Of days when glory on our Clime did smile,
And dried the bitter fount of slavery's tears.
If e'er thy breast at tales of prowess swell,
This lofty theme perchance may please thee well.

[1] A premium and medal were awarded to the author for this poem in 1826, by the London Cymmrodorion Society, but it was not published by them in their Transactions.

[2] The author subsequently entered into holy orders in the church, and in 1848 he became Vicar of Hope, Flintshire, where his death occurred in 1859. —ED. CAMR. JOUR.

I sing of GLYNDWR—in the battle-fray
The first of Chieftains: and the best of men
In generous deeds, when peace diffused her ray.
Fell Slavery sank into her murky den,
When his bright Spirit swept the clouds away
That hung o'er every beauteous Vale and Glen.
Oh! turn not, Stranger, with a heedless eye
From this true Tale of ages long gone by!

But Cambria's Son, amid her Mountains born,
I ask not thee to read;—If Country's fame,
If purest records of that glorious morn
When Freedom glistening in the brightest flame,
Call'd forth her Sons by slavery's scourges torn
To rise and vindicate her awful name;—
If these thou heed'st not, sure there cannot be
Within thy breast the soul of Liberty!

ARGUMENT.

The Poem commences with an invocation to the shades of the mighty "of other years," to assist the endeavours of the writer; and goes back to the days of Edward's complete conquest of Wales . . . his massacre of the Bards, &c., &c. . . . and after describing the wretched state of the Country . . . its liability to the ravages and oppression of the Lords Marchers . . . it proceeds regularly from the heroic Glyndwr's birth to his death . . . and the chief Events of the Hero's life are, it is hoped, in some degree described.

ILLUSTRIOUS SPIRITS of the mighty dead,
Whose heaven-born strains a magic influence shed
On Cambria's Sons, in fortune's darkest hour,
And arm'd their souls with more than mortal pow'r;
Ye who were wont, upon the Hills of old,
Thro' storm and cloud, your fearless Watch to hold,
Breathe on my soul whilst I the tale pursue,
And bring the ages long gone by, to view!—
Tell the sad tale of Edward's proud array—
Of that accurst and long remember'd day
When first he dar'd invade our rocky strand,
And bind his chains on Freedom's favourite Land.
Of the stern Patriot scorning still to yield
His freeborn rights—'till vanquish'd in the field:—
Of great Llewellyn[3] and his warriors brave,
Who falling glorious, rest in glory's grave!

[3] Llewellyn the Great was killed at Buallt, (now corruptly called Builth,) in Breconshire. All accounts agree in saying that he fell through treachery. By his death the Welsh lost their bravest defender. He withstood the tyranny of England for many years successfully, and protected his country from ravages and invasion.

Firm as his native rocks the Hero stood
Begirt with foemen, bathed in Saxon blood,—
"On my brave men, it is your Prince who cries,
With us our Country's freedom lives or dies."—
No more he said—by fate the lance was hurl'd
That wing'd his Spirit for a better world.
Builth was the spot, let sorrowing History tell,
Where Cambria's freedom with her Hero fell!

Immortal Bards,[4] what urg'd the Tyrant's hate
To give you 'fenceless to a murderous fate?
Oh! for the deed may History curse his name,
Blot all his glories from the roll of fame!
Oh! may his name grow baser still with years,
Be but remember'd by the stain it bears!

Dark ages follow'd, and sweet peace ne'er smil'd
On Cambria's vallies or her mountains wild.
Th' insatiate Marchers,[5] greedy still for spoil,
Laid waste the produce of the Peasant's toil;
The land enslav'd, her fame and freedom fled,
Her Warriors sleeping in their gory bed!
The cheering Sun could now no joys bestow,
He beamed in sorrow o'er a Nation's woe;
While hostile Time with dark and vengeful pow'r
O'erwhelm'd each princely Hall, each warlike Tow'r;
Deep o'er their pride oblivion's pall has flung,
Or mantling Ivy o'er their grandeur hung!
Behold yon barren sands—yon desert plain
Where Desolation holds her ample reign!
The verdant mead—the field that wav'd with grain
Is parch'd and wither'd, like Sahara's plain.
There stood Aberfraw![6] Time's o'erwhelming rage
Has swept its grandeur from Creation's page!
Thus Cities fall—thus loftiest Tow'rs decay,
And Nations vanish from the face of day.

Where now is Babylon? Its walls no more
Adorn the banks of deep Euphrates' shore.—
The Owlet's shriek, the Bittern's scream is there,
The Wolf loud howling in his lonely lair.
The Traveller fearful asks his trembling guide,
(His wet eye skimming o'er the desert wide)

[4] *Immortal Bards!* The massacre of the Bards by the first Edward is too well known to require further mention.

[5] *Th' insatiate Marchers.* To all who have studied the history of the period between Llewellyn's fall and Owain's rising, this fact will be evident.

[6] *There stood Aberfraw!* This was the royal residence of Llewellyn, and the Welsh Princes. Not a vestige now remains.

Where did Earth's pride uplift her gorgeous throne?
Where stood the Queen of Nations, Babylon?[7]

Hush'd was our Country's Lyre; no more its strain
Charm'd brooding silence from her cold domain;
Our mountains frown'd as erst—their summits proud
Still rose majestic o'er the circling cloud;
Our streams yet brightly speeded on to pour
Unsullied waters on the ocean-shore;
Our meadows still with loveliest flowers were gay,
And passing zephyrs bore their scents away.
The Warblers joyous hail'd the rising Sun,
And mourn'd him sweetly when his race was run;
The glistening dewdrops were as purely clear
As when Llewellyn reign'd in glory here;
Still undisturbed the course of nature flow'd—
All nature's beauties still as brightly glow'd;
All, all but Man—if he deserve the name
So lost to glory, so o'erwhelm'd with shame.
Yet would one Bard full fraught with heavenly fire
Oft wake the magic of his slumbering Lyre;
When Dian silver'd every hill and flood
On Berwyn's heights the hoary Minstrel stood—
In his mind's eye saw brightest visions roll,
And future glories fill'd his raptur'd soul!

"From great Llewellyn's stem a Prince shall spring
His Cambria's Champion and his Country's King—
E'en now I see his proudly daring form
Sweep o'er the foemen a resistless storm—
I see in pride the Dragon-standard wave
Its ample folds to summon all the brave:
I hear the harp by Victory touch'd!—I see
The Saxon vanquish'd, and my Country free."

Slow roll'd the years—no Saviour Prince arose
To rescue Cambria from oppression's woes;
No valorous Chief the patriot blade to wield,
And lead her Warriors to th' embattled field;
But Heaven's full time, ere ages twain had roll'd,
Brought forth the Chief by prophet Bard foretold.
Heaven's lightnings play'd around the wondrous birth—
With dire convulsions quak'd the coward Earth:

[7] In the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, and the twenty-third verse, is contained a dreadful denunciation against Babylon, in the following words:—"I will also make it a habitation for Bitterns, and Pools of Water, and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts." This fearful declaration of the Almighty's vengeance, has been so entirely accomplished, that not a vestige remains to point out the site of the once mighty Babylon.

The herds that pastur'd on the mountain's height
Fled to the Vales in strange and wild affright;[8]
The streams ran blood—and many a fearful sign
Marked a Star in glory's Heaven to shine!
Such was his birth, and such the promise giv'n
By direful portents both in Earth and Heaven.
He grew to manhood, and in him were seen
The Patriot's virtues and the Warrior's mien!
When battle rag'd he blazed unmatch'd in arms—
In peaceful days he shone in milder charms.
His was the heart, and his the princely dome
Where sorrow pity found—and woe a home:
The Bards all gather'd round his generous board
And hail'd him Cambria's Chieftain and her Lord.
Here Gruffydd strung his Harp[9]—here Iolo sung,[1]
With ceaseless strains the walls of Sycharth rung!
Yes! here he dwelt, with regal grandeur blest,
Dispensing gifts, and aiding the distrest;
Here Youth and Beauty pass'd the joyous hour
In midnight dance, or noonday shady bower;
Here mirth and music, and unstinted cheer
Held reign unbroken, thro' the varying year.—
Yet was his peace by hostile inroads crost,
His mighty soul by Saxon insult tost:—
The Lord of Ruthyn with vindictive hate
Seiz'd goodly portions of his fair estate;[2]
Ill could his proud, unbending soul sustain
The galling bondage of oppression's chain.
He saw his Land by tyranny deprest,
He plann'd her rescue in his patriot breast.—
Ha! see yon flames that gleam o'er Clwyd's fair Vale,[3]
That wave and flicker in the passing gale—
They rise and rage—proud Saxon dost thou see
The rising Star of Cambria's Liberty?
The flames of war in fiercest radiance burn,
Soon may we hope for Freedom's blest return;
Soon see our rescu'd Country shine again,
The scourge of tyrants and the boast of men.

[8] See Shakespeare's celebrated Play of *Henry the Fourth.*

[9] Gruffydd Llwyd, who was Owain's Poet Laureate.

[1] Iolo Goch, a celebrated Bard, who sung of Owain's fame and glory. For an account of both see *Cambrian Plutarch*, Article "Owain Glyndwr."

[2] The cause of this quarrel is given in the *Cambrian Plutarch*, in Owain's Life. [Wherever the English have obtained a settlement, they have invariably contrived to pick a quarrel with the aboriginal inhabitants, so as to have some pretext for seizing their territories.—Ed. Camb. Jour.]

[3] The town of Ruthyn, in the Vale of Clwyd, was burnt by Owain.

Thus he aveng'd the insults he had borne,—
Thus he repaid the haughty Marcher's scorn.
And then returning to the mountain's height,
Hover'd like the Genius of the field of fight.

Soon as the Spring awoke each flowery Vale
The Cambrian banners floated on the gale:
Dark Desolation's stream impetuous ran
O'er all the fertile fields of Cardigan.—
Like the red bolt of Heaven in wrath he came,
And delug'd Pembroke with a flood of flame!
Behold him now! ten thousand hosts oppose—
No path for refuge, but amid the foes!
Rush on, he cried, and like the ocean-surge
Full on the foe your headlong fury urge;
On to the charge, their proudest vauntings dare,
And be your courage whetted by despair.
They rush'd resistless, like a mountain-wave,
Gave slaughter'd hundreds to a bloody grave!
Thus in distress his valour shone more bright,
As stars beam clearest in the darkest night.[4]

Yon Comet blazing in the Northern Sky [5]
Portends to Man some fateful prodigy!
Tell its red beams of bloody fields to come,
Of slaughter'd thousands, and a Nation's doom?
Tell they of Lands o'er which the bursting Sea
Shall roll, and sweep them "from the things that be?"
Of Towns to Earth by mad convulsions hurl'd,
Of Nature's ruins, and a tottering World?—
Or, oh! my Country, does it shine on thee
To cheer thy gloom, and wake thine energy—
To rouse thy bravery—and with proudest voice
To hail the GLYNDWR, Chieftain of thy choice?
It smiles propitious to a People's cause
Oppression spurning and a Tyrant's laws:
On Wales it shines with rays of glorious light,
A Pole-star beaming through her slavery's night!
E'en now I hear the trumpet's brazen roar
Wake the lone echoes of Mervinia's shore;
And lo! yon Beacons on Eryri's height
Shame the dim twinkling of the Lamps of night.
The voice of thousands rends the midnight Sky
With loud acclaim, and shouts of Liberty!

[4] All the victories, and other acts described in the Poem, are taken from the *Cambro-Briton*, *Cambrian Plutarch*, and Ellis's *Memoirs*.

[5] "In 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Bards made to portend all good to Owain."—See Ellis's *Memoirs of Owain Glyndwr*.

Bright rose the Sun o'er every peering height,
And shone unclouded on the Warrior's sight;
The burnish'd helm—the falchion's beamy glare,
Glanc'd bright as meteors, in the morning air.
Old Dyfrdwy's stream, where snowy cygnets lave,
Shew'd Nature bosom'd on her lucid wave:
Proud Sycharth rang with joy—no pallid fear,
No coward boding of mischance, was there.
The Minstrel-bard awoke his thrilling Lyre,
And filled the Warriors with heroic fire;
The glorious deeds of ages past he told,—
The fame of Arthur and of Owain bold.[6]
He sung how brave Llewellyn had defied
Th' invading foeman in his warlike pride:
Then he described in fancy's wildest charms
The future glories of his Chieftain's arms;
And as they march'd full oft were heard his strains
Cheering the Patriots to the battle plains!
But soon in air, as firm they march'd along,
Melted each accent of the Bardic song;
Yet still its fire made every bosom glow—
All burn'd impatient to attack the foe:
And soon their wish, their bosom-wish was crowned,
Ere noonday clos'd th' embattled Hosts they found.
At the glad sight the GLYNDWR's heart beat high,
In certain presage of proud Victory!
Haste to the charge my bravest men, he cried,
And plung'd his steed in Verniew's rapid tide.
His steps they follow'd, and embodied close,
Hurl'd dire destruction on th' astonish'd foes.—
They too were brave, and in a generous cause
Had gain'd immortal honour and applause.
They too were brave—but how could men withstand
The deathful fury of stern OWAIN's hand?
Not the dark streams of hostile arms that prest
Could quench the ardour of the Hero's breast.
Far from his own, from Cambria's legions far,
O'erwhelming Hosts he rag'd the God of War.
The foe was brave—but soon in wild affright
They urge their chargers into headlong flight.—
Mark! how they fly!—the Vanquish'd Troops of Grey
In fearful fright, and reckless of array.
—But who is he with brightest Helm array'd
With blood-stain'd Armour and a broken Blade?
He seems a Martyr hasting to the Tomb,
And smiles as heedless of impending doom.

[6] *Owain bold.* Owain Gwynedd.

'Tis he, the Grey!—before GLYNDWR he stands
Flinging the faithless weapon from his hands.—
"Wreak all your Vengeance on my head," he cried,
"Your keenest tortures can my soul deride;
Or let me linger in the Dungeon drear
And live whole years of death,—I scorn to fear:
Or if your heart can sweet compassion know—
If e'er you knew to spare a fallen Foe,
Let Mercy beam, and I shall ever be
As firm in friendship as in enmity."
The GLYNDWR smil'd and lov'd the daring soul,
Which death or torture could in nought control,
Pardon'd the stern Foe, and bade his hatred end,
And each embrac'd the other for a friend.
He gave his Captive what he erst denied,
His beauteous Daughter for a blooming Bride.
Thus by an act the generous only know,
He gain'd a Friend and lost a dangerous Foe.

Here must the Muse let fall the pitying tear
O'er the brave Howel on his bloody Bier.[7]
Oh! fatal feud! by which a Chieftain brave
Fell victim early to th' insatiate grave!
Ill fated Chief! and could no power control
The rebel passion of thy haughty soul?
Could not the hope thine injur'd Land to free,
Urge thee to aid "the Heir of Prophecy."[8]
Oh! fatal feud!—oh! just but cruel blow
By which was slain a Kinsman and a Foe.
Ill fated Howel, had thy timely power
Assisted Owain in his needful hour,
The Sun of Freedom had illum'd our Clime,—
His rays have cheer'd us 'till the last of time!

Let Radnor's plains the thousand Graves display
Of those who perished in the dark affray,
When mighty GLYNDWR turn'd the sword of war
Against the ranks of haughty Mortimer;
And let Fame's trump with loudest voice declare
The deeds of prowess he enacted there:
He whose great name shall live in History's page
The glory of his Country and his age,

[7] Howel Sele, Lord of Nannau, kept firm in his adherence to Henry the Fourth; and, as was likely, no friendship could possibly exist between Owain and himself. The story of Howel's death is very beautifully told by Warrington. See also, *Cambro-Briton.*

[8] *The Heir of Prophecy.* He was called by the Bards "Mab y Darogan."

He, the GLYNDWR, who in the rage of fight
O'erwhelm'd the hostile Leader in his might:[9]
And made a Captive with his own right hand
The bravest Warrior of a valiant Band.
Turn we away—nor view the purple plain
Drench'd with the gore of many a Soldier slain;
Turn we from war, and from its direful woes
To seek a calmer region of repose!
Machynlleth's walls with mingled music rang,
The Harp's soft note—the Trumpet's martial clang;
A thousand Lords their gorgeous state display,
A thousand Ladies lovelier than the day;
Ten thousand came his summons to obey,
And swear allegiance to his princely sway.
A King he seem'd amid a kingly band,—
The mighty bulwark of his native Land!
The Cambrian Crown upon his brows he wore,
The Cambrian Sceptre in his hand he bore.
Long live GLYNDWR the mighty concourse cried—
Long live GLYNDWR the echoing rocks replied.
There mirth and song and music's joyous voice,
And nature's self seem'd proudly to rejoice!
And beauteous Dovey[1] with its dark-blue[2] stream
Flow'd fair as vision "of a fairy dream!"
But one there was amid the joyful band[3]
Of dauntless heart possest, yet murderous hand—
One who could dare to lift the traitor sword
Against the bosom of his Prince and Lord;—
He strikes the Prince:—a clasp which bound his vest
Repell'd the weapon from his sacred breast.
Innumerous blades that leapt from scabbards bright
Had whelm'd the traitor in eternal night,
But he who scorn'd to strike a prostrate foe
Look'd a command, and check'd the vengeful blow.

Where wild Northumbria holds her mountain reign
Her patriot Earl possest a fair Domain:
He sigh'd for Richard's mild and peaceful times—[4]
Times not like these distain'd with blood and crimes;

[9] Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, whose army Owain routed at Pilleth, a little S.W. of Roughton, in Radnorshire.

[1] Dovey, a beautiful river that rises in Merionethshire, and flows near Machynlleth, in the county of Montgomery, the scene of Owain's coronation.

[2] The name of a very considerable stream that joins the Dovey near Machynlleth, is Dulas, which means "dark blue."

[3] David Gam, who was a firm adherent to Henry, attempted to assassinate Owain at his coronation.

[4] The times of Richard the Second.

He scorn'd the base Usurper of the Throne,
And plann'd his Country's Freedom and his own!
He form'd a treaty with that Chieftain brave
Who rescued Cambria from a slavish grave,—
Unfurl'd his banner in an evil hour
Against the arm of Usurpation's power.
A thousand Heroes to his standard came,
All bold and ardent in the field of fame;
They march'd in triumph thro' a yielding Land,
And met the foe on rich Salopia's strand.[5]
They rush'd to conflict, and the din of war
On Severn's banks was echoed from afar.
Now Victory seem'd on Freedom's arms to smile;
On traitor-numbers, now she beam'd awhile.
A dubious gloom hung o'er the field of blood,
And slowly flow'd empurpled Severn's flood!
When Hotspur fell the hope of Victory fled—
Death and confusion thro' his ranks were spread.
Th' Usurper's army like a whirlwind-blast
O'er the remains of Freedom's Warriors past!
So many a freeman in the conflict fell
That few remain'd the sad defeat to tell.

Young Hotspur, bravest of the good and free,[6]
The flower of manhood and of Chivalry,
Shew'd in the thickest of the deadly fight
Such gallant bearing, and such warlike might,
That could a mortal blame high Heaven's decree
'Twould be the losing such a Knight as he!
And oft he cried, ere yet he met his doom,
"Oh! that GLYNDWR, the Cambrian Chief was come."[7]
He fell with glory 'mid th' opposing host,
Nor liv'd to mourn the freedom he had lost.
GLYNDWR afar, nor heard the dread alarms
Of fiercest battle, nor of clashing arms:—
Had he but reach'd the fatal field of fray
Ere gallant Hotspur left the light of day,
Tho' thousands sunk into the arms of death,
Triumph had crown'd him with her brightest wreath!
But oh! what woes on Man's best Councils wait!
How all uncertain is this mortal state!

[5] The battle of Shrewsbury, so fatal and ruinous to the cause of freedom. Had Owain been present at this battle, the consequences, it is probable, would have been by no means agreeable to Henry.

[6] See Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*, where Henry speaks of Percy,—He calls him "A Son who is the theme of Honour's tongue;
Amongst the grove the very straitest plant—
—— sweet fortune's minion and her pride," &c.

[7] See Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*.—"Oh! that Glendour were come."

No human wisdom can events foresee,[8]
No human power reverse Heaven's fix'd decree!
—Behold GLYNDWR by distant Lands rever'd[9]
By Cambria lov'd, by England's Tyrant fear'd;
E'en now, on Brecon's plains his soldiers lie,—
The few survivors in confusion fly.
Distress and terror o'er the land are spread,
The Chieftain mourns a Son and Brother dead!"[1]
Deplores his army's strength in battle slain,
Their bones unburied on the crimson plain!
Behold him now, deserted by his own—
Behold him wandering, outcast, and alone;
The pangs of cold and hunger forc'd to brave,—
To seek for shelter in the Mountain-cave[2]
This was a transient cloud that crost his sky
And dimm'd his brightness as it floated by;
For ere four moons their perfect course had made
His glorious banners were again display'd:
Again o'er England, like a baleful star,
He poured the vial of distress and war!

And now the Ocean whitens from afar
With naval pomp and proud array of war;[3]
The lordly Galleys cleave the azure tide,
And full of triumph o'er the surges ride!
The waves urge onward, and the favouring gales
With gladdening impulse fill the swelling sails.
Thro' the white foam the gallant vessels sweep,
"Like things of life" they lord it o'er the deep!
And now they shew, as nearer they advance,
The Lilied banners of chivalric France.
The banners wave, as though their charge they bore
To bloom more glorious on the Cambrian shore:
The sails are furl'd, and soon the warriors land
By thousands greeted on the ocean-strand.
Twelve thousand helmets glisten'd on the plain,—
The Gallic these:[4] 'mid those ten thousand spears
Cambria's stern Chief the Dragon-standard rears.[5]

[8] See the Medea of Euripides, line 1412.

[9] Owain Glyndwr had formed a treaty of alliance with Charles the Fifth of France.

[1] At the battle of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, in Brecknockshire, Owain's armies were destroyed,—his son and his brother Tudyr slain. See *Cambro-Briton*.

[2] The cave wherein he is supposed to have been concealed is still called Ogof Owain, or Owain's cave, in Merionethshire.

[3] The French fleet consisted of 140 sail of ships, and landed at Milford.

[4] The number of men sent by the French king was 12,000, under the command of Marshall de Montmorency.

[5] The number of the Welsh was as above. See *Walsingham*, page 374.

On Pembroke's plains encampt th' united host,
The pride of Cambria and of Gallia's coast.
Their souls exulted in the din of arms,
Inur'd to warfare and its wild alarms.
Their's were the souls that scorn'd the joys of peace,
And spurn'd th' allurements of ignoble ease!
Their high souls panted for immortal Fame—
A boon which none but mighty deeds can claim.
In their proud breasts compassion ever dwelt—
They fought 'gainst Tyrants, and for misery felt.
Their's was the spirit which in days of yore
Led warring Europe to that Eastern shore,
Where holy Salem bows to Moslem hate,
And sits to glory lost, and Desolate![6]

Ere the bright Sun again illum'd the day
Th' united Hosts advance in close array,
O'erwhelming every hostile fort and tower
That dar'd withstand their stern victorious power.
The lowering clouds of OWAIN's sky had fled;
Hope's cheering beams their brightest glories shed!
—Let not the muse on every conflict dwell,
The Chieftain's triumphs and his fame to swell:
How Harry thrice led forth his Hosts to fight,—[7]
How vanquish'd thrice, he fled in wild affright.
Thrice to the Wye and Severn's sandy shore
His warring banners full of pride he bore;
Thrice he return'd and left the Cambrian coast,
His Armies slaughter'd and his glory lost!
But let her now the heroic Chief display
Great in the glory of his setting day;
Display him Victor o'er the Saxon power,
A Chief unconquer'd in his dying hour.
He rose in glory 'mid his Country's night,
A Sun in splendour,—and he set in light!
He rose, he shone, he "set to rise no more,"
And left his Land her bravest to deplore!

Past are his days—full many a year has sped,
With all its tempests o'er the Warrior's head!

[6] See Lamentations, chap. i. verse 1. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people."

[7] See *Henry the Fourth*,—

"Three times did Henry Bolingbroke make head
Against the Welsh: thrice from the Banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn did they send
Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home."

But He sleeps on, unmov'd by fiercest storm,[8]
Or wildest winds that wintry skies deform;
They sweep unheeded o'er his lonely Grave,
And moan, sad Nature's Dirges for the Brave!
Oh! cease our sorrows! for we weep in vain,
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

But time has burst the Tyrant's galling chain,
Hurl'd curst Oppression from her iron reign;
Bid blood and rapine in our Vallies cease—
Bid woe and warfare, melt in joy and peace!
Plac'd Brunswick's glorious Son on Britain's throne,
A Prince in virtue, as in Blood our own.
Oh! blest are we, thus link'd by generous Laws,
We, that lend succour to each injured cause—
Whose Armies triumph on the battle-plain,
Whose peerless Navies rule the boundless Main!
Oh! Land of Patriots!—Land of Heaven's own care,
Thy Sons are valiant, and thy Daughters fair!
Within thy bosom will I live and die;
Nor envy Climes beneath a brighter Sky.

LLANOVER.—CYMREIGYDDION.

The meeting of the Llanover Cymreigyddion took place on Monday, 24th October, which proved to be a very fine day, and well adapted for the occasion. The meeting was held in a large tent, erected in a convenient locality, on the Brynhyfryd farm, which forms part of the Llanover estate, adjoining the high road between Pontypool and Abergavenny on one side, and flanked on the other by the mountain road from Blaenavon. An arch of evergreens, with the words "Cymreigyddion Llanover," in large letters of flowers, (each letter being in different colours,) was erected over the gate leading to the tent, on the right of which were small wooden huts for the ticket receivers, which were entirely covered with evergreens, and thus rendered very ornamental. The

[8] Some persons imagine that Owain was buried in Bangor Cathedral, but this appears by no means certain; others have supposed that the place of his burial was Monnington, in Herefordshire.

inside of the tent was fitted up with two platforms, one for the President and his party, the Judges, and the higher-priced ticket holders; the other for the Welsh singers, and the celebrated Llanover harper, while the rest of the area was appropriated to seats for the chief part of the spectators.

The proceedings commenced at eleven o'clock, at which hour the Rev. Vicar of Llanover (President) arrived, and took his place on the centre of the platform, having Lady Llanover on his right hand, and the Rev. D. Howell, Vicar of Cardiff, (judge of the prose and poetical compositions and Welsh recitations,) on his left, the whole of the front row being occupied by the Llanover and Llanarth family, and the clergy and ministers who attended the meeting. Among the latter were the Rev. Dr. James, of Panttêg; the Rev. T. Evans, of Rhymney; the Rev. J. Cook; the Rev. D. Charles, &c. At the end of the platform was the seat of the judge of music, Mr. Owen Davies, better known as "Eos Llechid."

The President and Lady Llanover were received by "Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech," sung in chorus to the harp by the Llanover choir. It would occupy too much space to give details of the various and excellent competitions for prizes for Welsh singing by the *Cantorion*, with the harp, and the four competing choirs; Welsh recitations, and extempore speeches on subjects given by the President at the moment, for which three or four minutes only were allowed, marked by the ringing of a bell, which caused the greatest diversion, and were admirably sustained. At one o'clock the President announced that an hour and a quarter would be allowed for rest and temperate refreshments, for which preparation had been made in the neighbouring village of Rhydymeirch, and in cottages contiguous to the tent. At a quarter-past two the tent (which held about 500 persons), was refilled from end to end, and the proceedings recommenced with the greatest spirit.

The President and Lady Llanover were received, as

before, by "Llwyn On," sung in chorus to the harp by the Llanover choir, at the conclusion of which

The President announced that the young gentlemen of Llanarth, (two lovely children of about the ages of six and seven years,) though not competitors, would hold a little poetical dialogue in Welsh, which would give the meeting great satisfaction, especially as coming from representatives of the old *Gwaed Coch* of Gwent.

Scarcely were the words uttered, when Master Bleiddian Herbert, of Llanarth, climbed on a chair in front of the platform, and in answer to a question addressed to him in Welsh by Lady Llanover, said, in an audible voice,—

"Cymro wyf a Chymro fyddaf,
A Chymraeg yw'r iaith a garaf,
A daethum i'm dwy chwaer gael gweled
Fy mod yn caru y wlad y'm ganed."

The little orator then jumped down, and his brother, Master Arthur Herbert, of Llanarth, taking his place on the chair, said, in reply to another question,—

"Cymru yw fy ngwlad a'm cartre,
Cymry wyf yn Caru oreu."

The President then announced that Lady Llanover would read an address in Welsh, which her Ladyship delivered in a clear and distinct voice, which was heard in every part of the tent, and occupied about a quarter of an hour, upon the antiquity and excellence of the Cymric language, as one of the most perfect and comprehensive of living tongues, and the benefit of its cultivation, and its effectiveness for moral uses. The address was listened to with rapt attention, only interrupted by vehement applause.

The Rev. D. Howell (well known as "Llawdden") delivered his judgments in the most eloquent and impressive manner, and stated that he had received some Welsh compositions on this occasion which were far superior to compositions which had been sent in for his adjudication for the great meeting recently held at Llan-

dudno. Two compositions in particular he thought worthy of especial mention. One was a Welsh treatise, to which he had awarded Lord Llanover's prize, for the best list of native plants and herbs growing in the parish of Llanover, with their uses and medicinal properties. The other a Welsh tale, to illustrate the benefits of attendance in Sunday school, and the evil results of its neglect.

The Welsh recitations were admirable, both prose and poetry; and the Llanover, Brynmawr and Blaenavon Welsh choirs, and the "Cor Bach," Llanover, earned great credit for their several performances.

The number of subjects given for competition were as follows:—

1 Welsh Botany.
1 Welsh Moral Tale.
1 Welsh Biography.
1 Welsh Parochial Topography.
4 Welsh Poetry.
13 Welsh Music.
9 Welsh Recitation.
5 Subjects given at the moment for Welsh Extempore Speaking.

Number of competitors for the whole of the above, 150.

The whole of the thirty-five prizes were awarded.

Space will not permit us to give the names of the successful competitors. The victors were invested with a ribbon and purse by Lady Llanover, Mr. R. Hall, (brother of Lord Llanover, who was absent in Scotland,) and Miss Johnes, of Dolaucothy, both of whom gave extra prizes on several occasions, the Misses Herbert, of Llanarth, and others who were present.

The proceedings concluded in the most spirited manner about six o'clock, when

The President gave notice that the tent would be lighted at half-past seven, when he would again attend, and Welsh addresses would be delivered by the Rev. Dr. James, the Rev. D. Howell, the Rev. W. Evans, of Rhymney, the Rev. D. Charles, &c. The Llanover Welsh choir would also attend, and all the other Welsh singers, he hoped, would meet them to conclude the day in the same innocent, cheerful, patriotic manner in which

it had commenced, and that the evening meeting would end punctually at ten o'clock.

The day's proceedings concluded with "God save the Queen," in Welsh.

The evening meeting was literally crammed, when most eloquent Welsh speeches were delivered by the Rev. Dr. James, and others, who expatiated in a forcible manner on the remains of the language of the Cymry to be found over England and the North of Germany, as testified by the names of places, &c.

The Rev. D. Howell, Vicar of Cardiff, spoke eloquently on the real uses and abuses of Eisteddfodau, giving a clear explanation of the proper manner of carrying on the meeting of Cymreigyddion for the actual objects for which they were ostensibly held, and the great evils which attend giving the name of Eisteddfod to meetings which, so far from being calculated to promote the cultivation of the Welsh language, Welsh music, and the real triple-stringed harp of Wales, are only called Eisteddfodau to attract the Welsh people, and obtain their money, to be expended for objects not only totally at variance with the principles of the ancient Eisteddfod institution, but really destructive to everything which is most dear to the hearts of the Cymry, and he congratulated them upon the national consistency and propriety with which the proceedings of the Cymreigyddion of that day had been conducted.

The Rev. D. Charles, (late Principal of Trevecca,) minister of Abercarn Church, delivered a most interesting discourse upon the origin of the Welsh language, and proving the affinity between the Welsh and the Sanscrit.

The harp and singing by the various successful competitors enlivened the meeting throughout.

The Rev. the President took an active part throughout the evening. A vote of thanks was proposed to him by the Rev. D. Howell, with "tair banllef" (three cheers), in which Lord Llanover and Gwenynen Gwent were not forgotten.

The President rang his bell at ten o'clock, and the parties separated, after one of the most delightful days ever remembered in the parish of Llanover; and it is worthy of special notice that not a single instance of even an approach to intoxication was seen or heard of during the day.

SHERIFFS OF BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

A LIST of gentlemen who have served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Brecon, from A.D. 1539, the thirtieth year of the reign of King Henry VIII., to A.D. 1864, the twenty-seventh year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, with Notes, by the late J. P. Ord, Esq., Tenby, and Joseph Joseph, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon.

HENRY VIII.

1539 Sir William Vaughan, of Porthaml, Kt., son of Watkin Vaughan. He married Katherine, daughter of Jenkin Havard,[1] and had issue, Sir Roger, Watkin, William, and Thomas.

1540 Sir Watkin Herbert, of Crickhowel, Kt.

1541 Sir John Price, of The Priory, Kt. He married Joan, daughter of John Williams, of Southwark, and had issue, Gregory, and four other sons, and two daughters.

1542 Lewis Gwyn, of Gwenffrwd.

1543 Thomas Havard, of Cwrt Sion Young, youngest son of John. He married Alice, daughter of Llewelyn Powel Vychan, and had issue, Jenkin, Robert, William and Walter, and four daughters.

1544 Richard Herbert, of Aberystwyth (Aberystruth?).

1545 William Awbrey, of Cantreff, Regius Professor of Law, LL.D. at Oxford, one of the Council for the Marches of Wales, and one of the Masters of Requests to Queen Elizabeth. He married Williford, daughter of John Williams, of Tainton, and died 23rd July, 1595, leaving, with other issue, two sons, Edward and Thomas. The monument erected to

[1] The Havards are said to have derived their name by abbreviation from Havre de Grace, which was the place in Normandy from whence they came originally into this country.

his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral was destroyed in the great fire in 1666, but an engraving from it is extant.

1546 Wm. Herbert, of Crickhowel.

EDWARD VI.

1547 Christopher Vaughan, of Tretower, son of Henry, by Anne, daughter of Christ. Throgmorton. He married Gwladis, daughter of John Games, and left issue, William, and other children.

1548 Edward Herbert, of Crickhowel.

1549 Thomas Havard, of Pontwilym. See 1543.

1550 Sir Roger Vaughan, of Porthaml, in Talgarth, Kt., eldest son of Sir William. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir George Herbert, by whom he had issue, Watkin, Rowland, Roger, Thomas and William.

1551 Richard Herbert.

1552 John Lloyd, of Blaentowy. There is a monument to his memory in Builth Church.

1553 Andrew Wynter, of Brecon. He married Cissil, daughter of Matthew Walter, and had issue, Walter and John.

MARY.

1554 William John Prosser, of Gaer.

1555 T. Havard, of Pontwilym. See 1543.

1556 Thomas Sollers, of Porthaml-ishaf.

1557 Richard Vaughan, of Crickhowel, son of John, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas G. Walter ap Jenkin Havard.

1558 Edward Games, of Newton. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Vaughan, of Porthaml, and died in 1564, leaving issue, John, and other children.

ELIZABETH.

1559 John Games, of Aberbrân. He married Jennet Anne, daughter of William Havard, of Aberbrân, and had issue, John.

1560 Lewis Gwyn, of Gwenffrwd.

1561 William John Prosser, of Gaer.

1562 William Games, of Aberbrân.

1563 James Gomond, of Brecon.

1564 Richard Price, of the Priory, second son of Sir John Price by Joan Williams. He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Wightman.

1565 Lewis Gunter, of Chilston.

1566 Edward Herbert, of Crickhowel, son of William, by Mary, daughter of William Awbrey, LL.D., H. S. in 1545. He married Anne, daughter of John Jeffries, of Abercynrig.

1567 William Watkins, of Llangorse.

1568 James Gomond. See 1563.

1569 William Games, of Aberbrân, son of John. He married 1st,

Elizabeth, daughter of John Morgan, of Newton; and 2ndly, ——, daughter of —— ——, of Rotherwas. He died *s. p.*

1570 Richard Price. See 1564.

1571 Chas. Walcott, sen., of Llanfair, in Builth, son of —— Walcott, of Walcott, co. Salop. He married 1st, Mary, daughter of John Eysham; and 2ndly, Beatrice, daughter of Sir Anthony Girlinge, K.B.; by the latter only he had issue, Charles, Elias, John and Beatrix. He was buried at Lydbury, 22nd August, 1596.

1572 John Awbrey, of Abercynrig.

1573 Charles Awbrey, of Cantreff.

1574 John Games, of Newton.

1575 Watkin Lloyd, of Trewern, in Devynock.

1576 William Games, of Aberbrân.

1577 Thomas Vaughan, of Peytyn-gwyn.

1578 Thomas Games, of Aberbrân.

1579 Chas. Walcott, of Llanfair, in Builth. See 1571.

1580 Sir Henry Johnes, of Abermarlais, Kt.

1581 Hugh Powell, of Tal-y-llyn. He married Eleanor, daughter of Thomas St. Barbe; who married 2ndly, Thos. Sadler, and died 1623.

1582 Thomas Prees Williams, of Ystrad-y-ffin.

1583 Sir Edward Awbrey, of Tredomen, Kt., son of William Awbrey, LL.D. He married Joan, daughter of William Havard, of Tredomen, and had issue, Sir William, five other sons, and two daughters.

1584 Roger Vaughan, of Clyro.

1585 Gregory Price, of the Priory, Brecon, eldest son of Sir John Price, by Susan, daughter of John Williams, of Lantreath. He married Mary, daughter of Humphrey Coningsby, of Hampton Court, and had issue, Thomas and Margaret, who married Jeffrey Jeffreys, of Abercynrig, and brought with her the Priory to that family.

1586 John Awbrey, of Abercynrig.

1587 John Games, of Newton.

1588 William Watkins, of Llangorse.

1589 Sir Edward Awbrey. See 1583.

1590 William Vaughan, of Tretower.

1591 John Walbeoff, of Llanhamlach. He married Gwladis, daughter of Evan ap John, of Scethrog, and died 1598.

1592 Walter Prosser, of Trefecca.

1593 Gregory Price, of the Priory, Brecon. See 1585.

1594 Roger Vaughan, of Clyro. See 1584.

1595 William Watkins, of Llangorse. See 1588.

1596 John Games, of Newton.

1597 Richard Herbert, of Penkelley, son of Sir Richard Herbert, of Powys.

1598 Charles Walcott, the younger. He married 1st, Mary Forster, by whom he had Eysham and Beatrice; and 2ndly, Eliza, daughter of Sir John Games, by whom he had Charles, John, Edward, Thomas, Games, Lewis and Mary.

1599 Sir Edward Awbrey, of Tredomen, eldest son and heir of Will. Awbrey, LL.D. He married Joan, daughter of William Havard, of Penygaufford, (ancestor of William Havard, the present proprietor,) by whom he acquired the major part of the Llanvillo estate, which he left to his son, Sir William. See 1583.

1600 Sir John Games, of Newton, Kt., son of Edward Games, by Eliza, daughter of Sir William Vaughan, of Porthaml. He married 1st, Elinor, daughter of Howel Gwyn; 2ndly, Eliza, daughter of Meredith Games, of Buckland; and 3rdly, Catherine Bradshaw, of Presteigne, and left issue, Edward and John.

1601 William Watkins, of Llangorse. He married Margaret, daughter of Lewis Havard, and died 1st March, 1610, leaving issue, Lewis, Katherine, Joan, Elizabeth, Anne and Jane.

1602 Roger Williams, of Parc-ar-Irvon, son of William Madoc, by Blanch, daughter of Sir Richard Vaughan, of Bredwardine. He married Joan, daughter of John Games, of Aberbrân, and widow of David Gwynne, of Glanbrân.

JAMES I.

1603 Howel Gwynne, of Trecastle.

1604 John Games, of Buckland. He married Catharine, d. of David Evans, of Walfa.

1605 Richard Herbert. See 1597.

1606 Lodowick Lewis, of Trewalter. He married a daughter and co-heir of William Watkins, and in her right succeeded to the greater part of the Llangorse estate, which was inherited by his son Sir William Lewis, created a baronet in 1627.

1607 Sir William Awbrey, of Tredomen, son of Sir William. (See above.) He married Eliza, daughter of Sir Thomas Johnes, of Abermarlais, by whom he had issue. His will was proved at Brecon, in 1631. He died in very reduced circumstances.

1608 John Games, of Aberbrân.

1609 John Stedman, of Ystryd-y-ffin.

1610 Thomas Powell, of Tal-y-llyn.

1611 Rees Williams, of Devynock.

1612 William Rumsey, of Crickhowel.

1613 Sir Henry Williams, of Gwernyfed, Kt. Created a baronet in 1644. He married Elinor, daughter of Eustace Whitney, of Whitney, co. Hereford, and had issue, Sir Henry, and other children. He died *circa* 1652.

1614 Thomas Price, of the Priory, only son of Gregory Price. He

married Anne, sister of John Rudhall, of Rudhall, and had issue.

1615 Howel Gwyn, of Trecastle, son of Thomas Gwyn, by Ellen, daughter of Roger Vaughan, of Talgarth. He married Jannet, daughter of Gwilym Llewelyn, of Garregvawr, and died 1625, leaving issue, Thomas and Elinor.

1616 Morgan Awbrey, of Ynyscedwyn. He married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Games, of Aberbrân.

1617 Edward Williams, of Llangattock.

1618 William Lewis, of Llangorse.

1619 Blanch Parry, of Llandefailog-tre'r-graig. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Morgan, of Blackmoor, and died 9th December, 1640, leaving issue, George, Gregory and William.

1620 John Williams, of Parc-ar-Irvon.

1621 Charles Vaughan, of Tretower, son of William Vaughan, by Frances Somerset. He married a daughter of Thomas Norton, by whom he had issue, William, John, Charles and Henry.

1622 John Maddocks, of Llanfrynach.

1623 Edward Games, of Newton, son of Sir John, by his second wife, Eliza, daughter of Meredith Games. He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Walter Vaughan, of Falston, Wilts, and died *s. p.*

CHARLES I.

1624 Watkin Vaughan, of Merthyr Cynog, son of Roger. He married Katherine, daughter of William Parry, of Trebarried, and had issue, seven sons and two daughters.

1625 Richard Games, of Penderyn, son of Richard, by Mary, daughter of Thomas Prichard. He married Eliz., daughter of Piers Deere, of ————, Glamorgan, and had issue, Edward, who died *s. p.*, and afterwards Eliz. married Thomas Mansell.

1626 Sir Henry Williams, of Gwernyfed. Created a baronet 1644. See 1613.

1627 John Walbeoff, of Llanhamlach. He married Margaret, daughter of William Vaughan, of Tretower.

1628 Thomas Boulcott, of Brecon.

1629 Thomas Gwynne, of Hay Castle.

1630 John Stedman, of Dôl-y-gaer.

1631 John Jeffreys, of Abercynrig. He was a mercer, and purchased Abercynrig. He married Margaret, daughter of Howel ap Ieuan, by whom he had fifteen children.

1632 Howel Gwynne, of Ty-mawr, in Builth.

1633 John Lewis, of Ffrwdgrech.

1634 John Herbert, of Crickhowel.

1635 Charles Vaughan, of Tretower. See 1621.

1636 Sir William Lewis, of Llangorse, Bt., son of Lodowick Lewis, of Trewalter, by a daughter and co-heir of W. Watkins, of Llangorse. He died in 1672, having had an only son, Lodowick, who died before him, leaving three daughters.
1637 David Gwynne, of Glanbrân.
1638 Meredith Lewis, of Pennant.
1639 Henry Williams, of Caebalva.
1640 Edward Lewis, of Llangattock.
1641 John Herbert, of Crickhowel.
1642 John Herbert, of Crickhowel.
1643 Lewis Lloyd, of Wernos, in Crickadarn. He married Margaret, daughter of —— ——, who died 5th July, 1680, aged 90, by whom he had six sons and five daughters. He died 2nd March, 1646 or 49, inscription doubtful in Crickadarn Church.
1644 Howel Gwynne, of Glanbrân, son of Rhytherch Gwynne, by Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Johnes. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Herbert Johnes, a younger son of Sir Thomas, by whom he had issue, three sons and five daughters.
1645 Howel Gwynne, of Glanbrân.
1646 Roger Vaughan, of Trephilip.
1647 Edward Games, of Buckland. He married Margaret, daughter of H. John Powell Gwalter, of Maesmawr, and had issue, John, who died *s. p.* in 1645, and four daughters.
1648 Charles Walbeoff, of Llanhamlach, son of John Walbeoff, by Margaret, daughter of William Vaughan, of Tretower. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Awbrey, and died in 1655, leaving issue, Charles and John.
1649 William Watkins, of Sheephouse.
1650 Thomas Watkins, of Llanigon.
1651 William Jones, of Coity, Llanfigan. He married Elizabeth Games, of Buckland, leaving one son, Thomas Jones, of Coity Mawr.
1652 Roger Games, of Tregaer. He married a daughter of Howell John Powell, of Maesmawr. His son, Bartholomew Games, succeeded him at Tregare and Penkelly Castle.
1653 John Williams, of Cwmdu.
1654 Meredith Lewis, of Pennant.
1655 William Morgan, of Dderw.
1656 Thomas Powel, of Maesmawr.
1657 Howe Games, of Newton, son of John Games, by Eliz., daughter of Richard Howe, of Skerring, in Norfolk. He married Blanch, niece of Sir Nicholas Kemys, of Cefnmabli, and died whilst he was Sheriff, leaving John, who died *s. p.* in 1675, and four daughters.
1658 Thomas Gunter, of Chilston, son of Lewis Gunter, by Eliz., daughter of Howel John, of Tal-y-llyn. He married Anne,

daughter of John Morgan,[2] of Wenallt, and had issue, Lewis, and other children.

1659 Edward Williams, of Gwernvigin, displaced, and in his room Lewis Jones, of Trebinshwn, son of Jenkin Jones. See *History of Brecon*, p. 527.

CHARLES II.

1660 Edward Williams, replaced.

1661 Walter Vaughan, of Trebarried, son of Roger, by Sibil, daughter and heiress of William Parry, of Trebarried. He married Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gwynne, of Hay Castle, and left issue, seven sons and two daughters.

1662 Sir John Herbert, of Crickhowel, Kt. He married Saone, daughter of Sir Charles Jones, of Dingestow Court, near Monmouth, and had issue, one daughter, Eliz., the wife of William Le Hunt, Serjeant-at-Law. Sir John died 10th May, 1666.

1663 Henry Williams, of Caebalva.

1664 John Williams, of Cwmdu.

1665 Edward Powel, of Maesmawr, son of William, by Anne, daughter of Rees Kemeys, of Llanvair-is-y-coed.

1666 Hugh Powel, of Castlemadoc. He married Katherine, daughter of Roger Vaughan, of Merthyr Cynog, and died in 1686, leaving issue, Charles and George, and two daughters.

1667 John Stedman, of Dol-y-Gaer.

1668 Thomas Williams, of Abercamlais.

1669 James Watkins, of Tregoyd.

1670 John Gwyn, of Abercrâf, in Glyntawe.

1671 Rees Price, of Cilmeri.

1672 Thomas Bowen, of Llanywern.

1673 Daniel Williams, of Penpont. He married 1st, Blanch, daughter of Howe Games, by whom he had one son, who died a minor; 2ndly, Sybil, daughter of George Gwynne, of Llanelwedd, by whom he had a large family.

1674 Lodowick Lewis, of Pennant, nephew of Meredith, who was H. S. 1654. *History of Brecon*, ii., p. 133.

1675 William Vaughan, of Esgair Vechan, in Merthyr Cynog.

1676 Howel Powel, of Pool Hall.

1677 Rees Penry, of Brecon. He married Eliz., daughter of Chas. Hughes, of Trostrey, co. Monmouth, and died 29th Dec., 1683, leaving issue, three daughters.

1678 John Waters, of Brecon.

1679 Thomas Boulcott, of Brecon, grandson of Roger Boulcott, who made a large fortune as an apothecary. He left a charity to the poor of Brecon.

[2] Ancestor of John Williams Morgan, of Bolgoed, a magistrate and Deputy-lieutenant for this county.

1680 John Walbeoff, of Llanhamlach. He married a daughter of Humphrey Howarth, of ————, Herefordshire.
1681 Charles Jones, of Trebinshiwn.
1682 William Bowen, of Trebervedd.
1683 Morgan Awbrey, of Ynyscedwyn, grandson of H. S. 1616. He married Rachel, daughter of Christopher Middleton, of Middleton Hall, and died *s. p.* 1683. The Rev. Richard Portrey, Rector of Rossilly, in Gower, married his aunt, Catherine Awbrey, and succeeded to the property in her right.
1684 John Lewis, of Coedmor, Cardigan.

JAMES II.

1685 Morgan Watkins, of Devynock.
1686 Saunders Saunders, of Brecon.
1687 Thomas Williams, of Talgarth.
1688 Edward Williams, of Ffrwdgrech.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

1689 John Gunter, of Trevecca, son of John Gunter, who died in 1689, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Goode, of Willocksbridge. He married Lettice, daughter and heiress of Andrew Prosser, and had one daughter, Lettice, married to James Gunter, of Abergavenny.
1690 William Williams, of Felin-newydd.
1691 Samuel Prichard, of Builth.
1692 William Williams, of Cwmdu.
1693 Gwynne Vaughan, of Trebarried, son of Walter Vaughan, by Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gwynne, of Hay Castle. He married Mary, daughter of William Lucy, Bishop of St. David's, by whom he had issue, Thomas, William, Gwynne and Martha. He died 1704.
1694 Edward Jones, of Buckland. He married Margaret, daughter of Roger Otes, of Cefntilly, was elected M.P. for Breconshire, 1695, and died the following year, leaving a son, Edmund Jones, and other children.
1695 William Winter, of Brecon.

WILLIAM III.

1696 Samuel Williams, of Trevithel.
1697 Thomas Bowen, of Llanwern.
1698 Howel Jones, of Brecon.
1699 Sir Edward Williams, of Gwernyfed, Kt., second son of Sir Thomas Williams, of Elham, Bart. He married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Williams, of Gwernyfed, Bart., by whom he acquired that estate. He died in 1721
1700 Thomas Price, of Glyn.
1701 Sackville Gwynne, of Glanbrân, and Tymawr, in Builth, son

of Rowland Gwynne, by Anne, daughter of Humphrey Wyndham, of Dunraven. He died unmarried in 1734, and left his estate to Roderic, second son of Howel Gwynne, of Brynioie.

ANNE.

1702 Richard Stedman, of The Abbey (Strata Florida?)
1703 John Davies, of Cefnllys-gwyn.
1704 Peter Saunders, of Bristol.
1705 Godfrey Harcourt, of Dan-y-Parc. He married a daughter of Richard Lewis, of Dan-y-Parc, and had issue.
1706 William Price, of Cilmeri, in Builth.
1707 Robert Rous, of Llanhamlach.
1708 Henry Williams, of Llangattock.
1709 John Jeffreys, of Sheen, in Surrey.
1710 John St. Loe, of Devynock.
1711 Anthony Morgan, of Llanbedr.
1712 Hugh Powel, of Castlemadoc, son of Charles Powell, by Eliz., daughter of George Gwynne, of Llanelwedd. He married Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Walter Thomas, of Talwenfawr, and died 1749, leaving issue, Charles and Hugh.
1713 Rees Price, of Devynock.
1714 William Saunders, of Bristol.

GEORGE I.

1715 Richard Lewis, of Llangeney.
1716 Henry Williams, of Bailibrîth. He married Elinor, daughter of Lewis Havard, of Devynock, by whom he had Katherine, who married James Gwynne, of Pant-y-corred, and Mary, who married John Llewellyn, of Ynys-y-gerwn.
1717 Edward Matthews, of Gileston (or Chilston). He married a daughter of Lewis Gunter, and had issue, William and Matthew.
1718 Charles Penry, of Brecon.
1719 Price Devereux, of Tregoyd. He married the only daughter of James Donne, by Susannah, his wife, daughter and co-heir of James Watkins, of Tregoyd.
1720 Thomas Prosser, of Porthaml.
1721 Richard Hughes, of Brecon.
1722 Thomas Jones, of Tredustan.
1723 Henry Rumsey, of Crickhowel.
1724 Joshua Parry, of Llandevailog, Tre'rgraig.
1725 Miles Stedman, of Dol-y-Gaer.
1726 Richard Wellington, of Hay Castle.
1727 Richard Portrey, of Ynyscedwyn, cousin of Morgan Awbrey, H. S. 1683. He married Miss Powell, of Nanteos, Cardiganshire, and died *s. p.*

GEORGE II.

1728 Marmaduke Protheroe, of Builth.
1729 William Wynter, of Brecon.
1730 Lewis Harcourt, of Dan-y-Parc, son of Godfrey Harcourt, by a daughter of Richard Lewis, of Dan-y-Parc.
1731 Rees Price, of Cwmclyd, in Llanvighangel-bryn-Pabuan. Died during his Shrievalty.
1732 Penry Williams, of Penpont, son of Daniel Williams, by his second wife, Sibil, daughter of George Gwynne, of Llanelwedd. He married Anne Jane Shephard, and died 1743, leaving issue, Philip and Penry, and four daughters.
1733 William Mathews, of Gileston (or Chilston). He married, and left issue, three daughters; one married Mr. Curre, of Monmouthshire;[3] another, Mr. Gwynne, of Buckland; and the third, Major Lord, of Pembrokeshire.
1734 Charles Vaughan, of Scethrog.
1735 Evan Williams, of Rhôs, in Talgarth.
1736 Thomas Chamberlain, of Trevecca.
1737 Watson Powel, of Tyleglas.
1738 Charles Powel, of Castlemadoc, son of Hugh Powel. See 1712. He married Katherine, daughter of Hugh Penry, of Cefnbrith, and had two daughters, Katherine and Margaret, who both died unmarried.
1739 Jenkin Williams, of Velin-newydd.
1740 William Vaughan, of Tregaer.
1741 Jeffrey Jeffreys, of the Priory, son of Nicholas Jeffreys. He died *s. p.* 1768. His sister Elinor married Charles Pratt, created Earl Camden in 1765.
1742 Anthony Morgan, of Llanelly.
1743 Peter Saunders, of Pen-y-lan.
1744 Roderick Prydderch, of Cilwhibart
1745 Edward Williams, of Llangattock Court.
1746 Richard Wellington, of Hay Castle.
1747 Charles Harcourt, of Dan-y-Parc, son of Godfrey Harcourt. He married —— ——, and had issue, Richard, who died 18th May, 1723, aged 24, and John.
1748 David Davies, of Cwmwysc.
1749 William Brydges, of Brecon.
1750 John Price, of Cwmclyd.
1751 Henry Rumsey, of Crickhowel, son of Henry Rumsey. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Major Harvey, and had issue, two sons, who both died young. He left his property to his nephew, Henry Rumsey Williams.
1752 John Williams, of Laswern, in Llangynidr.
1753 David Williams, of Gaer.

[3] Mrs. Curre was daughter of Edward Mathews, according to the Curre Pedigree, and there called of Aberamon.

1754 John Harcourt, of Dan-y-Parc, second but only surviving son of Charles Harcourt. He married —— ——, and had issue an only daughter, Letitia, who was the second wife of Henry Skrine.
1755 Thomas Price, of Talgarth.
1756 William Prydderch, of Llandevailog-vach.
1757 Lewis Pryce, of Llangorse.
1758 Henry Mitchel, of Battle.
1759 Evan Hughes, of Pont-y-wal.
1760 John Bullock Lloyd, of Brecon.

GEORGE III.

1761 Howel Gwyn, of Newton, son of Howel Gwyn, of Abercrâf, who died 1740, by Gwenllian, daughter of —— ——. He married, 1st, Eliz., daughter of Will. Lewis, of Llechdale; 2ndly, Theresa Maria, daughter of —— ——, by the latter of whom he had one son, John, who died *s. p.*
1762 John Meredith, of Brecon.
1763 John Jones, of Trewern.
1764 Thomas Bowen, of Tylecrwn. He died the same year, aged 66, in consequence of a cold he caught while in attendance on the Judges. He left a daughter who married John Forster.
1765 Owen Evans, of Pennant.
1766 David Jones, of Dan-y-crûg.
1767 Maurice Jarvis, of Tretower.
1768 Thomas Harris, of Tregunter. He purchased the estate and built the house which he bequeathed to the daughter and heiress of his eldest brother, Joseph. See *Jones' Brecon-shire*, p. 346. He died 3rd September, 1782, aged 77, and was buried at Talgarth.
1769 Thomas Powel, of Brecon.
1770 David Lloyd, of Blaenclydach.
1771 Marmaduke Gwynne, of Garth.
1772 William Davies, of Dôlcoed.
1773 Thomas Evans, of Pennant. He fell in love with Sarah Kemble, the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, but died a bachelor.
1774 Charles Lawrence, of Llyswen.
1775 William Powel, of Llanwrthwl.
1776 Walter Watkins, of Dan-y-graig. He married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Morgan, by a daughter and heiress of John Evans, of Dan-y-graig.
1777 Thynne Howe Gwynne, of Buckland, second son of Roderick Gwynne, of Glanbrân. He married Miss Matthew, of Landough Castle, co. Glamorgan, and had issue, Roderick, who died leaving an only daughter.
1778 Walter Wilkins, of Cui.
1779 Charles Vaughan, of Scethrog.

1780 Philip Williams, of Llangattock.
1781 Lewis Williams, of Pentwyn, in Troscoed.
1782 Joshua Morgan, of Llanelly.
1783 Thomas Meredith, of Brecon.
1784 Edward Williams, of Prisk, in Llangattock.
1785 Walter Roberts, of Llangorse.
1786 David Watkins, of Aberllech.
1787 John Jones, of Llanafan fawr.
1788 Sir Edward Williams, of Llangoed Castle, Bart., second son of Sir David, third Baronet. His elder brother died under age, when he succeeded to the title. He married, 1st, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Joan Lekemp; and, 2ndly, Mary, daughter of John Riley; by the former he had one son, Edward, who died *s. p.* in 1800, and one daughter, Mary, married Thomas Wood, of Littleton. Sir Edward died 1804.
1789 Jeffreys Wilkins, of Brecon.
1790 Samuel Hughes, of Tregunter.
1791 Walter Jeffreys, of Brecon.
1792 William James, of Pool Hall.
1793 John Lloyd, of Aberannell.
1794 Richard Wellington, of Hay Castle.
1795 Henry Skrine, of Dan-y-Parc. He married, 1st, Marianne, eldest daughter of John Chalie, of Bedford Square, by whom he had one son, Henry; 2ndly, Letitia, daughter and heiress of John Harcourt, of Dan-y-Parc, near Crickhowel, by whom he had seven children. He died in 1803.
1796 P. Champion de Crespigny, of Tal-y-llyn.
1797 John Macnamara, of Llangoed Castle, son of John, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Arthur Jones, of Llangoed Castle.
1798 John Lloyd, of Dinas, in the parish of Llanwrtyd, eldest son of Rees Lloyd, and Captain of the Hon. East India Company's ship *Manship*. He was captured by a French frigate, and imprisoned for two years in the fortress of Bangalore. He married Elizabeth Williams, of Brecon. John, second son of Rhydderch Gwynne, of Glanbrane, married a daughter of Rowland Lloyd, of Llanwrtyd, who bore *Arms*,—Gules, a lion rampant regardant or.
1799 Edward Loveden Loveden, of Llangorse, and of Buscot Park, Berkshire. He married Margaret, only surviving child and heiress of Lewis Pryse, of Gogerddan, and had issue, Pryse Loveden Pryse.
1800 Richard Gough Aubrey, of Ynyscedwyn, grandson of William Gough, of Willsbury, Gloucestershire, by Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Richard Portrey. He married Jane, daughter of William Wynter, Clerk, and relict of George Williams, of Brecon. He died *s. p.*, 1808.
1801 Mathew Gwyn, of Abercrâf. He died November, 1826, unmarried.

1802 Joseph Sparkes, of Penywrlodd.

1803 Edward Kendall, of Dan-y-parc, in Llangattock. He purchased Dan-y-Parc of Mrs. Skrine. He married Elizabeth, daughter of ——.

1804 Penry Williams, of Penpont, son of Philip Williams, by his second wife, Eliz., daughter of John Osborne. He married Maria, daughter of Samuel Yeats, of Monksmill, co. Gloucester.

1805 William Greenly, of Cwmdu, resident at Titley, in Herefordshire, married ——.

1806 Osborne Yeats, of Monksmill, co. Gloucester, married ——, daughter and heiress of Philip Williams, of Penpont. (Llangattock Court.)

1807 Sackville Gwynne, of Glanbrân, son of Sackville Gwynne, by Katherine, daughter of —— Prytherch. He married, 1st, Mary Anne, daughter of Francis Smythies, of Colchester; 2ndly, Sarah Antoinette Simes, of Kensington, and had issue by each.

1808 Rees Williams, of Aberpergwm, and Maesgwyn, in the county of Glamorgan, was Sheriff for Breconshire, where he had large estates, in 1808. The family of Williams, of Aberpergwm, is illustrious. For eight hundred years they have held domains in the Vale of Neath, and have their descent from Rhys, the son of Iestyn, the last Prince of Glamorgan of *this* family—*that* of Oliver Cromwell was a collateral branch. The original name when they settled in Huntingdon being *Williams*, the name of *Williams*, of Aberpergwm, was adopted in the reign of Henry the Eighth—previously, it was *De Avan*. It was the above-named Rees Williams who, in 1802, corresponded with Southey about "Maesgwyn," where the poet *then* wished to reside, being charmed with the beautiful scenery surrounding it. Rees Williams married Ann Jenkins, of Fforest-Tyleones, of the ancient family of Jenkins, of Ystradfellte.

1809 Thomas Wood, of Gwernyved, eldest son of Thomas Wood, by Mary, only daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Williams, Bart., of Gwernyved. He married, in 1801, Caroline, daughter of the first Marquis of Londonderry, and was M.P., for this county from 1806 to 1841.

1810 James Jones, of Llan Thomas.

1811 Walter Wilkins, Junior, of Alexanderstone, eldest son of Walter Wilkins, by Catherine, daughter of Samuel Hayward, Esq., of Walsworth Hall, co. Gloucester. He married the Hon. Catherine-Eliza Devereux, third daughter of Henry, Viscount Hereford, and had issue.

1812 C. F. Crespigny, of Tal-y-llyn.

1813 Evan Thomas, Llynmadoc.

1814 John Hotchkis, of Llangattock.

1815 Hugh Price, of Castle-Madoc, son of the Rev. Hugh Price, Rector of Rettendon and Little Ilford, Essex. He succeeded his father in the Castle-Madoc estates in 1803, and by Sophia, daughter of the late Francis Brodie, Barrister-at-law, had issue, a son and two daughters.
1816 Edward Kendal, of Dan-y-Parc.
1817 C. C. Clifton, of Tymawr.
1818 John Wilkins, of Cui, son of Thomas Wilkins, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heiress of the Rev. William Games, of Cui, Rector of Llanelly. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Williams, of Brecon, and died *s. p.* 1836.
1819 John Gwynne, of Gwernvale. He married, 1813, Ardulca Gorges, of Alscot Manor House, and died 19th March, 1852, aged 72.

GEORGE IV.

1820 Thomas Price, of Cilmeri.
1821 Edward Jones, of Battle End.
1822 John Christie, of Cwm-llwyfog.
1823 Richard Davys, of Dolcoed, in Llanwrtyd.
1824 W. A. Gott, of Penmyarth.
1825 Henry Allen, of Oakfield, eldest son of Henry Allen, by Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Howarth, of Gladestry and Maesllwch, in the county of Radnor. He married Sarah Anne, only child and heiress of Thomas Bullock Lloyd, of Caerau, in the county of Brecon.
1826 E. W. Seymour, of Porthmawr.
1827 Capel H. Leigh, of Pontypool Park. He married, 1st, Mary Anne, daughter of Nathaniel Miers, of Neath, and relict of Sir R. H. Mackworth, Bart. She died 1846, *s. p.* He married, 2ndly, Emma Elizabeth, daughter of F. B. Rous, of Court-y-rala, and had issue, a son and two daughters.
1828 Fowler Price, of Ty-yn-y-coed, in Llanlleonvel.
1829 John Parry de Winton, of Maesderwen, son of Jeffreys Wilkins. He married, 1st, Jane, daughter of the Rev. G. Wilkins, of Weston, co. Somerset; 2ndly, Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. William Davies, Rector of Llangorse, Brecon; and, 3rdly, Harriet, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Powys, of Westwood, by each of whom he had children.
1830 William Lewis Hopkins, of Aberannell.

WILLIAM IV.

1831 Ebenezer Fuller Maitland, of Garth.
1832 James Price Gwynne Holford, of Buckland, son of John Josiah Holford, of Kilgwyn, by Jane Margaret, daughter of Charles Jackson. He married Anna Maria Eleanora, daughter of Roderick Gwynne, by Maria, daughter and co-

heir of H. Hughes, of Tregunter, and dying in 1846, left issue, two sons and three daughters. He took the name of Gwynne before that of Holford.

1833 William Henry West, of Glyffaes.

1834 William Richard Stretton, of Dan-y-Parc. He married the widow of Walter Wilkins, H. S. in 1811.

1835 Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart., of Trebinshwn.

1836 John Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, of Pennoyre, son of the Rev. Thomas Watkins, by Susannah, daughter by his second wife of Richard Vaughan, of Shenfield and Golden Grove. He married, June, 1833, Sophia Louisa, third daughter of Sir G. Pococke, Bart., by whom, who died May, 1851, he had no issue. He is M.P. for the borough, and Lord-Lieutenant for the county.

1837 Crawshay Bailey, of Beaufort, second son of John Bailey, of The Priory, Wenham, Suffolk. He married Anne, daughter of the late Joseph Moore, of Mitcham, in Surrey. Has been M.P. for the Monmouthshire Boroughs since 1852.

VICTORIA.

1838 James Duncan Thompson, of Sunny Bank.

1839 John Lloyd, of Dinas, son of John Lloyd, H. S. 1798. He married, 1st, Mary Anne, only child of Osborne Yeats, Esq., of Llangattock Court, by whom he had issue several children, three sons are now living; 2ndly, Frances, daughter of Thomas Maybery, Esq., of Brecon.

1840 Richard Douglas Gough, of Ynyscedwyn, nephew of the H. S. 1800. He married Constance Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Dansey Dansey, of Easton Court, Herefordshire, and has one son, Fleming Richard, and other children.

1841 W. Hibbs Bevan, of Beaufort.

1842 Howel Jones Williams, of Coity. He married Harriett, daughter of the Rev. Fleming Gough, of Ynyscedwyn, and died 1847, leaving a son, Walter, in holy orders, and other children.

1843 Walter Maybery, of Penlan, eldest son of Thomas Maybery, by Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Richard Davies, of Brecon. He married Diana Middleton, eldest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Phillips, of Gower, by the Hon. Miss Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, and had issue, one daughter.

1844 Howel Gwyn, of Abercrâf, Dyffryn, co. Glamorgan, and Blaensawthe House, co. Caermarthen, eldest surviving son of William Gwyn, by Mary Ann, daughter of John Roberts, of Barnstaple, co. Devon, and nephew of Mathew Gwyn, who was H. S. 1801. He married, in 1851, Ellen Elizabeth, only daughter of John Moore, of Plymouth. This gentleman was M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth,

1847–57, graduated M.A. at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1832, and is descended from the ancient family of Gwyn, of Trecastle, co. Brecon, head of the numerous family of that name. His ancestor, Rice Edwards, of Blaensawthe House, was H. S. for Caermarthenshire in 1714. Mr. Gwyn was H. S. for Glamorganshire in 1837, and for Caermarthenshire the following year. See 1603, 1615, 1670, 1761, and 1801.

1845 William Williams, of Aberpergwm, eldest son of Rees Williams, (H. S. in 1808,) was Sheriff for Breconshire in 1845. This accomplished gentleman, after completing his education at Harrow and Cambridge, where he acquired a profound knowledge of mathematics, and the ancient languages of Greece and Rome, went abroad, where he remained about sixteen years, during which period he associated with the most distinguished men of the age, and visited every capital, and almost every city, in Europe, a great portion of Asia, and Northern Africa. He acquired the knowledge of the languages of the principal countries in which he sojourned during his travel. He resided for some time in Persia, Turkey, Russia, Poland, and the Crimea. Fervently attached to his native vale, he was emphatically a Welshman, and a lover of Cambrian literature—was well known to Welsh poets and scholars under the name of "Gwlâdwr." William Williams married Matilda, only daughter and heiress of Colonel Smith, of Castella, in Glamorganshire. *Arms*,—Quarterly 1st and 4th gules, 3 chevronels argent; 2nd and 3rd sable, a chevron between 3 fleurs de lis argent. *Crest*,—A lamb and flag. *Motto*,—"Y Ddioddefws y orfi."

1846 Morgan Morgan, of Bodwigiad.

1847 Rhys Davies Powel, of Graig-y-nos.

1848 Penry Williams, of Penpont, eldest son of H. S. 1804. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Downes, Esq., of Sutton Court, co. Hereford.

1849 William Pearce, K.H., of Ffrwdgrech. *Pedigree of Lewis, of Llanddewi Rhydderch, in the County of Monmouth.*—Pedigrees of this family are found in the British Museum Harleian MS., No. 2291, by Hugh Thomas, the Breconshire Herald; among the additional MSS. in the same repository, No. 9865; in Percy Enderby's Collection in the possession of the Rev. Theophilus Jones; in Edwards' MSS., in the possession of Mrs. Taddy, of a branch settled in Wiltshire, in the Visitation of that county in 1623, the original of which is now among the Harleian MSS., No. 1165, and a copy, No. 1443. Several others are in private hands. All these agree that the proper and original surname of the family was "Wallis," but written also "Gwalens," "Gwalensis," "Walens," "Valens," "Val-

enie," and that the first who adopted the patronymic "Lewis" as their permanent surname were Doctor David Lewis, and his brother William, sons of Lewis ap John ap Gwilym ap Robert Wallis. Like Welsh pedigrees in general, all those above mentioned are totally destitute of dates, which are supplied from records, &c., where possible none of them came lower than David Lewis, who married the daughter of William Jones, of Llanarth, and his son, Francis. The other names are added from different sources. *Arms,*—Checker or and sable upon a fess gules, 3 leopards' heads caboshed jessant, fleur de lis. One branch of the family took the name of Morgan, but do not appear in any of the pedigrees. One of these Morgans, called of Graigolway, is buried in St. Michael's Church, at Gloucester, with the same arms on the tomb. The first of the family to be found in any authentic record is a Richard Walens, who was a witness to a charter of John Pichard to the Priory of Brecon, without date, but apparently about 1220, and was probably the father of Walter Wallis, who married Elinor, daughter of Sir Baldwyn Sitsylt, of Alterynys, and died about 1240, and might be the grandfather, or great-grandfather of Sir William Wallis, with whom Hugh Thomas, &c., begins the genealogy.

Sir William de Valens, *alias* Wallice, *alias* &c., according to the pedigrees, was Lord of Llanarth, Treleg (Tryley), Trevwen, &c., and as far as Llanarth this seems correct; for 18 Edward II. William Le Walsh is returned as half a knight's fee there of John de Hastynges, anno 1325.

Sir Robert Wallis, married, was one of the jury on the inq. p. m. Lawrence de Hastynges, in 1349.

John Wallis, or Le Galleys, held Llanarth of Lam de Hastynges, in 1349, omitted in pedigrees.

Howell Le Galleys, or Walter, not mentioned in pedigree, but appears in the jury 1349, and from the date, probably another brother.

Sir Thomas Wallis, served on the jury, 1349.

Iorwerth, or Robert Wallis.

Robert Wallis, mar. Joan, dr. of John Cambray, *alias* Chinn.

Sir William Wallis, *temp.* Henry IV.

Iorwerth Fychan.

Ann, dr. and coheiress, 2nd wife of Howell ap Gwilym Herbert, ancestor of the Merediths of Abergavenny.

Coheiresses:
1 Alice=Thomas Huntley.
2 Isabella=Gilbert de Wynston.
3 Maud=Robert Wrothe, of Maindiff.
4 ——=Sir William Esturney.

David Wallis.

John Wallis.

Robert Wallis married Joan, dr. and coheiress of Thomas Huntley. This Robert is not joined, or in either pedigree quoted before, but from the descents seems to have been cotemporary with John in the direct line.

Thomas Wallis=Joan, dr. of David Sais.

Rees ap Thomas Wallis

Jane=Sir Richard Herbert.

Watkin Thomas Wallis, married Maud, dr. of Watkin Draper.

Thomas ap Rees ap Thomas Wallis.

William Valence, or Wallis.

Sir Watkin Watkins, Knt., also Watkin Wallis.

Gwenllian, dr. and heiress, mar. Richard Baker.

John Valence of Greyounne, Wilts.

George Valence, *alias* Jones, married a daughter of Sir Philip Davers, Kt.

Hugh Valence, *alias* Jones, married a dr. of Anselm Lamb, living 1623.—*Visitation of Wilts.*

Francis, living 1623.

Zenobia, living 1623.

Gwillym ap Robert Wallis, married Gwenllian, dr. of Sir William ap Thomas, of Raglan.

John Wallis, married, as H. Thomas, Mary dr. of Thomas Walsh; as others, Margaret, dr. of David Arwyth; as Enderby, Margaret, daur. of William Wolfe, of Werngochen.

John Lewis aforesaid had issue

Lewis ap John, *alias* Wallis, was Vicar of Abergavenny and Llantillio Pertholly in 1535. He married Lucy, dr. of Llewelyn ap Thomas Lloyd, of Bedwellty.

Doctor David Lewis, Judge of the Admiralty, &c., died 27th April, 1584, *s. p.*, buried at Abergavenny. He and one William Prosser had letters patent from the Lord High Admiral, granting them the balastry of ships on the Thames, which office it seems they sold, and it afterwards became the subject of a law suit, *temp.* Elizabeth.

William Lewis, married Mary, dr. of James ap Watkin ap Griffith ap Ievan ap Meurig, of Llanddewi Rhydderch. He was living in 1591. See Chancery suit, Philip Scudamore *v.* William Lewis and William Baker. respecting Llandewi Skyrrid manor and advowson, &c., to compel them to perform their contract for the purchase.

Maud, mar. William Baker, of Abergavenny.

Margaret, mar. Rawling ap William Watkin.

Elizabeth, mar. Morgan Aubrey, of Brecon.

Richard, died young.

Thomas, died young.

William Lewis, of Llanddewi Rhydderch, mar. Cecily, dr. of Matthew Herbert, of Colebrook; 2ndly, Elizabeth, dr. of William John Prodger, of Werndu.

Query, Thomas Lewis, of Llanvapley, from whom I have a pedigree of 5 descents.—T. W.

1 Lewis ap William, ob. *s. p.*

3 Edward.

2 David Lewis, m. —, dr. of — Kaneys. Sheriff of the County, 2nd James I., 1624.

4 Herbert. Lewis

Four daughters
1 Jane.
2 Sirophania.
3 Mary.
4 Maria.

William Lewis, married Frances, dr. of Thomas Morgan, of Machen. *Query*, if not a Major in the Royal Army in the Civil Wars, and taken prisoner at Chepstow, in 1648, with an Esquire Lewis, probably his father, and Ensign Lewis, who I take to be his son David. These were certainly Monmouthshire men, and if not of this family, I don't know who they could be. The Lewis of St. Pierre was a minor at the time. Unfortunately the Christian names are not mentioned in the account of the surrender of the castle.

David Lewis, married Elizabeth, dr. of William Jones, of Llanarth. Buried at Llanarth, 9th November, 1689; she, &c., —— &c., 11th November, 1709.—*Llanarth Register.* In the Commission of Impress during Civil Wars.—*Harl. MSS.*, No. 6804.

1 David Lewis, mar. | 2 Richard, ob. *s. p.* | 3 Mary, mar. Thomas Morgan, of Llanwenarth, from Ynwyr; 2nd, Edmund Morgan. | 4 Catherine, ob. *s. p.*

1 William Lewis. | 2 Richard. | 3 Thomas.

William, died an infant in 1672.—*Llanarth Reg.*

William Lewis, Captain, at Llanarth, 20th May, 1676, mar. Dorothy, dr. and heir of Thomas Prichard, of Trewrgan. In the Commission of the Peace, *temp.* William and Mary, 1695 to 1702.

Francis Lewis, mar. Mary, d. and co-heiress of Thomas Morgan, of Llanrumney.

Mary, mar. Nicholas Williams, of Llanfoist.

Francis Lewis sold Llandewi to Sir C. H. Williams, in 1747.

Philip Lewis, of Llanrumney, Esq. Died Dec. 26, 1786. = Elizabeth, dr. of the Rev. Richard Harris, of Llantrissant, co. Glamorgan.

Joseph Pearce, Esq., of Staverton House, co. Gloucester. = Elizabeth, second daughter of Philip Lewis Esq., died in 1836.

Lieut.-Colonel William Pearce, K.H., of Ffrwdgrech, co. Brecon, and Staverton House, co. Gloucester, descended from the Plantagenets.—(See Burke's *Royal Descents.*) He took a French eagle at the Battle of Salamanca, July 22, 1812. = Mary Church, only surviving child and heir of William Morrice, Esq., of Cardiff.

John Church Pearce Church, born 20th August, 1839, died 19th October, 1856, to whose memory there has been erected a costly and elegant monument at Llanspyddid, where he lies buried, as well as a handsome memorial window in the west end of that church. There are also large and well-designed memorial windows, with inscriptions, and the family arms, ornamenting the chancels of St. Mary's and St. David's Churches, at Brecon.

1850 Sir Charles M. R. Morgan, of Dderw, third Bart., of Tredegar. He married Rosamond, daughter of General Mundy, by whom he has a large family, since created a peer, by the style of Lord Tredegar, of Tredegar Park, co. Monmouth.

1851 Robert Raikes, of Treberfedd, son of Thomas Raikes, of Welton, co. York, by Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Armstrong, of Castle Armstrong. He married, in 1841, Frances, daughter of Sir William Elias Taunton, Kt., a judge, and has issue, several children.

1852 Paul Mildmay Pell, of Tymawr.

1853 Ditto ditto

1854 John Powell, of Watton Mount.

1855 John Williams Vaughan, of Velinnewydd House. This gentleman is descended from the Gwynnes, of Cynghordy, co. Carmarthen, and on the death of his maternal uncle, William Gwynne Vaughan, of Penymaes, co. Brecon, he assumed by Royal license the surname of Vaughan, and that of Williams on his marriage with the only child of John Williams, of Skreen, co. Radnor, and Velinnewydd

House, co. Brecon, and has issue, one son, John Williams Vaughan. See 1661, 1675, 1690, 1693, and 1739.

1856 Thomas Davies, of Llangattock Park.

1857 J. P. W. G. Holford, of Buckland, eldest son of the H. S. in 1832.

1858 Thomas Wood, jun., of The Lodge, eldest son of H. S. in 1809, a Major-General in the army, and formerly M.P. for Middlesex. He married, in 1848, Fanny, daughter of the late J. H. Smyth, of Heath Hall, co. York.

1859 John Maund, of Tymawr, only son of the late John Maund, by Mary, daughter of the Rev. Mathew Monkhouse, of Sirhowy, co. Monmouth.

1860 John Evans, of Brecon.

1861 John Iestyn Williams Fredricks, of Talwen.

1862 David Watkins Lloyd, of Aberllech. See 1770 and 1786.

1863 Thomas De Winton, of Cefncantreff, and Walsworth Hall, Gloucestershire.

1864 Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, Bart., of Glanusk Park. *Arms*,—Argent, between 2 bars 3 annulets in fesse gules, all between as many martlets of the last. *Crest*,—A griffin sejant argent, semee of annulets gules. *Motto*,—"Libertas."

John Bailey, of The Priory, Wenham, Suffolk. = Miss Crawshay, sister of R. Crawshay, Esq., of Cyfarthfa Castle.

Joseph Bailey, M.P. for Breconshire, created a Baronet, June, 1852. = Oct. 19, 1810, Maria, 4th dr. and co-heiress of Jos. Latham, Esq.

Joseph Bailey, M.P. for Herefordshire, b. 12th February, 1812, d. *v. p.* 31st August, 1850. = June 22, 1839, Elizabeth Mary, only child of William Congreve Russell, Esq.

Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, of Glanusk Park, co. Brecon, b. 7th April, 1840, succeeded his grandfather as second Baronet, 20th November, 1858, and has issue, a Son and Daughter. = April 9, 1861, Mary Anne, eldest dr. of Henry Lucas, of Glanyrafon, Esq., M.D., a scion of the ancient house of Lucas, of Stouthall, in Gower.

Note.—1552.—John Lloyd, of Blaen Towy, or "Towy," as he described himself, was Esquire of the Body to Queen Elizabeth, and born at Nant y Walch, (now Cwm Irvon,) in Llanwrtyd. His father, Thomas Lloyd, ancestor of John Lloyd, of Dinas, was a partisan of the Earl of Richmond, and Lord-Lieutenant of the county in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

A List of Sheriffs for each of the remaining Welsh Counties will shortly be published in this Journal. Biographical notices of any of the Sheriffs will be gladly received by the Publisher; those for Caermarthenshire may be sent to J. Joseph, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon.

SHERIFFS OF MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Although the Act of Parliament, 27 Henry VIII., cap. 26, for forming the Lordships Marcher of Wales and its Marches into counties was passed in 1535, from some unexplained reason it does not appear to have been carried out till several years afterwards. Notwithstanding the statute was directed to take effect from the feast of All Saints then next ensuing, I am not aware of a sheriff having been appointed for any Welsh county before 1539, and in Monmouthshire, and some others, not before 1541. A commission was directed to issue for the purpose of dividing the new counties into hundreds. I have inquired at the Record Office for this commission, and the returns to it, in vain. The only thing relating to it is a note on the Memoranda Roll, Hilary Term, 33 Henry VIII:, 1542, that "Charles Herbert, the late High Sheriff of Monmouthshire, had deposited in Court two rolls of extracts from the Hundreds," which were probably the return in question, but the rolls themselves are not to be found; it is therefore impossible to say what they contained; they however proved that Herbert's year of office was 1541.

In Fuller's *Worthies* there is a list of Monmouthshire Sheriffs, commencing with this Charles Herbert, and ending with Nicholas Moor, who served the office in 1639; but he has invariably antedated them one year, possibly by mistaking the year of their nomination for the year of office. He seldom gives the residence of the individual, and appears to have fallen into the very common mistake of supposing that every one of the same surname belonged to the same family, in consequence of which he is almost invariably wrong in the arms he has attributed to them. The names in the following list are, with slight alterations, copied from Fuller, but their

residences are necessarily in a great measure conjectural. The Pipe Rolls do not give these particulars; the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Privy Council do occasionally, not always, and are moreover not extant prior to the restoration of Charles II.; so that it is very possible that, among the numerous Herberts, Morgans, Joneses, &c., there may be some mistakes, notwithstanding every care has been taken to make the list correct. In some few instances it has been found impossible to identify the parties, or to indicate, even conjecturally, their residences.

THOMAS WAKEMAN.

HENRY VIII.

1541 Charles Herbert, Troy, afterwards knighted, and served again in 1549. He bore the Herbert arms, differenced with a border gobony, or and azure.

1542 Walter Herbert, St. Julian's. Arms, Per pale azure and gules, 3 lions rampant argent.

1543 Walter ap Robert, Pantglas. Arms, Ynwyr Gwent, viz., Party per pale azure and sable, 3 fleur de lis or.

1544 Henry Lewis, St. Pierre. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.

1545 Reynold ap Howel, Perth-hir. Arms, Herbert.

1546 John Henry Lewis, Mathern. Arms, Cadvor Vawr, as St. Pierre, above.

1547 Anthony Welsh, Llanwern. Arms, Ermine, a bend sable.

1548 Thomas ap Morgan, Pencoyd, afterwards knighted. Arms, Or, a lion rampant gardant, sable 2 cantons, the dexter argent, a griffin segreant sable, the sinister argent, 3 bulls' heads caboshed sable.

1549 Sir Charles Herbert, Kt., Troy. Arms, same as the first. He was Steward of the Duchy of Lancaster estates, and elected M.P. for the county in 1553.

1550 Sir William Morgan, Kt., Tredegar. He does not appear to have been a knight, or there is some mistake in the name. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.

1551 William Herbert, Coldbrook. Arms, Per pale azure and gules, 3 lions rampant argent.

1552 Walter Herbert, Skenfrith. A natural son of Sir Charles Herbert, of Troy.

1553 William Herbert, St. Julian's. Arms, Herbert, as above.

QUEEN MARY.

1554 Anthony Welsh, Llanwern. Arms, as before.

1555 Walter ap Robert, Pantglas. Arms, as above.
1556 William John Thomas, Treowen. Arms, as Herbert.
1557 Rowland Morgan, Machen. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1558 Henry Lewis, Esq., Mathern. Arms, as before.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1559 Sir Thomas Morgan, Kt., Pencoyd. Arms, as before, *sub anno* 1548.
1560 Thomas Herbert, Wonastow. Arms, Herbert, within a border gobony or and azure.
1561 George James, Llanddewi Rhydderch. Arms, Or, a wyvern's head erased vert, holding a bloody hand in its mouth, couped at the wrist.
1562 Roger Williams, Llangibby. Arms, Gyronny of 8 ermine and sable, a lion rampant or.
1563 William Herbert.
1564 William Herbert, St. Julian's. Arms, as before.
1565 William Morgan.
1566 John Henry Kemeys, Newport. Arms, Vert, on a chevron argent, 3 pheons sable.
1567 William John ap Roger, Abergavenny. Arms, as Herbert.
1568 William Morgan, Llantarnam. Arms, Argent, a griffin segreant sable.
1569 Christopher Welsh, Llanwern. Arms, Ermine, a bend sable.
1570 Rowland Morgan, Llanvedow.
1571 William Herbert, Coldbrook, Arms, Herbert, as before.
1572 Thomas Herbert, Wonastow. Arms, Herbert, in a border gobony or and azure.
1573 William Morgan, Werngochen (?) Arms, 3 wolves passant in pale argent.
1574 Miles Morgan, Tredegar. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1575 Rowland Kemeys, Vaendre. Arms, Vert, on a chevron argent, 3 pheons sable.
1576 Christopher Welsh, Llanwern. Arms, as above.
1577 Richard Morgan.
1578 William John ap Roger, Abergavenny. Arms, as above.
1579 William Lewis, St. Pierre. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1580 Sir William Herbert, Kt., St. Julian's. Arms, Herbert.
1581 Thomas Morgan, Machen. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1582 Edward Morgan, Pencarn. Arms, Argent, 3 bulls' heads caboshed sable.
1583 Edward Morgan, Llantarnam. Arms, Argent, a griffin segreant sable.
1584 Matthew Herbert, Coldbrook. Arms, Herbert, as before.
1585 William Lewis, Llandewi Rhydderch. Arms, Checky or and

azure, upon a fess gules, 3 leopards' heads jessant, fleur de lis or.

1586 Richard Morgan.
1587 John Jones, Treowen. Arms, as Herbert.
1588 Henry Morgan, Penllwyn. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1589 Henry Herbert, Wonastow. Arms, Herbert, in a border gobony or and azure.
1590 Nicholas Herbert. Arms, Herbert, as before.
1591 Edward Lewis, The Van. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant regardant sable.
1592 Walter Vaughan, Caldicot. Arms, Ermine, a saltier gules.
1593 Rowland Morgan, Bedwellty. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1594 Walter Jones, Magor.
1595 Matthew Herbert, Coldbrook. Arms, Herbert, as before.
1596 Matthew Prichard, Llanover. Arms, Or, a wyvern's head erased vert, holding a bloody hand in its mouth, couped at the wrist.
1597 Andrew Morgan, Llanvihangel Veda. Arms, as Morgan, of Tredegar.
1598 Henry Herbert, Wonastow. Arms, as before. He died during the year.
William Morgan, Friars. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1599 Henry Billingsley, Penhow. Arms, Gules, a fleur de lis and canton or.
1600 Richard Kemeys. Arms, as before.
1601 Edward Kemeys, Kemeys. Arms, as before.
1602 Edward Morgan.

JAMES I.

1603 Henry Morgan, Penllwyn. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1604 John Gaynsford.
1605 Rowland Williams, Llangibby. Arms, Gyronny of 8 ermines and sable, a lion rampant or. Granted in 1575.
1606 Valentine Prichard.
1607 William Price, Llanffoyst. Arms, Ynwyr Gwent.
1608 Sir Walter Monutagne, Kt., Pencoyd. Arms, Argent, 3 fusils in fess gules.
1609 Charles Jones, Dingestow, afterwards Sir Charles Jones, Kt. Arms, Azure, 3 talbots' heads erased argent, confirmed in 35 Elizabeth, 16th July, 1593.
1610 Henry Lewis, St. Pierre. Arms, as before.
1611 William Rawlyns, Tregaer. Arms, Quarterly 1st and 4th or, 2 lions couchant gules 2nd and 3rd, party per chevron embattled or and gules, 3 cinquefoils pierced counterchanged.

1612 Sir William Morgan, Kt., Tredegar. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1613 Roger Bathern, Penhow. Arms, Quarterly, 1st, gules, a swan argent, 2nd, argent, a lion passant sable, 3rd, argent, a chevron gules, between 3 martlets sable, 4th, azure, fretty or.
1614 Giles Morgan, Pencrûg. Arms, Or, a wyvern's head erased vert, holding a bloody hand in its mouth, couped at the wrist.
1615 William Jones, Trewern. Arms, as Herbert.
1616 Thomas Vann, Coldra. Arms, Sable, a chevron between 3 bees or.
1617 Thomas Morgan, Rhywperra, afterwards knighted. Arms, Argent, 3 bulls' heads caboshed sable, a mullet for difference.
1618 George Milborne, Wonastow. Arms, Argent, a cross moline sable.
1619 William Hughes, Cillwch. Arms, as Herbert.
1620 Thomas Cocks. Arms, Or, 3 bars azure on a canton argent, a lion's head erased gules, langued azure.
1621 Walter Aldey, Chepstow Hardwick.
1622 Robert Jones, The Grandra.
1623 William Walter, Persfield. Arms, Vert, a squirrel segreant or.
1624 David Lewis, Llandewi Rhydderch. Arms, Checky or and azure, on a fess gules, 3 leopards' heads jessant, fleur de lis or.

CHARLES I.

1625 Edward Morgan.
1626 Charles Somerset, Troy.
1627 Sir Charles Williams, Kt., Llangibby. Arms, as before.
1628 William Kemeys, Kemeys. Arms, as before.
1629 William Thomas, Bertholley. Arms, Sable, 3 pheons argent, the 2 in chief point to point, that in base the point downwards.
1630 John Walter, Persfield. Arms, as before.
1631 William Baker, Abergavenny. Arms, Argent 2 chevronels sable.
1632 Nicholas Kemeys, Llanvair. Arms, Kemeys, as before.
1633 Nicholas Arnold, Llanvihangel Crûgcorneu. Arms, Gules, a chevron ermine, between 3 pheons argent.
1634 Lewis Vann, Coldra. Arms, as before.
1635 George Milborne, Wonastow. Arms, Argent, a cross moline sable.
1636 Henry Probert, Pantglâs. Arms, Ynwyr Gwent, as before.
1637 William Morgan, Tymawr. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1638 William Herbert, Coldbrook. Arms, as before.
1639 Nicholas Moor, Crick. Arms, Argent, 3 bars sable.

1640
1641
1642 Thomas Morgan, Llansore. Arms, Argent, 3 bulls' heads caboshed sable.
1643 Philip Jones, Treowen. Arms, as Herbert.
1644 Thomas Price, Llanffoyst. Arms, Party per pale azure and sable, 3 fleur de lis or.
1645 Sir Edward Morgan, Kt., Pencoyd. Arms, as before, *sub* 1548.
1646
1647 William Morgan, Pentridge? (Additional MSS. in the British Museum, 5832.) Supposed to be of Pentre-bach, Abergavenny. Arms, Gules, 3 chevronels argent.
1648 Henry Vaughan, Caldicot. Arms, Ermine, a saltier gules.

COMMONWEALTH.

1649
1650 Roger Williams, Newport.
1651
1652
1653 Edward Kemeys, Bertholley. Arms, Kemeys, as before.
1654
1655
1656 John Price.
1657 Charles Herbert, Hadnock?
1658 Roger Oates, Cefntilla. Arms, Vert, a chevron between 3 garbs or.
1659 Charles Vann, Coldra. His appointment of Thomas Powell as Under Sheriff, dated 23rd December, 1658, recites that he had been appointed High Sheriff by the Lord Protector, of course for the year ensuing, whence it seems he served two years in succession.

CHARLES II.

1660 Charles Vann, Coldra. Arms, as before. He transferred the prisoners to his successor, Thomas Morgan, by deed, dated 16th January, 1661.
1661 Thomas Morgan, Machen. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1662 William Jones, Llanishen. Arms, as Herbert.
1663 George Gwyn, Itton. Arms, Sable, a fess or, between 2 swords in pale argent hilted or, that in chief pointing upwards, that in base downwards.
1664 Roger Williams, Kevenila. Arms, as Williams, of Llangibby.
1665 Philip Cecil, The Dyffryn. Arms, Barry of 10 argent and azure, 6 inescutcheons sable, 3, 2 and 1, each charged with a lion rampant of the first.
1666 Walter Morgan, Llantilio Pertholley. Arms, as Herbert.
1667 Christopher Perkins, Pillston. Arms, Argent, a fess dancette between 6 billets sable. Granted in 1634.

1668 William Herbert, Coldbrook. Arms, as before.
1669 John Arnold, Llanvihangel Crûgcorneu. Arms, as before.
1670 Sir John Scudamore, Kt., Ballingham. Arms, Gules, 3 stirrups leathered and buckled or.
1671 Roger Oates, Cefntilla. Arms, as before.
1672 Philip Jones, Llanarth. Arms, as Herbert.
1673 Thomas Herbert, Usk. Arms, as before.
1674 John Walter, Persfield. Arms, as before.
1675 John Gwynn, Tyverie. Arms, Or, on a chevron couched sinister between 3 birds sable, 5 mullets argent. These very curious arms are from his seal to a deed, *penes* J. A. Herbert, Esq.
1676 Rowland Prichard.
1677 John Loof.
1678 William Kemeys, Kemeys. Arms, as before.
1679 James Herbert, Coldbrook. Arms, Herbert, as before.
1680 Thomas Morgan, Penrhôs. Arms, Argent, a griffin segreant sable.
1681 William Jones, Abergavenny. Arms, Gules, 3 lions rampant argent, on a canton sable a fret or.
1682 Edward Nicholas, Trellech.
1683 John Gabb, Grosmont. Arms, Barry of 6 or and azure, an inescutcheon argent, on a chief of the 2nd a pile of the 1st charged with 3 pales of the 2nd.
1684 Walter Evans.

JAMES II.

1685 Robert Gunter, Abergavenny. Arms, sable a chevron between 3 left hand gauntlets closed, palms outwards, or.
1686 Nicholas Jones, Magor.
1687 Richard Roberts.
1688 Philip Jones, Llanarth. Arms, as Herbert.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

1689 Thomas Morgan, Tredegar. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1690 Charles Price, Llanffoyst. Arms, Party per pale azure and sable, 3 fleurs de lis or.
1691 David Evans.
1692 Edward Fielding, Tintern Parva. He was an Alderman of Bristol, and purchased a house at Tintern Parva, where he resided. Arms, Argent, on a fess azure, 3 lozenges or.
1693 John Floyer, Llantilio Pertholley. Arms, Sable, 3 arrows or, points downwards, 2 and 1.
1694 Thomas Jones.
1695 George Kemeys, Kemeys. Arms, Kemeys, as before.

WILLIAM III.

1696 Edward Perkyns, Pillston. Arms, as before.

1697 John Morgan, Machen. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1698 George Lewis, Penhow. Arms, as Lewis, of St. Pierre.
1699 George Kemeys, Kemeys. Arms, as before.
1700 Edmund Morgan, Penllwyn. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1701 Thomas Morgan, Llanrumney. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.

ANNE.

1702 William Lewis, Treworgen and Llanddewi Rhydderch. Arms, Checky or and azure, upon a fess gules 3 leopards' heads jessant, fleur de lis or. On 18th November he was taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms for neglecting to make due return of the writ of election for the county.
1703 David Lloyd, Hendre.
1704 Lewis Morgan, Penylan. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1705 Thomas Evans, Llangattock Vibonavel. Arms, Herbert, within a border compony argent and gules.
1706 John Curre, Rogerston Grange. Arms, Argent, on a fess between 3 cross crosslets sable, 3 martlets or.
1707 Vere Herbert, Caldicot. Arms, as Herbert.
1708 John Springet, Grosmont. Arms, Party per fess argent and gules, a fess wavy between 3 crescents counterchanged.
1709 David Lewis.
1710 Christopher Perkyns, Pillstone. Arms, as before.
1711 Thomas Price, Llanffoyst. Arms, as before.
1712 *Walter* Cecil, Dyffryn. Arms, as before. *Query*, if this is not a mistake in the name for Walwyn Cecil.
1713 Giles Meredith, Llanellen.
1714 John Walter, Persfield. Arms, as before.

GEORGE I.

1715 Christopher Price, Llanffoyst. Arms, as before.
1716 William Jones, Usk Priory. Arms, Argent, a chevron gules, between 3 spears' heads imbrued sable.
1717 James Hughes, Gellyweg. Arms, Gules, a chevron between 3 rams' heads caboshed or.
1718 Charles Vann, Llanwern. Arms, as before.
1719 Lawrence Lord, Kemeys. A stranger, who purchased the manor of Kemeys from the last Kemeys of that ilk.
1720 Edward Thomas.
1721 Charles Probert, Trellech. Arms, Probert, as before.
1722 Henry Morgan, Bedwellty. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1723 John Jones, Pantygoytre.
1724 Matthew Powell, Llantilio Crossenny. Arms, Quarterly 1st and 4th or, 3 lions couchant gules, 2nd and 3rd party per chevron embattled or and gules, 3 cinquefoils pierced counterchanged.

1725 Morgan Morgan, Llanrumney.
1726 Richard Lewis, Court y Gollen.
1727 Edward Gore, Llangston. Arms, Gules, a fess between 3 cross crosslets fitchy or.

GEORGE II.

1728 David Miles, Llandervel.
1729 Robert Jones, Grandra.
1730 John Gwynne, Tyverie. Arms, Or, on a chevron couched sinister between 3 birds sable, 5 mullets argent.
1731 Henry Nash, Nash.
1732 Edmund Bradbury, Crick. Arms, Sable, a chevron ermine between 3 buckles argent.
1733 William Rees, St. Bride's.
1734 Henry Morgan, Bedwellty. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1735 Richard Lewis, Court y Gollen. Arms, Argent, a wyvern's head erased vert, holding a bloody hand in its mouth, couped at the wrist.
1736 William Bonner.
1737 Anthony Morgan, Llanddewi Skyryd. Arms, Gules, 3 chevronels argent.
1738 William Seys, The Gaer. Arms, Sable, a chevron between 3 spears' heads imbrued argent.
1739 Paul Morgan, Chepstow. Arms, Ermine, a lion rampant sable.
1740 Thomas Evans, Llangattoc Vibonavel. Arms, Herbert in a border compony argent and gules.
1741 Francis Jenkins, Caerau.
1742 Richard Clerk, The Hill.
1743 Edward Perkyns, Pillston. Arms, Perkins, as before.
1744 James Tudor Morgan, Llangattoc Lingoed. Arms, Party per pale argent and sable, 2 lions rampant regardant counterchanged.
1745 William Aldey, Chepstow Hardwick.
1746 Thomas Jenkins, Glascoed. Arms, Argent, a chevron gules, between 3 fleur de lis sable.
1747 John Day, Dinham.
1748 Aubrey Barnes, Monmouth.
1749 Sydenham Shipway, Caldicot.
1750 Philip Fisher, Monmouth.
1751 Evan Jones.
1752 Thomas Parry.
1753 William Jenkins, Glascoed. Arms, as before.
1754 John Chambre, Llanffoyst. Arms, Azure, a right arm in armour embowed or, holding a red rose slipped and leaved proper.
1755 John Jones, Graigwith.

1756 Daniel Tregoze, Tregirog.
1757 John Lewis, Llantilio Crossenny. Arms, Azure, a wolf salient argent.
1758 Rowland Pytt, Raglan.
1759 William Morgan, Bryngwyn. Arms, Argent, a griffin segreant sable.
1760 William Curre, Itton. Arms, Argent, on a fess between 6 cross crosslets sable, 3 martlets or.

GEORGE III.

1761 William Phillips, Whitson. Arms, Gules, 3 boars' heads erased or.
1762 John Roberts, Abergavenny.
1763 Allan Lord, Kemeys.
1764 William Lloyd, The Hill, Abergavenny. Arms, Or, a lion rampant sable.
1765 Solomon Jones, Llantilio Pertholley.
1766 William Winsmore, Pantygoytre.
1767 Thomas John Meddlicott, Monmouth. Arms, Quarterly gules and azure per fess indented, 3 lions rampant argent. He was agent to the Duke of Beaufort.
1768 Richard Lucas, Llangattoc Juxta Usk. Arms, Argent, on a canton sable, a ducal coronet or.
1769 George Duberley, Dingestow. Arms, Vert, on a fess between 2 garbs in chief or, and a sickle in base argent, handled of the 2nd, an arrow barways gules, headed and flighted of the 3rd, between 2 estoiles azure. Granted in 1766.
1770 Charles Milborne, Wonastow. Arms, Argent, a cross moline sable.
1771 Thomas Fletcher, Monmouth.
1772 Thomas Fydale, Chepstow, a merchant. Arms, Argent, 2 bars gemelles azure, in chief an anchor sable between 2 martlets respecting each other vert, and in base a lion passant gardant gules. The jail fever having broken out at Monmouth, the Summer Assizes were held at Chepstow, the Crown Court in a bark warehouse on the Back, the Nisi Prius Court in the Sheriff's dining room.
1773 Morgan Lewis, St. Pierre. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1774 James Davis, Chepstow.
1775 William Nicholl, Caerleon. Arms, Sable, 3 pheons argent.
1776 Philip Meakins, Hardwick, Monmouth.
1777 Edmund Probyn, Newland. Arms, Ermine, on a fess gules, a lion passant or.
1778 Charles Price, Llanffoyst. Arms, Ynwyr Gwent, as before.
1779 William Adams Williams, Llangibby. Arms, as before.
1780 Thomas Hooper, Pantygoytre.
1781 William Jones, Nash, in Gloucestershire. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gules.

1782 Edward Thomas.
1783 Elisha Biscoe, Dixton.
1784 Christopher Chambre, Llanffoyst. Arms, as before.
1785 William Rees, St. Bride's.
1786 Robert Salusbury, Llanwern. Arms, Gules, a lion rampant argent, ducally crowned or, between 3 crescents of the last.
1787 Thomas Lewis, Chepstow.
1788 George Smith, Persfield.
1789 Thomas Lewis, St. Pierre. Arms, Lewis, of St. Pierre, as before.
1790 William Dinwoody, Abergavenny.
1791 William Harrison, The Ton, in Raglan. The inventor of the timepiece for discovering the longitude.
1792 David Tanner, Monmouth.
1793 John Hanbury Williams, Coldbrook. Arms, Or, a bend engrailed vert, plain cotised sable.
1794 John Rolls, Dyffryn. Arms, Quarterly 1st and 4th or, on a fess dancette with plain cotises, between 3 billets sable, each charged with a lion rampant of the field, as many bezants, 2nd and 3rd gules, an eagle displayed, barry of 6 ermine and azure.
1795 Richard Morgan, The Argoed.
1796 Henry Barnes, Monmouth.
1797 Thomas Stoughton, Pontypool.
1798 Robert Morgan Kinsey, Abergavenny.
1799 Capel Hanbury Leigh, Pontypool. Arms, Or, a bend engrailed vert, plain cotised sable.
1800 Benjamin Waddington, Llanover.
1801 Thomas Williams, Tidenham. Arms, Or, a griffin passant vert.
1802 Thomas Morgan, The Hill, Abergavenny.
1803 George Jones, Salisbury in Magor. Arms, Sable, a stag standing at gaze argent, attired and ungaled or.
1804 William Adams Williams, Llangibby. Arms, as before.
1805 Joseph Price, Monmouth.
1806 William Phillips, Whitson. Arms, Quarterly 1st and 4th gules, 3 boars' heads erased or, 2nd and 3rd azure, a cross between 4 pheons or.
1807 William Partridge, Monmouth.
1808 William Morgan, Mamhiload. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1809 John K. G. Kemeys, Bertholley. Arms, Kemeys, as before.
1810 William Pilkington, Hillston. Arms, Argent, a cross flory patonee, voided gules.
1811 Hugh Powell, Lanvihangel Crûgcorneu. Arms, as Herbert.
1812 Charles Lewis, St. Pierre. Arms, Or, a lion rampant gardant sable.
1813 Samuel Homfray, Pendarren. Arms, Quarterly 1st and 4th

gules, a cross batonnée ermine, 2nd quarterly argent and sable, 3rd sable, 4 palets ermine.

1814 Samuel Bosanquet, Dingestow. Arms, Or, on a mount vert, a tree proper, on a chief gules a crescent between two mullets argent.

1815 Sir Samuel B. Fludyer, Bart., Trostre. Arms, Sable, a cross patonee between 4 escallops argent, each charged with a cross patonee of the field.

1816 Sir Henry Prothero, Kt., Llantarnam. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.

1817 Robert Thompson, Tintern Abbey.

1818 Nathaniel Wells, Persfield.

1819 George Buckle, Chepstow.

GEORGE IV.

1820 Sir Robert J. A. Kemeys, Kt., Malpas.

1821 Charles M. P. Morgan, Tredegar. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.

1822 James Jenkins, Chepstow.

1823 Joseph Bailey, Nantyglo.

1824 John Partridge, Monmouth.

1825 James Proctor, Chepstow.

1826 Benjamin Hall, Llanover. Now Lord Llanover.

1827 William Adams Williams, Llangibby. Arms, Williams, of Llangibby, as before.

1828 William Morgan, Pantygoytre. Arms, Argent, a lion rampant gardant sable.

1829 Thomas Fothergill, Caerleon. Arms, Vert, a buck's head couped, within a bordure engrailed or.

1830 Iltyd Nichol, Usk. Arms, Sable, 3 pheons argent.

WILLIAM IV.

1831 William Hollis, Shirenewton. Arms, Sable, a bend between 2 talbots passant argent.

1832 Sir Mark Wood, Bart., Rumney.

1833 William Vaughan, Courtfield. Arms, as Herbert.

1834 Charles Marriott, Dixton.

1835 John Buckle, The Wyelands.

1836 George Rooke, Llandogo.

1837 Philip Jones, Llanarth. Arms, as Herbert.

VICTORIA.

1838 John Jenkins, Caerleon.

1839 Colethurst Bateman, Bertholley.

1840 Summers Harford, Sirhowy. Arms, Sable, 2 bends argent, on a canton azure a bend or.

1841 Samuel Homfray, Bedwellty.

1842 John E. W. Rolls, The Hendre. Arms, as before, *sub* 1794.

1843 Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart., Glanusk. Arms, Party per pale indented sable and ermine, a chevron gules, fretty or.
1844 William Jones, Clytha. Arms, as Herbert.
1845 William Phillips, Whitson. Arms, as before.
1846 Thomas Prothero, Malpas.
1847 William Mark Wood, Rhymney.
1848 C. J. Kemeys Tynte, Cefnmable. Arms, Gules, a lion couchant between 6 crosses crosslet argent, quartering Kemeys and Halswell.
1849 Edward Phillips, Pontypool.
1850 John Arthur Herbert, Llanarth.
1851 Crawshay Bailey, Nantyglo.
1852 William Little, Llanvair Grange.
1853 Henry Bailey, Nantyglo.
1854 Thomas Brown, Ebbw Vale.
1855 John Russell, Wyelands.
1856 Edward Bagnall Dimmock, Pontypool.
1857 Thomas Gratrex, Court St. Lawrence.
1858 Godfrey Charles Morgan, Tredegar. Arms, Or, a griffin segreant sable.
1859 Edward Matthew Curre, Itton. Arms, as before.
1860 The Hon. William Rodney, Llanvihangel Crugcorneu. Arms, Or, 3 eagles displayed purpure.
1861 James Proctor Carruthers, The Grandra.
1862 John Best Snead, Chepstow. Arms, Argent, a scythe, the blade in chief, the handle in bend sinister sable, in the fess point a fleur de lis of the 2nd.
1863 Henry Martin Kennard, Crumlin.
1864 Henry Charles Byrde, Goytre.

THREE DAYS' EXCURSION[1] FROM BRISTOL TO LLANDOGO, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

By Lieut. JOHN EVANS, R.N., in August 29–31, 1815.

"Nature, all hail! to thee, the soul oppress'd
With heaviest grief shall still imploring turn;
Thou can'st allay the tumult of the breast,
Though care annoy, or feverish passion burn."

[1] This tour, transcribed from a MS. in the handwriting of the late Lieutenant Evans, which embraces a distance of little more than thirty miles, appears to be a mere fragment or commencement of an account of a projected excursion through parts of North and South Wales.

	Miles.		Miles.
Bristol to Aust	11	Caerwent to Caldecot Castle	1
Aust across the Severn	2	Caldecot to Crick	1
To Chepstow	3	Crick to Chepstow	4
To Caerwent	5	To Tintern Abbey	5
	21		11

"'Tis sweet, escaping from the throng's turmoil,
To breathe the cooling freshness of the grove;
And sweet, reclining on the downy soil,
Through the fair regions of delight to rove."

INTRODUCTION.[2]

As it is your particular request that I transmit to you an account of my late ramble, I shall not make any apology for the style in which it is written. You are well aware that we are (speaking generally) an unlettered race of men, and consequently you and those of my friends who read my letters, will most readily make allowance for their simplicity, and accept them as you would a gift, unsolicitous to discover its imperfections. And if they afford you but a few moments of amusement, I shall feel perfectly satisfied, and be even pleased that they have done so much.

HAVING once or twice walked along the banks of the Wye, between the Hay and Builth, and from Monmouth to Chepstow, I found everywhere so much to admire, that I extremely regretted my health did not then allow me to trace the windings of that delightful stream, from its conflux with the Severn, to its source on the height of Plinlimmon. And moreover having heard and read so

Whether the excursionists were able to continue their tour beyond Llandogo, and trace the course of the Wye from there to its source on Plinlimmon, which they had contemplated doing when they started from Bristol, we have no means of ascertaining. If the Commodore, whose name unfortunately is not recorded, who formed one of the party, be still alive, he might be able to furnish us with information on this point.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

[2] This is addressed by the writer to some friend whose name is not given.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

much about the grand and wild scenery of Wales, my thoughts became so constantly occupied with its attractions, that to explore its beauties became my earnest wish; but my health continued so unequal to the undertaking, that I almost despaired of ever being able to put it into execution, when fortunately a friend and brother officer arrived from Town, who was equally anxious with myself to visit that charming country. I therefore unhesitatingly came to the determination of attempting the journey at once, although I might fail to accomplish it fully. I was the more induced to enter upon it immediately, notwithstanding my indisposition, as there was a probability of my not being at liberty to do so at a future time, at least not for many years; and the taste for drawing which I happily enjoy, though hitherto I have but slightly practised it, was no small incentive to the undertaking.

Having fixed on the day of departure, we busied ourselves in preparing such things as were necessary for the journey, as we had resolved that the whole of the distance which we designed to travel should be performed on foot, if accidents occurred not to prevent it. We both provided ourselves with a light basket, each shaped like those used by anglers, to contain our provisions: these were slung across our shoulders by means of leathern straps; and the change of linen which was necessary to be taken, we contrived to put away very snugly in our pockets. Thus accoutred, at nine a.m. on Tuesday, the 29th day of August, we quitted Bristol, and directed our steps across Durdham Down towards the Old Passage.

The idea of traversing the land of our forefathers, was a stimulant to greater exertion: and ere we had trudged over many miles I began to fancy that all my ailments were left behind; my spirits were exhilirated, and I felt myself altogether wonderfully refreshed; the morning in fact was delightful; not a cloud appeared to dim the refulgent light of the solar orb; it shone forth in meridian glory and splendor; all around was serene, and our minds instinctively imbibed the impression. With such

an auspicious commencement we mutually congratulated ourselves on the prospect of fine weather continuing; a circumstance on which greatly depended the comfort of our walk.

Had you seen two such picturesque objects as the Commodore and myself appeared, I feel sure you would have laughed heartily; and, forsooth, we failed not in obtaining a grin from both high and low, wheresoever we went; however, this we had philosophised our minds to endure patiently, wisely considering that in the end we should not be the losers. My dog Ponquæquo, a faithful spaniel, made up a trio of queer looking figures. After quitting the Down, we descended to Westbury, a pleasant village situated on the little river Trym, which discharges its waters into the Avon at Sea Mills. The Avon[3] is supposed to be Abone of the Romans. Leaving Westbury, which is two miles and a half from Bristol, we ascended a long and steep hill, whence there is a very interesting view of the charming village of Henbury, which for neatness of appearance surpasses any other in this part of the country. On descending to the little village of East Compton, we leave Over House, the seat of John Vaughan, Esq., to the right; and a mile to the north of it, is Knowle House,[4] the family residence of Samuel Worrall, Esq.: this handsome building, which forms the leading feature in the prospect here, stands elevated on the brow of a projecting hill, which overlooks all the level grounds below, and commands an extensive view of the Severn and Silurian Alps. At the eighth mile-stone we came to Redwick, an inconsiderable village: here, beneath the refreshing shade of an orchard, we enjoyed our first repast, our appetite having been strengthened by exercise, and our hearts elated with a change of

[3] There are four rivers of this name. The term in Welsh signifying a river. The lower Avon rises at Tetbury, in Wilts.—J. E.

[4] Knowle House is the seat of Colonel Master, who has of late made it his constant residence, but at the time when this excursion was made, it appears to have been let by him to Mr. Worrall.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

scene, at once novel and instructive. Emerging from our pleasant retreat, we passed on the left the road to the New Passage, and followed that which leads to Aust, along the marshy level, and where we arrived one hour after noon.

At this place there is a very commodious inn, where refreshment of every description may be obtained, and whence there are coaches running every day to Bristol: a post chaise may also be had here, and a coach is in readiness to receive the passengers and parcels from the Hereford stage coach, which arrives on the opposite side about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, to convey them on to Bristol: the passengers, with their luggage, are brought across the Severn free of charge, in a large boat, which also transports over swine, sheep, and cattle: those persons who do not arrive by the coach are charged one shilling each for their passage. There are smaller boats also kept for the accommodation of travellers, families, or parties wishing to cross from one side to the other; the established fare is five shillings, whether one or more persons occupy the boat: they are often used also as pleasure boats, having awnings spread over them, in which case, I believe, the charge is greatly increased. The watermen appear to be very skilful in the management of their little vessels, and I have always found them very obliging and respectful. One of them I recognised as an old shipmate, but although he acknowledged having been to sea, he denied ever serving on board a ship of war. The passage across the Severn, which is here two miles wide, is extremely pleasant during the summer months, but in an equal degree as disagreeable in the winter and autumnal seasons, when the cold and boisterous winds prevail. About midway across there is a ridge of black rocks, which at flood-tides are covered, but the watermen are so accustomed to traverse this space, and are so well acquainted with their position, that there is not any danger to be apprehended from them. The tide here is so impetuous at times, when the breeze happens to be diametrically opposite to its course,

as to occasion a considerable rippling, when the water not unfrequently finds its way into the boat—a circumstance which creates much alarm in the timid, and those who are unaccustomed to such a scene: and it is often the case when a strong adverse wind blows, that the boat in plying across is pressed so much over to leeward, as to impress the inexperienced with the idea that it is about to upset. However, in neither case is there any ground for apprehending danger, if the passengers will only remain perfectly quiet in their respective seats; for by moving they may destroy the equipoise of the boat, and precipitate themselves and crew into the flood, where an unhappy fate, no doubt, would attend them. Implicit reliance, therefore, should be placed in the boatmen, who are both experienced and skilful.

The coach which runs between Bristol and Hereford is a joint concern of Mr. Pring, master of the house at Aust, and of Mr. Williams, master of that at Beachley; they are both very civil and obliging men. I, however, cannot but agree with Mr. Warner, in his observation respecting the difference of treatment which a pedestrian tourist meets with at the houses of public resort in Wales and in England,[5] the justness of which remark we experienced in several instances; but we had also occasion to observe at some of the sea-bathing places, and others frequented by people in affluent circumstances, that the reception with which gentlemen who travel on foot sometimes meet is not the most agreeable to their feelings; but in a general point of view, the civil, unassuming behaviour of a Welsh publican, and his modest handmaid, is a striking contrast to the supercilious airs of an English inn-keeper, and his host of pampered menials.

A full tide and a pleasant gale wafted us across the famed Sabrina of old; my friend the Commodore acted as steer-man, and humble Jack *bowed*, not a little pleased at performing the old pastime, as we thus assisted to

[5] See Warner's *Second Walk Through Wales*, pp. 2, 3.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

conduct in safety a party of charming young ladies across the finest river of which Old England has to boast. On fairy ground we now tripped with light hearts already charmed with the fair prospect which opened around us; life's gay, busy scenes were now forgot; disappointments, and all the train of anxious cares were felt no more; proud to have reached thus far, we contemplated not the mighty Alpine mounts over which we were to trudge, nor even the fatigue we had to endure, ere we reached their lofty summits; we inhaled the breath of inspiration, and cared for naught save mighty Plinlimmon and the wizard stream.

We landed on a wooden platform, having four wheels affixed to it, for the purpose of being shifted from place to place to receive the passengers from the ferry boat. Without this accommodation they would be obliged to pass through mud and water on quitting the boat; indeed, as it is, we found both the platform, or the bridge as it is here termed, and the walk from the water side, extremely dirty and unpleasant. For a very trifling outlay, a pitched path or causeway might be easily made to extend from the cliff to low water mark; and that, as the tide ebbed, might be kept perfectly clean, which would be a great accommodation to the public at large, and so necessary a one, that I am convinced an additional penny would be willingly paid by all travellers, and other persons who are in the habit of crossing this river, for the purpose of defraying the expense. It is surprising that it has not long since been effected. An attempt indeed at something of the kind has been made on the southern side, under the cliffs of Aust, but it was badly planned and wretchedly performed.

After leaving the boat, and walking up to the base of the cliff, we ascended a flight of natural steps, which brought us immediately to the door of the inn, which, however, we had not occasion to enter. The view from Beachley is very interesting to the stranger, who perhaps may, like us, have been accustomed for some time to a city life. To the eastward, the river taking a sweep,

forms a bay, which is breasted with lofty rocks of various colours, and prettily crested with bushy shrubs and luxuriant trees; aback of this barrier, the land rises to a small hill, on which the seat of Sir Henry Cosby is seen embosomed in a grove. A few hundred yards to the westward of Beachley, the Wye discharges itself into the Severn Sea, where the two famed rivers, joining with the Avon, mingle their waters with those of the ocean: thus the Wye just escapes the ignominy of being tributary to the Severn, which, though it boasts a greater fame, yet owes its existence to the same mother; but if fortune has attached a majesty to the Severn in point of size and rapidity, yet it has in an equal degree favoured the Wye with a profusion of charms, which renders it the theme of universal praise—alike the delight and admiration of the artist and the bard. Near unto the entrance of the Wye into the Severn there is an insular rock, on the top of which the ruins of an ancient chapel are discernible. The Wye is navigable for trows[6] and barges of one hundred tons and upwards, as far as the city of Hereford, a distance by the course of the river of about eighty miles, but by the highway the distance is not above half as much: and vessels of considerable burthen come up to Chepstow, where ships of three and four hundred tons are frequently built.

The lofty rocks which bound the river on either side, are the only objects that display themselves to advantage in the distance between Beachley Point and Chepstow. These we found rose gradually in height as we approached the latter place, and continued so to Windcliff, which surpasses the whole in loftiness and grandeur.

An hour's pleasant walk along the highway brought

[6] Halliwell, in his *Dict. of Archaic and Pro. Words*, gives the following definition of trows:—"A sort of double boat, with an open interval between, and closed at the ends; used on the North Tyne for salmon fishing: the fisher standing across the opening, leister in hand, ready to strike any fish which may pass beneath." "Leister is a kind of trident used in the North of England for striking fish."—Ed. Camb. Jour.

us to the summit of a lofty eminence opposite the town of Chepstow, which unfolded itself as we ascended. The first objects which attract our attention in this singularly situated place, are the castle and bridge below—the former from its venerable appearance and peculiar situation on the verge of a stupendous cliff, which rises perpendicularly from the bed of the river, and the latter from its length and particular construction. The town occupies the eastern face of a very steep hill, contiguous to the cliffs and southern bank of the river,

As our intention was to proceed on to Caerwent, and there to take up our quarters for the night, my friend and myself, to avoid unnecessary delay, agreed to dine under the friendly shade of an old lime-kiln, which overlooked the town and country around it, without being exposed to public view; here we enjoyed a frugal repast, and felt ourselves better pleased at each succeeding meal, which shows that a keen appetite is as good an antidote against the prejudices of the palate, as a contented mind is when opposed to the casualties attendant on life.

Descending the hill by a narrow path, we soon reached the river side, where we found a boat in readiness to ferry across any person who wished it; the passage to the old bridge being effectually barricaded to prevent any obstruction in the erection of the new one, the foundation of which was laid on the 14th day of the present month of August. It is to be seventeen feet wide, and thirty feet high. The flood tide rises here to a considerable height, and at the equinoxes as high perhaps as any place in the world, the Bay of Fundy excepted. In January, 1738, it is said the water rose upwards of seventy feet, and considerably damaged the bridge.

After crossing the Wye, we directed our steps to the castle, and gained admittance at the gateway of the minor entrance, which is flanked by two round towers, forming the north-eastern angle of the castle. Our warder, a pretty young girl, gave us to understand that her grandmother, Howell, would show us the castle, and

explain everything to our entire satisfaction; the old woman very shortly made her appearance, and after a few preliminary questions, she bid us follow her to Harry Marten's tower, as it very much deserved our attention; its situation is the south-east angle of the first court. We ascended to the summit, and were gratified with a view of the circumjacent country; there appeared to have been four rooms, one above the other, of moderate size, and a cellar or dungeon underneath the first floor: nothing now remains but a few rafters, the internal divisions being, with that exception, destroyed by the effects of the weather. In this tower Harry Marten, who, with others, signed the warrant for King Charles's death, resided for twenty years. He was banished to this place on the restoration of the monarchy, and, notwithstanding others suffered death who were no more culpable than himself, and perhaps much less violent on the occasion, he escaped with life, and may certainly be said to have enjoyed the royal clemency in an eminent degree, for his family were allowed to live with him, and he was not restricted from visiting the neighbouring gentlemen, but on those occasions he was always attended by a guard. His revolutionary principles were unconquerable, and he even, it is said, gloried to the day of his death in the regicidal act in which he was concerned. He died by an apoplectic stroke in the 78th year of his age, and his remains were deposited in the chancel of Chepstow Church; there is an epitaph[7] on a stone, written acrostically by himself, but it is nearly obliterated.

The northern part of the castle, within this court, has been converted into a set of rooms, and is now inhabited by the old woman, our guide, and her family She, like most antiquated dames, we found very loquacious, though, nevertheless, good tempered and respectful; she was very desirous that I would draw a sketch of an old

[7] A copy of the original epitaph, taken before the stone was obliterated, may be seen in Willett's *Survey of the History and Antiquities of Monmouthshire*, p. 309.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

chimney, which she said was that of her kitchen, and, moreover, to strengthen her request, she informed me that his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, and other noblemen and gentlemen who visited the castle, were always very particular in their praise of her chimney. I did not hesitate in obliging the good old dame, and she appeared not a little pleased at seeing her dear piece of antiquity delineated on paper. The area of this court could not have been very spacious when the building was standing; at present we find it greatly enlarged, and covered with turf. In the centre stands a walnut tree, which in time will afford an agreeable shade.

The second court in succession is converted into a garden, which appeared to yield abundance of excellent vegetables, and a good supply of lesser fruits. Ascending to the third court, we entered a building supposed to have been the chapel. A range of recesses appear in the walls, but at a considerable height above the floor, which is on a level with the door of entrance; we discovered the windows of a stair-case, which we concluded must have led to a gallery, and there appears very strong evidence that there really was one. A great part of the front of this building still remains, and it is the most conspicuous object, from its elevation, within the walls. Beyond this there are some steps which lead into a space of ground overgrown with grass and weeds, and shaded by the branches of the filbert and hazel trees; here we were shown two or three tumps of earth, which the old dame said, she was assured, contained the ashes of some mighty warriors; beyond this, our ramble was intercepted by a deep moat, over which there had been a draw-bridge; here, it is represented, stood the grand entrance, and further on, trending with the curve of the cliff, is the last court, which, however, our curiosity did not lead us to explore. On retracing our steps, we caught several interesting views of the river, and were entertained, whilst contemplating the deep abyss below us, with a traditional story of a valiant knight, who, when pursued by his enemies, and whilst on horseback, leaped the precipice,

was received into the bosom of the flood unhurt, and by crossing the tide, reached the opposite side, whence he effected his escape!

This castle is supposed to have been erected by Fitz-Osborn, Earl of Hereford, otherwise called Wilhelmus Comes,[8] and after passing through many noble families, became the property of the Somersets, and is now in the hands of the present Duke of Beaufort; its site is on the right bank of the river, where rises a perpendicular cliff of stupendous height, and in its present dilapidated state, crowned with weeping ivy, it conveys to the mind no bad idea of fallen grandeur,—

"Come pomp, come pride, bring all your state,
Come, view with me this mouldering pile:
Come learn how grandeur yields to fate,
And boasts no more of Fortune's smile!"

The castle became also the property of the Clares,[9] Earls of Pembroke and Striguil, the last of whom, Richard, surnamed Strongbow from his strength and invincible courage, was famous for his valiant deeds in Ireland. By a daughter of his it came into the possession of the Bigods, and from them to the Marquis of Worcester and his successors.

Chepstow is very irregularly built, and has but few good houses within it: in the centre of the town a new market place has been erected, at the expense of the Duke of Beaufort, over which there is a neat assembly room. The environs are composed of small low-built houses, occupied by very poor families. The church, which anciently formed part of a Priory of Benedictine monks, is of Norman architecture, combined with the Saxon: the west door is particularly worthy of notice. A monument to the memory of the second Earl of Worcester appears within.

It is probable that the site of Chepstow was a position occupied by the Romans, from its elevation and com-

[8] Welhelmus Comes was slain in the war in Flanders in 1070.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

[9] In Henry the First's time.—J. E.

manding aspects; and some people have imagined that the castle owed its origin to them, from the circumstance of many bricks, known to be Roman, having been found in the broken fragments of that building; but it appears more probable that a great portion of the materials used in the construction of this and other edifices, were brought from Caerwent,[1] as that place was on the decline when Chepstow began to rise. Leland was of this opinion. Camden observes, that "the Britains called it Castle-Went;[2] a famous town this is and of good resort, situate on the side of a hill, rising from the very river, fortified round about with a wall of large circuite, which includes within it, both fields and orchyrds. It hath a very spacious Castle situate over the river: and just against it stood a priory: the better part whereof being pulled down, the rest is converted into a Parish Church. As for the Bridge that standeth over Wye, it is of timber, and very high built, because the river at every tide riseth to a great height." There is still one of the ancient gateways standing near the upper part of the town, an object which cannot escape attention. From hence, timber, grain, iron, and bark, are exported to Bristol, and various manfactured goods, and other articles, received from thence, with which the tradesmen here supply the neighbouring inland villages and towns: its foreign commerce is inconsiderable.

Leaving Chepstow, well pleased with what we had seen, we journeyed on leisurely towards Caerwent, allowing time for reflection to busy itself with subjects altogether new and interesting to us. The idea that we were now in the land of our illustrious forefathers, the ancient Silures, who, when headed by the great Caractacus, with a gallantry and perseverance that deserved a more auspicious termination than that to which they were doomed, opposed the invaders of their country, impressed our

[1] In 1689 three Roman pavements, with some coins and other antiquities, were discovered near this town.—J. E.

[2] Properly Casgwent.—J. E.

minds with sentiments of veneration for the very ground on which we trod, and the retrospection of the humiliating destiny to which that renowned prince was exposed, after the very strenuous exertions to which his exalted mind prompted him had failed, drew forth sighs of regret; these, however, in a measure were softened by the recollection that, even at the very acme of his adverse fortune, his magnanimity did not forsake him, but on the contrary shone forth with superior lustre, striking even his enemies, who met to triumph on his misfortune and their own success, with admiration and respect, and which, by increasing the fame of his eminent character, has transmitted to posterity an example of unshaken fortitude worthy of universal imitation. About two miles and a half from Chepstow, we passed the Lodge of St. Pierre's, the seat of Mr. Lewis, whose son was some years ago an intimate ship companion of mine, but who, poor fellow! no longer is an inhabitant of this world. We regretted much not being able to obtain a sight of this delightful spot, our view being intercepted by the spreading foliage of stately oaks, and other forest trees, which are spread around the park; we observed numerous herds of deer reposing under their cover, and were much amused at noticing the gambols of several squirrels as they actively roved from branch to branch.

But we now considered ourselves on the Julia Strata, an ancient military road, said to have been formed about 1737 years ago, by Julius Frontinus, the vanquisher of the Silures. That this was such, Camden, in his *Chorographical Description of Britain*, ridicules, but affirms that it was some "Port-high-way;" however, he does not give any reasons for his conjecture that it was not the performance of that Roman. It is now of little consequence whoever may have really made it, but the contemplation of a work constructed so many years ago, naturally leads the mind to traverse over the mighty revolutions of time, and the wonderful changes in great variety which have been effected since; but such an infinity of subjects press so closely one upon another,

that sinking beneath their weight, we are lost in amazement.

The day was drawing fast to a close when several roads appeared before us;—we were at a loss which to take, and not being sufficiently acquainted with the country to travel after dark without being well instructed, I accosted a little meanly dressed man who happened just at the time to be passing, in order to ascertain the way to Caerwent; he stopped when I put the question to him, and after a pause, inquired whence we came; I said from Chepstow; "Oh! then," replied he, assuming a degree of consequence, "gentlemen, you are leaving Caerwent, for the place you come from is all that now remains of it," and without further ceremony made off, leaving us not a jot wiser than we were before; although not much pleased with the joke, we could not refrain from laughing most heartily at the important air of this South Wallian antiquary, who, no doubt, imagined he had on this occasion displayed great wit, as well as judgment. A gentleman riding by shortly afterwards, very politely inquired if we wished to be directed in our road; upon our answering in the affirmative, he obligingly gave us full information, and by eight o'clock we were tracing the tessellated pavement in Caerwent: but little is now to be seen: a few of the small square stones are all that remain of this once elegant specimen of Roman ingenuity. When first discovered, in the year 1777, it was inclosed with a wall by the proprietor of the land; but from neglect, and the depredations committed by visitors, it has been reduced to the state in which we found it, overgrown with grass and weeds! Some of the white pebbles we brought away with us, which, had the pavement been entire, or any connected part been in preservation, we should have deemed almost sacrilege to have moved. Retiring from hence, not a little disappointed, we hastened to our nightly abode.

In this, our first day's walk, you will perceive that we completed twenty-one miles, which, do us the credit to acknowledge, was not amiss for such young foot travel-

lers. I will, however, own to you that I felt rather fatigued, and was pleased at reaching the place of entertainment, although the external appearance of the house did not give us very sanguine hopes of meeting with good cheer; nor indeed were we mistaken, for on the first survey on entering, we found but little comfort was to be had within; however, we must do our landlady the justice to say, that she really endeavoured to make things agreeable. Indeed, we should not have quitted Caerwent altogether dissatisfied, had the *fleas* been a little more merciful: neither my friend nor myself slept during the night, for the movement of that merry race completely dispelled the soporific effect which a lengthened journey had created.

August 30th.—After an early breakfast of milk and bread we quitted Caerwent, the Venta Silurum of the Romans, and bent our steps by a narrow lane towards Caldecot, a small village distant about a mile, in a south-eastern direction, from Caerwent. On entering the lane, we discovered the remains of the port wall, which was erected about the A.D. 80; we were greatly struck with the simplicity of the work, and felt much gratified at viewing this relic of antiquity, which had for so many ages resisted the impairing effects of the weather; this prodigious barrier has been standing 1735 years! and if it escapes the destructive hand of man, may continue a wonder to succeeding generations. We must acknowledge that whatever advantage British architects may have gained from example, they certainly fell very far short of their masters in the art, and particularly so in their material for connecting a building; the cement used by them, in the short period of a few years, yields to the effects of the weather, and becomes worthless, whereas that of the Romans has continued for ages in a perfect state. It appears to us that the Roman method of constructing a wall of any thickness was by first forming the shell, and afterwards filling up the internal space with boiling lime and stones, which, when cooled, formed a substance almost equal in firmness to the solid rock. There is not a vestige

remaining wherewith we can judge of the former splendour of this once great city; the tessellated pavement, so barbarously defaced, was an undeniable proof of its ancient magnificence; but although time—that ruthless desolator of most things, has completely changed the place, yet the name of so mighty a metropolis has been diligently handed down to posterity.

Sudbrook, which is two miles from Caerwent, close to the Severn, is supposed by Camden to have been the port and landing place for "Venta Silurum." The remains of an ancient chapel and fortification are distinguishable here, but what name this place anciently had is uncertain. We have been enabled to procure only one Roman coin, and that of copper: on the obverse of it is a crowned head, legend, I.M.P. OPTIMUS DECIUS AUG: on the reverse there is the figure of Victory holding a wreath, with the inscription VICTORIAM: it was found in the garden of the house wherein we rested. Decius reigned in the years 249–51, which was about 174 years before the Romans finally quitted Britain. He was surnamed Optimus.

During our walk to Caldecot, we had opportunity of seeing the mounds of earth hove up for the purpose of preventing the level lands from being inundated, when, after a succession of heavy rains having fallen, the river becomes flooded, or overcharged with water, or when south and south-west gales happen to blow at spring tides. We were likewise gratified with a distant view of Caerwent, the site of which we observed to be much more elevated than we had supposed it. Arrived at the village, we directed our steps towards the remains of an ancient castle, which form the most striking object that presents itself here. There is no certainty by whom the castle was built, but it has been attributed to Harold the Second, about the year 1065. It stands on a mount, apparently artificially formed, which gives the building sufficient elevation to command the surrounding level; there is a moat describing an irregular polygon encircling it, but which is now dry and choked up with weeds and

fragments of the building, and grown over with shrubs. The principal entrance is at the south front, by a fine Gothic arched way, supported by two massive towers: grooves for double portcullis are quite perfect still, and the whole structure seems to have been built in the war-like style of Norman architecture. The area in its whole extent is one hundred yards by seventy-five; the walls, which are very thick, are composed of common materials, but the towers are of red sandstone, cut into oblong squares for the purpose, which give them a smooth and tasty appearance. On the west side a ridge of earth connects the castle with the village, and which forms a level way to the minor entrance. The internal divisions are nearly all destroyed; we observed, however, some remains of vaulted chambers and dungeons, which not even the brilliant rays of a noon-tide sun could divest of their dark and gloomy appearance. The castle, curtained with festoons of dark ovate-leaved ivy, taken distinctly, is a very pleasing subject for the pencil, but the surrounding country is too monotonous to be termed picturesque, or to add a charm to the piece. It was once in the possession of the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, and in its time has been the scene of gay festivity; it now, together with the pasture land contiguous, belongs to Capel Hanbury Leigh, Esq., of Pontypool Park. The village of Caldecot is inconsiderable, and the few buildings that are here seem ready to tumble down with age. The church is dedicated to St. Mary.

Having satisfied our curiosity we quitted Caldecot, and proceeded on our return to Chepstow across some meadows, which brought us to the village of Crick; the small rivulet of Throggy passes through these fields, and discharges itself into the Severn above the castle. At Crick we came into the road we had before walked along, and therefore had to retrace our steps; there was a gradual ascent as we drew near to Chepstow, and from its most elevated part we had a charming view of the Severn and distant hills of Somerset; an extensive level borders the north side of the river, in many parts orna-

mented with lofty woods, and backed by a ridge of mountainous land, presenting a picture of great beauty; far below us we could just distinguish the lonely towers of Caldecot, which by this time had almost dwindled into insignificance. At half-past one we passed through the upper part of Chepstow, which lies on a very steep pitch, and continued our route towards the village of St. Arvan's, designing to pass through a part of Piercefield grounds, to Windcliff, and on to Tintern, which place we calculated on being able to reach an hour before sunset. On reaching St. Arvan's, which is two miles from Chepstow, we were instructed to turn down a small lane contiguous to the blacksmith's shop, which would bring us into the arable grounds of Mr. Wells, and by keeping the path until we came to an old kiln, we should then find ourselves immediately beneath the grove of pine trees that crowns the summit of the mighty cliff. These instructions we followed, and found them perfectly correct.

Before ascending, we rested under the shade of a venerable oak beside a fine sheet of water, and partook of the fare with which we had lined our baskets, and I assure you it was not the least unpalatable from the humble style in which it was served up. Thankful that we had it in our power to refresh ourselves, even in this simple manner, we arose satisfied, and after a short ascent, reached the brow of the celebrated rock. From this grand eminence a series of the most extensive and beautiful prospects successively arrest the eye of the visitor; it is impossible to give you an idea of the beauty and sublimity of the scenes which stretch around—description falls very far short of the reality—you must behold to admire, and to be impressed with a just sense of their richness, grandeur and variety. Immediately below us we see the Wye forcing its way through a serpentine channel, on every side bounded by stupendous cliffs of flaky white, whimsically called the Twelve Apostles; the murmuring of its current reverberating from rock to rock, adds a peculiar character to the scene, the effect of which is elegantly expressed by Pope:—

"Pleas'd VAGA echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid SEVERN hoarse applause resounds."[3]

The grounds of Piercefield reach from this spot to Chepstow Castle, of which there is a very interesting view, and of the Wye to its junction with the Severn below Beachley. This place is indebted for its celebrity to Valentine Morris, Esq., a gentleman who was universally esteemed for his genuine benevolence and unparalleled generosity. This worthy man was the patron of industry, the friend of the fatherless, and lived the delight and model of the county; but recollection is saddened by the miserable fate which attended him; after suffering a long imprisonment for debt,[4] overpowered with distress, he resigned his valuable life on the 26th of August, 1789. There is no one circumstance in the career of human life which draws forth our tender regrets more than the misery (occasioned by reduced fortune) with which we see the heart of that man, whose life has been spent in acts of philanthropy and benevolence, overwhelmed and destroyed. They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joy we have lost, that the arrows of affliction are pointed.

Piercefield was sold to Colonel Wood in 1794, and is now the property of Mr. Wells, a West Indian. The mansion is of freestone, and situated in the interior of the park, near the woodlands that border on the Wye side; it commands an extensive view of the country to the

[3] See Heath's account of the "Man of Ross," in his *Excursion Down the Wye*.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

[4] The cause of the difficulties in which Mr. Morris was involved, appears to have been the expenditure, during the American war, when he was governor of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, of a considerable sum on his own private account, in additon to the public money, with the view of placing the island in a proper and efficient state of defence. The island, however, unfortunately fell into the hands of the French, when the executive of this country at the time ignored the propriety of the outlay, and the governor alone was left responsible for his engagements and liabilities, and their consequences, which resulted in his being imprisoned for debt.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

eastward; on the other side the prospect is hid by an assemblage of lofty trees.

Descending from the pine grove towards the old kiln, we were again delighted with an admirable view of the Bristol Channel, bounded on the north and north-west by the dark blue mountains of Glamorgan, and on the opposite side by the hilly coast of Somerset and Devon; in the distance we could just distinguish the Steep and Flat Holmes, beyond which all was blended in the blue expanse. The scene was admirably heightened by the appearance of a fleet of ships under a press of sail, steering towards their long-looked-for port. At the sight of these familiar objects, the mirror reflecting past scenes rose instantaneously before us, and we, who had so often felt the various sensations which warm around the heart when approaching towards a favourite place after a long absence, could easily picture to ourselves the joy that attended the happy sailor who beheld once more his peaceful and endeared home: it was but the return of an absent friend, and we enjoyed the effects by sympathy.

Those charming lines of Bowles' strike me as being so expressive of the scene before us, that I offer no apology for giving them here, feeling grateful and happy in meeting so good a friend to help me on:—

> "How beautiful, how still, how clear,
> The scenes that stretch around! the rocks that rear
> Their shapes, in rich fantastic colours drest;
> The hill-tops, where the softest shadows rest:
> The long retiring bay, the level sand,
> The fading sea-line, and the farthest land,
> That seems, as e'er it lessens from the eye,
> To steal away beneath the cloudless sky."—W. L. B.

Filled with romantic enthusiasm, we rested awhile to feast our willing eyes on this enrapturing and expansive prospect—a subject fit for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa, or a Paul Veronese.

Quitting this enchanting scene we followed a pathway through a succession of fields, which brought us to a narrow rugged lane, leading down a steep directly to

the village and Abbey of Tintern, where we in a short time arrived. There is something so very imposing in the scenery which breaks suddenly on the sight as you approach the venerable pile from this descent—the sombre shades of the circumjacent hills—the gloomy majesty of the ivy-bound Abbey, embosomed in trees—and the solemn stillness, save the foaming of the tide below, which reigns in this peaceful spot, produces a pleasing melancholy in the mind, disposing it to meditations well according with the scene. Our first care on entering the village, was to seek the house of entertainment to secure beds, which are often not to be procured in the summer season, in consequence of the many visitors who, led by a natural curiosity, travel many miles to inspect the celebrated ruin. We, however, were fortunately just in time to secure them, several gentlemen of the Society of Friends having arrived almost immediately after us, who could not be accommodated. They were, therefore, necessitated to return to Chepstow, whence they had come; they had, indeed, the comfort of being on horse-back, but were nevertheless not a little disappointed.

The situation of the Abbey is truly romantic, and probably at the time the ground was chosen a more sequestered spot could not have been found at any other place in the neighbourhood: it stands on a neck of rising ground, at the base of a steep hill, around which the Wye wends its serpentine course. The surrounding hills are lofty, and finely covered with wood, a narrow border of level ground skirts the river on either side, and until iron works were established, there was nothing to disturb the tranquillity of the place. The houses and cottages which now lay scattered about, depending on the works, do not add any charm to the view; indeed, they rather diminish its picturesqueness. When we had approached the entrance to the Abbey, on its west side, our conductor, by way of heightening our surprise and admiration of the internal grandeur of the building, detained us a few moments in converse on indifferent subjects, holding the key in the door the while, then suddenly throwing it

wide open, exclaimed, as he drew back to let us enter,—"There, gentlemen, there is grandeur for you! what can excel it?" The effect was indeed grand; the mind in a moment banishes every other thought, and dwells intently on the solemnity of the scene, with a rapturous admiration indescribable. I felt as it were suddenly enchanted, and it was some moments before I could move from the spot I first occupied, and even after every part of the structure became familiar to the eye, I could not divest myself entirely of that degree of awe which had so instantaneously seized on me at the first entry. The eye is delighted by ranging along a line of lofty Gothic pillars, until it reaches the remnant of the east window, justly esteemed the most beautiful feature in the ruin.

This celebrated Abbey was Cistercian, and was founded by Walter Fitz-Richard de Clare, in 1131, and dedicated to St. Mary. The following sonnet is, I believe, the production of a young lady, and as it has never been published, I give it you in its original form:—

TINTERN ABBEY.[5]

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, whose ling'ring feet,
Unchain'd by wonder press this verdent green,
Where thy enraptured sight the dark woods meet,
Ah! pause awhile and contemplate the scene.
Those hoary pillars clasp'd by ivy round,—
This hallow'd floor by holy footsteps trod,—
The mould'ring choir by spreading thorns embrown'd,
Where fasting saints devoutly hymn'd their God.
By ruthless time—by slow but certain sweep,
Are laid, alas! their ancient splendours low,
Yet if reflection sinks its lesson deep,
The soul's improvement from these walls may flow.
Like them, how soon may be thy tottering state,
Man's but a temple of a shorter date![6]

[5] Tintern, the name of this Abbey, is said to be derived from the ancient British words Din and Teyrn, the first signifying a fortress, and the latter a sovereign, by which it should seem to mean a sovereign's fortress.—J. E.

[6] These lines were penned by a young lady, a friend of that emperor of pedestrians and amiable man, J—— W——, Esq., of H——d.—J. E

In the evening we crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and I was enabled before twilight commenced to make two or three very interesting sketches of the Abbey. That which pleased me most was taken from the east, whence we caught a sight of the four peaks, besides having the advantage of viewing the ruin in a more compact form; and although the hills aback do not exhibit their summits so picturesquely as when viewed from the north, yet, notwithstanding this, I prefer the view from the east.

We sauntered about the bank of the river until it was near dark, delighted with the romantic scenery which stood before us, and had the goddess of night—fair Luna —afforded us an opportunity, we willingly would have tarried here until midnight, to have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing the grand effect of her "faint tinged lustre" o'er the "mouldering heap."

I have often felt the influence of such a scene on the mind, but particularly so during my sojourn amongst the mountains of South Wales. The deep serenity which breathes around, disturbed only by the plashing of the water, or the melancholy lowing of kine—the lofty hills whose bending sides darken the shades below—and the pure ethereal concave with all its brilliant orbs, lending their light to make the picture more lovely, form such an association as affords a most ample subject for meditation, particularly to those who take a melancholy pleasure in contrasting the dignified simplicity of nature with the vanity, ignorance, and presumption of man. How little did the world and all its pleasures appear in my estimation, when calmed by the influence of the surrounding objects, I seated myself beside the grassy bank of the Wye, whose eager [eagre ?] current sweeping impetuously reminded of the fleeting steps of time! and that whilst yet it shall live unimpaired by the scythe which cuts mortality, I, poor wretched thing, shall have mouldered into dust!

August 31st.—At half an hour after nine the next morning we proceeded on our route, following the course

of the river. We certainly felt some little disappointment at not being able to view the ruin by moonlight, but we consoled ourselves by considering that from the situation of the Abbey, it might be seen at any future time without incurring more than a mere trifling expense.

A little distance from the Abbey we came to some scattered houses on the bank, forming the village of Upper Tintern, the appearance of which at present is mean, but the remains of some large buildings demonstrate that it has been a place of some note, and probably of no poor trade. The river here takes a circuitous course, and close to its flood is the little Church of Tintern, indeed so close is it to its bank, that the spring tides must reach the walls, if not surround them, and unless some support be afforded to the mound of earth on which it stands, I have little doubt of its being seen, one day or other, in the bed of the river.

On an eminence not far from hence, several little springs of water rise near each other, and trickling down the steps add their mite to the great stream; it appears that these rills are termed the "Nine Wells," and are celebrated for some peculiar virtue which their waters are said to possess; they have also, I believe, given rise to a tale which has become traditionary, but the subject of which I did not learn. From this point the Abbey, as a ruin, appears to advantage, but the surrounding buildings do not, as I have said, add to the scene; the distant hill also is an object too tabular, uniform, and heavy, to improve the prospect.

Leaving this little modest house of prayer, we crossed some very fine meadows with a feeling of calm veneration, and ascended the hill of Lyn Wear, in preference to skirting the river side, in order to have the best view; in this we were not disappointed. On gaining our road, near the summit of the hill, we saw the village of Brookwear, situated on the left hand of the river: the houses are apparently crowded together in a very little space, and as far as we were able to judge from our distance, we could form no very favourable opinion of its cleanli-

ness. A very busy group of figures appeared on the bank, where there were several of what we considered to be fishing-boats recently hauled up.

All was noise, bustle and contention, forming a striking contrast to that stillness and gloomy solemnity which had so much delighted us the evening before, opposite the venerable ruin of Tintern. This village has all the appearance of the port of entry called Pill, near the mouth of the Avon, and from its situation, and the number of sloop boats, barges, &c., which were there seen, I concluded that it was a place from whence timber, hoops and faggots were shipped for Bristol, and where, in return, groceries, &c., are landed; of this, however, we had no opportunity of making inquiries, but I have since been informed that our conjectures were correct.

On the north side of this promontory our course lay through a lengthened copse, on the declivity of the mountain, which is very steep, and the irregularity of the ground brought us sometimes down near the river, at other times we mounted again. A small, misty rain, fell just as we entered the copse, and continued uninteruptedly until we reached Llandogo: to this village we descended before we had had an opportunity of seeing it, the sinuous turning of the hill, and the thick foliage of the shrubs, obstructing the view.

We were greatly pleased at the novelty and singular appearance of this romantic spot; the main portion of the village lies on the level, close to the water, but many neat whitened cottages lie scattered on the sides of the lofty hill, which, trending in with the curve of the river, forms a natural segment of a circle. I could not behold these scattered hamlets without recalling to mind many of those enchanting scenes which I had often witnessed when sailing along the verdant isles of the Carabean Archipelago—like those of the Tropic lands, the humble dwellings here, were fixed on little patches of fertile land, protruding from the hilly steep: but the resemblance can be considered only in miniature; the comparison, however, was pleasing, as it brought with it the recollection

of days passed in an honourable occupation, and with no small degree of—which by contrast—I have since been led to consider—happiness.

The church lies to the north of the village, and is almost hid by the surrounding foliage of the apple and other fruit trees; it has nothing in its external appearance to attract the wanderer's attention, and our curiosity did not lead us within. The tide flows no higher than this beach of the river, and I was greatly surprised to observe a brig here of a hundred and twenty tons, undergoing repairs. I had conceived that above Chepstow a vessel of this description could not venture; it was, however, some pleasure to be thus undeceived, as this circumstance attaches greater importance to my favourite river than even my partiality had led me to look for.

This little spot, even humble as it is, situated six or seven miles up the river, and as it were by lofty trees shut out from the commerce of the world, carries on its traffic in silence and in peace: no jealous competition, no avaricious zeal, nor acrimonious abuse, is here to be seen or heard: contented with an honest return for his labour, we here observed the river sailor repairing his vessel, the miller grinding his corn, the woodman with his axe, and the herdsman tending his flock, and all that happy cheerfulness of countenance which showed that the vile canker, "sordid gain," had not reached their hearts. Happy spot! Here amidst thy embrowned woods and mountain steeps may fair liberty and honest light-hearted industry abide.

As it is by contrasts that we judge of things, and feel enjoyment, what pleasing emotions does the picture of this tranquil spot, where health, industry and peace hold their empire, call forth, when imaged with the noisy and insalubrious city, where dwells avarice, luxury and disease? Who beholding such a lively picture, of all that tends to make life amiable and delightful, as that which lay before us of rural simplicity and unaffected ease, of ruddy health and lonely content, but would wish —as I now do—that some such humble spot as graces

these hills "would smile for me," where far removed from a busy world, with the soothing care of a beloved partner, the turbulent passions of the soul might find their rest, and all the ills of life be blended in the past?

"And here in this lonely little wood, &c."[7]

Here the MS. closes; my landlady informed me that the little book in which this account of a pedestrian trip was written had nothing else but blank leaves in it.

J. E.

He (Lieut. John Evans) was the third son of John Evans, Esq., of Dilwyn, in the county of Hereford, and of the Rock and Vermont, in the island of Jamaica. His mother was Jane Tyler, daughter of John Tyler, Esq., of the Great House, Dilwyn, in the same county; and she was grand-neice of Bishop John Tyler, of Llandaff, and a relative of Dr. Southey, the Poet Laureate. He (J. E.) was born on the second day of December, in the year 1786. He entered the navy as a volunteer early in 1803, and served successively on board the *Leviathan*, the *Trent*, and the *Désirée*. While in the *Désirée* he was present at the blockade of Cape François, and the reduction of Port Dauphin, in the West Indies. He was also employed frequently with the boats on cutting out affairs of a very hazardous description. In June, 1805, he removed to the *Centaur*, and after being attached to various other vessels, he was taken prisoner in 1807, while a passenger on board the armed brig *Charles*, by a French privateer, *La Vengeance*, of overwhelming force. On being soon afterwards exchanged, he became attached, for short periods, to the *Drake* and *Wolf*, sloops, and

[7] Here the MS., after giving a description of a tour of three days only, terminates abruptly, for which no satisfactory explanation is afforded. The allusion in the above appended paragraph to some "little book," in which the account is affirmed to have been written, is very indefinite, since it is not stated to whom that book belonged, by whom it was written, or why the landlady's statement respecting the blank leaves in it should have been introduced, when its contents might have been examined by the writer himself, of whose life we shall here subjoin a brief outline.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

then joined the *Bacchante*. While serving in the *Wolf* and *Bacchante*, besides participating in several desperate actions with Spanish flotillas, he assisted in taking, after a sharp contest, *Le Griffon*, French national brig. Subsequently, he served as Acting-Lieutenant of the *Dædalus*, and towards the close of 1808, contributed to the reduction of the town of Samana, in St. Domingo. In 1810–11, he was employed on the North American station in the *Belvidera*, and *Atlanta*, and *Morgiana*, sloops. Whilst in the *Morgiana* he was confirmed by commission, dated November 16, 1811, but in February of the following year he was compelled to invalid, in consequence of a severe attack of a liver complaint, from the effects of which he continued to suffer to the time of his decease, which took place on the 27th day of October, 1854, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where he resided after he retired from the service.

Lieut. Evans, during his servitude afloat, was frequenly invested with the duties of prize master, and he appears to have been exposed, in almost every ship, to a succession of the most furious hurricanes, some of which carried away every mast, and in fact threatened the destruction of all on board. Of one instance of his many narrow escapes, he has left on record the following note, viz.:— "*Centaur*, 74, Captain Whitby, July, 1805. By God's mercy we *were saved*, and barely; *but we were saved.*"

He was married, and had a son and daughter. His son, whose name was John, was a naval cadet, and died in February, 1843, after returning from a voyage round the world.

Lieut. Evans became an adept in drawing, an art of which he was passionately fond, and having naturally a turn of mind for the study of science, which he fostered, he possessed considerable scientific and literary attainments, whilst he excelled no less as a ready and clear writer, and an agreeable correspondent. He was the author of *A Revision and Explanation of the Geographical and Hydrographical Terms*, &c., 12mo., 1824.

W. R. O.

CHARTA STI. ELIANI, IN ANGLESEY.

Ex MSS. Fenton, *penes* D. T. Phillipps, Bar^ti., de Middle Hill.

Edwardus, Dei gratia Rex Angliæ Franciæ et Dominus Hiberniæ, Camerario Principatus nostri North Walliæ Salutem. Vobis mandamus quod Literas nostras patentes sub sigillo Principatus in forma sequente fieri faciatis. Rex omnibus ad quos presentes Literæ pervenerint; Sciatis quod ex parte Libertorum nostror. Nicholai, ap Elis, nunc rectoris ecclesiæ Sancti Eliani, infra insulam nostram de Anglesey, in North Wallia, & Willi. Griffith, Armigeri, *Virei* (?) ap Mredd: ap Lłn: vychan, Tuder ap Lłn: ap Hoell, Tuder ap Trehaerne, Dd: ap Einyan ap Dd. goch, Evano ap Hoell ap Tuder, Gwilim ap Hoell ap Tuder, Gryff: ap Hoell ap Tuder, Dd. ap Jevan ap Dd. ap Grono ap Dd. goch, & multorum liberorum tenentium exinde Sancti Eliani: Nobis est monstratum qualiter Kyswallan Lawhir ap Einyan Hardd in oratione sua ad Sanctum Elianum, pro visu suo tenenda in diuturnum tempus & memoriam ad honorem & laudem Dei & Sancti Eliani, dedit Deo & Sancto Eliano certas terras & tenementa ac Libertates & Franchesias & metas & boundas in quibusdam Literis meis patentibus sub sigillo nostro Principatus Northwalliæ significatas et specificatas in his verbis.

Edwđus. Dei gratia Rex Angliæ Franciæ & Dominus Hiberniæ, omnibus ad quos presentes pervenerint Salutem. Inspeximus quandam quidem Schedulam de Libertatibus Sancti Eliani, infra Insulam Anglesey . . . . . & dnm. Nichum. ap Elis, rectorem ecclesiæ dictæ Sancti Eliani infra Insulam Anglesey & Willi. Griff: Armigeri; Virei (?) ap Mredd. ap Lłn. vychan, Tuder ap Llewelyn ap Hoell ap Tuder, David ap Jevan, & Dđ ap Grono ap Dđ goch, ac multor: alior: liberor: tenentium: exinde Sancti Eliani: ostensatam ac in manifest: monstratam coram Gulielmo Lake, locum tenente Libert: Consanguinei nostri, Joħis. Comitis Wigorn. Justiciarii nostri in Northwallia, apud Bellum Mariscum, in Sessionibus tent: iƀm. die Lunæ:

prox. post fest: Sancti Andreæ Apostoli, ultimo preterito, ante datum present: in his verbis.

Good Christian people hearkeneth unto me Kyswallan Lawhir ap Einion Urdd, praying blessed Hyllarie to have sight to me & to my men of my household, they us then pray most especially & devoutly. When I & my household men lost our sight, I was Lord upon the wronge to you. When I took your oxen & your milch cows, then I was on the wronge to my selfe: Therefore I will give you for such oxen, tenn oxen. Then sayd Hyllarie, if I had myne own goods, I would desire noe man's goods. Then sayd Kyswallan, ye shall have whatsoever you will & name it. Then sayd Hyllarie, thereupon lift up your hand, I will name it. And so did Kyswallan lift up his hand to uphold his promise. Then Hyllarie made his prayer, saying: I beseech my Lord God for his infinite goodness restore unto you your sight. And forthwith as blessed Hyllarie had finished his prayer, Kyswallan had his sight, as perfective as ever he had before, and all his household men. And then Hyllarie asked his gift, not these, but as much lands and grounds as his hart winneth in running upon all your grey hounds, & lett them slippe from the same footinge; That is to saye, *Dulas* his hill, from thence into the mountayne of Yngen, from thence to Gorsedd Reigitt, & through the Nunnes Isle to the hill of *Trusklwyn*. And through Bodnerey, thence to the hart's leape, called in Welch *Llam y Carw*, And thence he swame the sea to his Lord Hyllarie to Porth Ychen, to lande. And then Kyswallan gave the land, men, woodlands, waters, & fields within those meeres & bounds abovenamed to Hillarie in whatsoever freedome libertie or franchises he woulde. And then Hyllarie assigned Kadswr & Frydall to devise & choose their franchises because the land was theires. And Kadswr & Frydall chose to pay a penny to the cheife Lord by way of Attornment or Seisine to keepe the liberties & franchises. And when whosoever of this blood shall happen to dye, the heyer shall goe to the Court of the Cheefe & there pay a penny in the name of Seisine or Attornment to suffer

him to be a freeman to God, & Hyllarie without bondage or thraldom upon him, & free to him to sell his lands to whomsoever him list or will, And he that buyeth the land to pay 12^{d} of fine, in two parts, 6^{d} to the cheefe Lord & 6^{d} to Hyllarie, & a penny by way of Seisine or Attornment to the Lord's Court, shewing him to be a free man to God & to Hyllarie. And he shall not swear within tenn miles but in his own Comot, and in his Lord's Seat, & not to sweare there but for debt; &, if he be cast, 3^{d} of Amercement to the Lord, & if he be not cast, to have 11^{d} of the Court for amendes: And free to him to buy & to sell all manner of Goods without impeachment. And the Land a Sanctuarie both to people & to cattle from the Lord's officers. And Hyllarie shall keep them from evill spirits. And Kyswallan taxeth upon them that breakes this franchise, or graunt, or that disturbeth troubleth or offendeth any part thereof, or meddleth contrarie to the sayd graunt upon Hyllarie's lands, or his men or anie other takinge the sanctuary, a ffine of forty pounds, as often tymes as he or they soe do offend against the said liberties. And if a man of Hillarie's be hurt or maymed, the same fine & amendes, that is to saye, the third part to Hyllarie & to the Lord, & two parts to him that is soe hurt or maymed. And whatsoever death take any of Hyllarie's men, that the Lord have nothing to doe with his goods, wife, nor noe man, but only his kinsfolke have thereto authoritie. And if he be outlawed, that there be not upon him but 12^{d} of fine to be divided in two parts, 6^{d} to the Cheef Lord, & 6^{d} to Hyllarie, because he is Hyllarie's man. And this Libertie & Franchises that I *Kyswallan Lawhir* doe give to God & to Hyllarie, & my blessing withall, & my curse to him that it breaketh. And also I set Caldowr & his Issues after to receve the Lorde's parte, because the Land is not free to any men, & he himself not amerced. And if a man of Hyllarie be slayne, then is not to him that slays him but to be hanged, but if both parties be amerced. And Hyllarie gave his curse to gentells that ridd upon his land with his foot in the styrope. And them that slew a pie upon his land. And

Kyswallan asked of Hyllarie, whether he would graunt his men to come with him to the East,[1] & he graunted, if *Caldwr* would, soe that noe compellinge be upon them further than the meares of their lands, but if they will of themselves, for why, he is an evill man that will not goe in his Lord's need. God yeild that, sayd Kyswallan, & shall have horse & armour for him that will, & armour for footemen that will have them, upon my cost & reward, for his labour as much as he must.

Then sayd Eingan, the Lord's brother, The Liberties & Franchises of Hyllarie's men is better than your men. That is no marvell, sayd the Lord, for I give it in my need, & not in his.

Quam quidem Schedulam nos ex mera devotione & specialiter ob honorem Dei ac illius Sancti Hillarii, tenore presentium, sub sigillo nostro principatus North Walliæ duximus exemplificandam. In cujus rei testimonium has Literas nostras fieri fecimus patentes teste meipso apud Caernarvon duodecimo die Decembris anno Regni nostri quinto. Et ulterius, nos, considerantes qualiter prefati nunc rector, & tenentes Sancti Hillarii predicti omnia & singula patrimonia, & quælibet inde privilegia, a tempore quo non extat memoria, & metas & boundas predictas habuerint, & tenuerint pacifice & quiete, quousque ipsi, jam infra paucos dies Annos elapsos, per diversos malivolos, nec Deum neque Hillarium timentes, de & supra magna parte principatus gravantur, tenebantur, molestantur, & inquietati extiterint, & adhuc existant minus juste, in ipsorum rectoris et tenentium dampnum non modicum, & gravamen, infra et nos summatur eisdem. Unde iidem nunc rector & tenentes sancti Hillarii humilime supplicaverint sibi & successoribus & hered: de remedio providerimus optimum, Nos quidem eorum precibus inclinati ac ut pias intentiones, & devotiones predicti Kyswallan hitas. considerantes eas potius augmentari quam minui volentes, de gratia nostra speciali, ac ex certa scientia & mero motu nostro, ad laudem & honorem Dei & Sancti Hillarii, omnino miracula minime pauca non absconderen-

[1] To the Crusades.

tur, omnes & singulas concessiones, donationes, libertates, franchesios predictos, & omnia singula alia in Literis predictis contenta & specificata, & metas & boundas predictas existentes, de gratia Dei & nobis, heredib. & successoribus nostris, quantum in nobis est, acceptamus, et ratificamus, prefatis nunc rectori & tenentibus Sancti Hillarii quibuslibet heredibus et successoribus suis, & tenore presentium confirmamus in perpetuum. Quare volumus & firmiter precipimus pro nobis, heredibus, & successoribus nostris predictis, quod prefatus nunc rector & successores sui, ac prefati nunc tenentes predicti Sancti Hillarii, hered. & successor. sui, omnes & singulas donationes concessiones libertates & franchisios predictos, ac omnia alia, prout supra in Literis nostris predictis & prefandis aut teneant & exterreant, ac omnia & singula plene, integre, libere, pacifice, et quiete, metas & boundas predictas gaudeant & habeant in quietum, absque impeditione, impedimento perturbatione, molestatione, vexatione, seu gravamine, nostri, hered: vel successor: nostror. aut ministror. nostror. Justic. Esceator. Vicecom. Coronator. Ballivor. aut aliorum officiorum nostrorum quorumcumque, & quod cujuscumque status, gradus, seu conditionis fuerit, prefatis nunc Rectori et tenentib. seu eorum aliq: nec hered: vel successor: suos & de supra possessione sua, seu alicujus eorum omnium, & singulorum premissorum, vel alicujus inde *pelf:*(?) aliquo modo disturbat, sive molestat, sub forisfactura nostra centum Librar. ac omnium quæ nobis foris-facere poterit, et terris et cattelis suis, toties quoties qui fecerit, ad opus nostr: hered. & successor: nostrorum predict: levand: ac quod expressa mentis de vera valore annuo princip: vel alicujus eorum dum in presentibus minime fact: existit, aut aliquo statuto, actu, sive ordinatione in contrarium fact: sive ordinat: non obstante.

In cujus rei Testimonium has Literas nostras fieri fecimus patentes. Teste meipso apud Caernarvon, decimo die Octobris, Anno Regni nostri octavo.

Hoc breve de privato sigillo
de data predicta authoritates
Parliamenti

WELSH MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, (December 14, 1864,) was selected as the day on which to lay the foundation stone of this memorial. The day was fortunately fine. The ceremony was intended to have been a private one; but, nevertheless, being known to the local subscribers, a large concourse of people assembled in honour of the event, and the day was kept almost as a holiday. Still, the melancholy nature of the proceedings was not forgotten, and a solemn stillness prevailed amongst the large number of persons there assembled. We may safely assert that it was an event that will be ever remembered by all present.

The site selected for this memorial is on the summit of the well-known and beautiful Castle Hill, at Tenby, a promontory of mountain limestone, jutting out into Carmarthen Bay. It is about 100 feet above high water mark, and it is generally admitted there is not a finer or more picturesque spot in the whole of the Principality.

The foundation stone, a massive block of dressed native marble, (a present from Messrs. Davies and Roberts,) was drawn through the town early in the morning by a team of the contractors' horses. Mr. H. Maule Ffinch, the architect, under whose direction the grounds are being tastefully laid out, and who has the charge of erecting the pedestal, received it on the ground.

The following inscription, written on vellum, with Indian ink, and inclosed in a bottle hermetically sealed, was placed in a circular hole cut for it in the foundation stone:—

"On Wednesday, December 14, 1864, the anniversary of the death of the beloved and deeply lamented Prince Consort, George White, Esq., Chairman of the Memorial Committee, in the presence of a large concourse of subscribers and others, laid the foundation stone of this Memorial to His Royal Highness, which is erected as a mark of loyalty to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and of affectionate respect and gratitude to the memory of Her Royal Consort, Prince 'Albert the Good.'

"The freehold of this site (fifty feet square) was kindly presented by the Reverend James Henry Alexander Philipps, of Picton Castle, by a conveyance dated December 14th, 1864.

Committee.

The principal subscribers whose names are herewith inclosed.

Chairman.

George White, Esq., Mayor of Tenby.

Vice-Chairman.

The Reverend George Clark, Rector of Tenby, and Archdeacon of St. David's.

Treasurers.

The Bank of Wales.

Honorary Secretaries.

Mr. Richard Mason, High Street, Tenby.
Mr. Thomas Rees, Tredegar House, Tenby.

Sculptor.

John Evan Thomas, Esq., London."

Archdeacon Clark, the Rector, was unable to return from Spain in time to be present, much to the regret of all, not only on account of the great interest he has taken in the undertaking, but also because his presence as Archdeacon of

St. David's would have helped to connect the ceremony with the whole diocese; and in his absence Mr. Morris, who had been acting as his representative, opened the proceedings by reading three or four collects,—one for a blessing on the undertaking, a second for the Queen, a third of gratitude for the example of the deceased Prince, and the last for the welfare of all aiding in the good work. Mr. Ffinch here handed an elegant trowel and mallet which he had prepared to the Chairman of the Committee, who, having placed the mortar under the stone, it was lowered to its position. The level having been ascertained to be correct, he declared the stone well and truly laid. Mr. Morris then pronounced a blessing, and thus concluded the religious part of the ceremony.

The Chairman of the Committee then said,—It is three years to-day since the sad event took place which has given rise to the proceedings on the present occasion. The death of the lamented Prince Consort was the most severe domestic affliction that could possibly befall our Queen and the Royal family. It was a great national loss, and caused a feeling of sorrow in all parts of the kingdom; for the Prince had by his wisdom, private worth, and public usefulness, justly endeared himself to all classes and creeds in this country; and so great was the respect felt for him by other countries that the unexpected news of his death passed as a dark shadow over Europe. Can we wonder, then at this feeling of reverence and respect for his memory on the part of the people of Wales? For in all ages and countries whose annals have been graced by the good deeds of such men, it has ever been considered a sacred duty to honour them while living, and to worthily perpetuate their memories when dead. And although he has left a lasting memorial in his own noble life, yet the memorial (the foundation stone of which we have this day laid) will show to future ages how grateful were those for whose welfare and happiness that life had been devoted.

J. Dawkins, Esq., Mayor of Pembroke, said that it was the general opinion in the neighbourhood at first that the movement in favour of a Welsh Memorial would end in talk; but that day they had seen the very interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of the pedestal, on which would be placed a fine and noble statue, fit worthily to surmount a monument that was intended to be a national one for Wales. He felt that all would now take a lively interest in carrying out what they had that day so well begun.

E. Roberts, Esq., a gentleman from North Wales, and one of the principal contributors to the fund, said that he could assure them that he was only speaking the feelings of the inhabitants of North Wales, when he said that so great and so good a man well deserved the handsome monument now about to be erected to him, and he felt confident that all those in that district who had not yet contributed to the funds would do so, as they felt that Wales should not be without a national memorial to "Albert the Good."

The Chairman, after thanking those present for their attendance, and the interest they had taken in the movement, said that he had great pleasure in telling them that the statue would be finished early in May, and he hoped that in June all would be completed, when probably some member, or members, of the Royal family would be on the ground to witness the uncovering of the statue, when he was sure they would be received by persons from every county, town, and he might even say village, in the Principality.

Just as the Chairman ceased speaking, the first of a salute of twenty-one minute guns was fired from the battery of the 1st Pembrokeshire Volunteer Artillery Corps, Captain J. Maule Sutton commanding.

REVIEWS.

A Popular History of the Discovery of America, from Columbus to Franklin. By J. G. Kohl. Translated from the German by Major R. R. Noel. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1862.

The author of this work has been well-known for nearly twenty years to many of our readers, by the lively and interesting account of his journey through the Principality, in 1842, which was published in his Travels through England and Wales, with those through Ireland and Scotland. Speaking of this work, the translator in his brief preface states,—"This is the first time that Mr. Kohl appears before English readers in the character of historian," his previous literary productions having been confined to works of travels. The translator adds,—"In twelve essays, or sketches, the author has given in a popular form a lucid digest of extensive physico-geographical and historical studies; a masterly survey of subjects connected with the history of an entire quarter of the globe." The translator, having paid strict regard to faithfulness of construction, and accuracy of sense and diction, in rendering the original into good readable idiomatic English, has performed his task with a degree of efficiency and satisfaction which deserves our sincere gratitude.

The work contains a graphic survey of all the discoveries, by different nations, of the various parts of America, from the latter quarter of the tenth century, to the discovery of the North-West Passage, by Captain M'Clure, in 1850. Beginning with a detailed account of the precursors of Columbus, and the old oceanic traditions and fables, the author mentions the discoveries made by the Normans, Welsh, and Irish, as they are related in the recorded traditions of each nation. It is, however, the allusion to the reported discovery of America, in the twelfth century, by our own fellow-countryman, Prince Madoc ab Owen Gwynedd, with which we are mainly concerned. And hence the entire passage, which contains the account of that tradition, we transfer to our pages. After enumerating the several voyages which were made by the Normans, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, to the coast of North America, the author proceeds as follows:—

"And in the annals of another northern people, in those of the Welsh, mention is also made of an expedition to the far west of the Atlantic Ocean, which looks very like a discovery of America, and which appears to have followed the enterprises of the Normans, or to have been contemporaneous, perhaps in connection with them.

"After the death of Owen Gwyneth, the ruler of North Wales—so say the chronicles of that country—his sons quarrelled about the succession to his dominions, and their contests lasted many years. One of these princes, named Madoc, who probably was vanquished, quitted his home, took to sea with his followers, and sailed towards the west in search of adventures and wealth. He left Ireland far behind him to the north and east, and arrived at a large

and unknown country in the west. He found his way back over the waters, and on his return he spoke of the smiling and fertile districts he had seen, mocking his countrymen for their contests about such poor naked rocks as Wales possessed. He then built a great number of vessels, and taking as many people, women as well as men, on board as were willing to live in peace, he sailed again to the west, to the great country which he had discovered. There he is said to have settled down, and later to have returned to Britain with ten ships to fetch fresh emigrants. After this nothing more is known of him. But in Wales old songs have been preserved by the people in honour of the princely ocean sailor.

"Attempts have been made of late to find out in what part of America this Welsh prince formed his settlement. Because Ireland was left so far to the north in his voyages, it has been supposed that in the West Indies, or somewhere about the Gulf of Mexico, traces of him must be sought for. Some have believed that the wooden crosses, which the Spaniards found erected on the coast of Yucatan, and which were held in veneration by the natives, must have been introduced by these British Christians. Others, again, are of opinion that they may have landed in Florida, or in the neighbourhood of the mouths of the Mississippi, and even fancy they have discovered traces of the Welsh language, and of Welsh blood, in the Indians of that district.

"An American writer of the present day has even taken the trouble to show that the traditions and the language of the so-called Mandan Indians, who now dwell in Central Missouri, prove them to be the descendants of the followers of Prince Madoc. Indeed, many have found these Welsh wanderers again in one of the most remote tribes to the far west in California. In consequence of the supposed discovery of traces of Madoc's Welsh, spread so extensively throughout the whole of America, an Englishman has proposed that the new world should not be named, as at present, after Amerigo Vespucci, nor called Columbia, after Columbus, but rather 'Madocia,' after Prince Madoc."—Vol. i. pp. 33–35.

When Mr. Kohl, in the preceding extracts, speaks of the "attempts which have been made of late to find out in what part of America Prince Madoc formed his settlement," he appears to allude to the investigation of that question by Mr. John Russell Bartlett, the Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, as referred to by Sir James E. Alexander, in his *L'Acadie*,[1] vol. i. pp. 89, 90. For Sir James states that in the winter of 1841, when at New York, he met "Mr. Bartlett, who had recently been investigating a very interesting subject, that of the Welsh Indians."

"It appeared," he continues, "from ancient record, that a Prince Madoc had left Wales in 1169, in consequence of civil wars, and had sailed from the coast, leaving Ireland to the north; he was absent for a year; when he returned he described a fine country and people in the Far West, and persuaded many of his countrymen to undertake another expedition with him. This second expedition never returned, and nothing more was heard of the adventurers, till in 1650, Morgan Jones, a Welsh clergyman, happening to visit America, went up a river in Virginia, where he was surprised and taken by

[1] "L'Acadie of the French, in North America, was understood to comprehend Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and part of Canada; it has been adopted as the title of this work, as in the American 'Arcadia' were made the surveys and explorations in which the author assisted, for the proposed Great Military Road to connect the British North American provinces."—*Preface.*

a party of Indians, who made preparations to kill him; he turned aside and began praying in Welsh, the Indians heard him, understood him, and sparing his life, they carried him to their tribe in the interior, where he remained some time, teaching and preaching in Welsh, till he was allowed to return to the coast; eventually he died in New England. Mr. Bartlett had got possession of affidavits, and other documents, to attest the truth of the above. Mr. Crooks, the President of the American Fur Company, afterwards told me that he had seen a woman of singular fairness, a prisoner among the Pawnees; and that some of the trappers who had been high up the Platte River, had seen Indians dwelling in narrow and retired valleys, who had different customs, and who practised arts of a superior order, to the other Indian tribes. About this time a Welsh gentleman set out for the West to try and discover his lost countrymen, but what became of him I never learned."

The investigation by Mr. Bartlett, of the question touching the reported existence of the Welsh Indians on the Continent of America, is referred to also by Mr. Joshua Toulmin Smith, in his book on *The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century*, &c., second edition, published in 1842, in the following passage, the phraseology of which is peculiar, but explainable from the fact that the whole of its contents is in the form of questions and replies—the inquiries being made by a Dr. Dubital, and the answers given by a Mr. Norset. The question is asked by Dr. Dubital,—

"What do you say to the alleged discoveries of the Welch in America?"

Mr. Norset replies,—

"I have little to say to them. They are as much beside the question as the existence of the ancient inhabitants of this continent (America). Many persons believe that the accounts of the expedition of Madoc are entirely a fable.[2] I will not pretend to give any opinion on the subject. Mr. Bartlett has carefully investigated this matter, and it is to be hoped that he will favour the world with the result of his investigations. Be the accounts of these circumstances true or false, it affects in no way the question of the Northmen being the first discoverers of America. It is not pretended that the expedition of Prince Madoc took place until the year 1170, *nearly two centuries after the discoveries of the Northmen.*"

Thinking it highly desirable that the result of Mr. Bartlett's investigations in this matter should be made public in this country, we addressed to him at New York, about twelve months since, a letter of inquiry in reference thereto, but have received no reply. Several works have been published by him on American subjects since 1842, but as we have had no opportunity to peruse them, we are unable to state whether they contain any allusion to the controverted question of the existence of a tribe of Welsh Indians in America. Previous to his appointment to be Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, he filled the office of Secretary to the New York Historical Society, and from 1850 to 1853 he was Commissioner on the part of the United States for running the Mexican boundary line.

[2] "It is singular enough that, while the Welsh antiquarians deafen us with the imaginary discovery of America by Madoc, A.D. 1170, the Norwegians have been contented with a simple unpretending narration of the facts."—Pinkerton's *Modern Geography*, third edition, vol. i. p. 342, note.

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